

J. Cole "Carolina On My Mind"

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Yeah,
Yea Yea, uh,
It's Carolina, nigga,

Yeah
Ay,
Fayettenam,
Yeah!

Listen, alive and still kickin nigga,
I survived the ville,
But a lot will not, so they will glocks and bonnevilles
Niggas lying, still get high, they ride and kill,
Money hungry, tryna find a meal.
Can't stay inside and chill,
Little niggas thinking: 'fuck school, I'm finna sign a deal!'
Hunting hoes, trapping niggas,
Lying like they on the pill,
Preachers say we blessed,
But all we feel is stressed, tryna deal.
If this liquor don't help, nigga, this marijuana will,
Roll up, I take a shot for them niggas behind the steel -
gates,
My mind is still- racing, I'm tryna kill- snakes,
Cuz niggas is fake, but wait, time reveals so,
Nevermind, that real shit is what I am tryna build.

It's kinda ill how I'm giving y'all that Carolina feel,
A nigga so deep, you tryna find me dog, you gotta
drill,
It's kinda ill how I'm giving y'all that Carolina feel,
A nigga so deep, you tryna find me dog, you gotta drill.

Yeah,
Yo, Coming home, y'all,
Listen,

At any given time, got the city on my mind,
The city on my mind,
The city on my mind,
I'm riding round feeling like the city, it is mine,

The city, it is mine,
The city, it is mine,
At any given time, Carolina on my mind,
Carolina on my mind,

Carolina on my mind,
Said "I feel ya pain nigga, but I'm tryna go for mine,"
I'm tryna go for mine,
I'm tryna go for mine,
Hey,

Ay, fuck them hoes, let them bunnies be,
Perfect vision I'm 20/20 for this money, G,
See it's funny, you get that paper, then them honeys
show,
Cuz they know we finna blow, like a runny nose,
Money goes, the money come.
Barely twenty-one, I'm thinking big things,
Momma in the mansion with the fish tanks,
The Carolina way.
If you in college then you know the crime won't pay,
Lest you find a way, fuck what them niggas is tryna
say,
Cuz in Carolina- we thorough,
My niggas hold it down all the way from Fayetteville to
the G borough,
And up in Winston, and Raleigh, did I mention?
The Bull City got them ol' fake niggas flinchin'
Tar heels state, either you shooting or you hoopin' yo,
Niggas can't wait for them Panthers to win the
Superbowl,
So shout out to them super cold niggas up in Charlotte,
No matter the city, man, Carolina shine, regardless!
Yea,
Yo, coming home nigga!

(Deacon)
Riding big in an ol' school Chevy
With the windows down when I'm rolling through my
city, like,
Ooh!
On my way to meet up with a freak and my nigga drunk
beating
She can hear me down the street, she like 'Ooh!'
Blew game and I do my thing,
Ain't tryna settle down, I ain't shopping for no ring,
Oh no!
Riding with my niggas for the weekend,
Carolina sounds pumping out the speakers, like
Ooh!

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