

## J. Cole

### "Cole Summer"

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[Intro]

This right here is not a preview  
I need to let it go, yeah

[Verse 1]

Now this right here is not a preview  
Of what the album goin' to bring you, or nothing like  
that  
Sharing things I think quietly, with those that admire  
me  
Remember MTV Diaries? This something like that  
I wear my heart up on my sleeve, and I, bleed for you  
Cookin' beats hopin' to reach like  
When I release, trust if you think my shit is weak  
When you see me on the street, then speak, I refund  
you  
This sample was yellin' "loop me!", Ms. Hill please don't  
sue me  
Cause I ain't one of these rappers out here frontin' like  
he got it, nigga  
I ain't fuckin' got it, nigga...  
Throwing thousands in the strip club with Drizzy  
Difference is I'm throwin four, he throwing fifty  
Lord, forgive me  
Bitches saying, "you a rappin' nigga, ain't you s'pose to  
tip more?"  
I don't see no pussy, baby, ain't you s'pose to strip  
more?  
Confessions of a cheap ass nigga,  
But I finally put my Momma in that E class, nigga  
And I told her quit her job,  
Oh, hold your horses,  
If my next album flops it's back to the post office  
Both of us, shit  
They're saying that's a real possibility...  
The thought alone it's killing me...

[Hook]

I think I need to let it go  
I need to let it go  
Cause nothing even matters

[Verse 2]

Anticipating rain, I can't make the same mistakes again  
Them 90's niggas raped the game  
And left us with a battered and bruised bitch, with a  
few kids  
The pussy loose, but the truth is I love her, though  
She ain't perfect, but who is?  
Hoes saying "Cole, you is" don't be silly, ma  
Cause really I am just a born sinner the opposite of a  
winner  
Cole summer, I predict another winter  
Cause I'm finna, drop knowledge like a five-per-center  
Fuck the build-a-bird, niggas showing God sent ya  
Rhyme with the skill, as if Nas when to  
College on scholarship met 'pac and said "I'm down  
with ya!"  
And when they wasn't writing rhymes they fucking lined  
sisters  
Puffin' on swishers, what's up Milan?  
Everytime I drop I get the net poppin' like Lebron  
swishes  
Kay told me kill ya, and I gotta respect my Mom's  
wishes  
When I let go this how my mind switches  
No looking back, don't even want to see my prom  
pictures  
Pardon the rhyme scheme, I guess I'm long winded  
Let me switch it now,  
Back to Hell's kitchen now,  
Up in Hova office like, he's the fucking principal  
Put me in with Stargate, that shit was like detention now  
Just tellin' my story so dissin' ain't my intention now  
Drop a couple hits and all the dummies pay attention  
now  
A shame when you learn the ins and outs of the game  
Reminisce on little Jermaine, in the south  
Rappin' out loud, with all the niggas that's cool to you  
Just to realize that all them niggas was foolin' you  
And they ain't who they said they was  
Talk about the streets but, nigga  
That ain't really where they was  
Acting just like there they were  
But who am I to judge?  
That's neither here or there  
Just know I know, my nigga  
I just like being aware  
If I had one wish, I would fuck Tia and Tamera,  
At the same time, and put name tags on they titties so I  
don't get they names wrong  
Screamin' "Game on"

Like Wayne's World, that just came on  
I'm rambling now  
5 days to finish the album, I'm scramblin' now  
Took a break from sampling now,  
Just to say a few words to this bitch named Summer  
June will make four years since I gave you my number  
"The Warm Up" dropped, I got hot, you called it a  
classic  
And Jay dropped "Autotune", you wanted him back, shit  
Play my position, the whole while still wishin'  
A year later Drake put his key in your ignition  
And I told my fellas,  
I dropped "Friday Night Lights" in the winter just to  
make her jealous,  
Wanted to drop the album in the summer but the label  
didn't think that they could sell it,  
Recoup the first week, I think it ain't shit they can tell us  
Do you agree?  
It's been a long time coming this thing between you  
and me...  
I can't let it go  
I can't let it go

[Hook]  
I think I need to let it go  
I need to let it go  
Cause nothing even matters

June 25th. Born Sinner.

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