

J Cole

"Friday Night"

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Yeah,
Hey,
Yeah,

Partially functional, half of me is comfortable
The other half is close to the cliff like Mrs Huckstable
These boys got them hoslters and clips they pack like
lunchables
Like white boys in grade school
We ate school made food just
Eyeing they sh-t, wish I was trying they sh-t
Knowing when mama hit the store she wasn't buying
that sh-t
No I aint crying a bit man
That's just life that's just how shit work
You reach your hand in fire, you pull it back when you
get burnt
Gotta learn when you get hurt
Even if it's with cupid
He beat you and you went back
Who's officially stupid
Oh yeah I understand that's your man,
You had a plan
You been together for some years
You sticking with him for the kids
So you overlook the tears but we both know that's a bad
look
Cause 20 years from now your daughter will probably
get her ass whooped
If this too deep for the intro I'll find another use
But just in case it's perfect let me introduce
Cole, cole, cole

If this too deep for the intro I'll find another use
But just in case it's perfect let me introduce
It's Cole, I had a dream and so I made a move
A I'll ass n-gga who just so happened to stay in school
Still rap for hustlers and muthaf-ckers that hated
school
Said that's for busters that heard my sh-t and I made it
cool
This aint to say that I'm gifted as if I'm Christmas

shopping
I got gangsta n-ggas that lining up in that missions
office
And possibly cause all the hoe n-ggas scrape
And I sh-t up on my plate so you know a n-gga late to
my first class
I'd much rather sit up in first class
Should I admit that a slutty b-tch was my first smash
Was it experience so nah I didn't wear it out
Always thought my first time would be with someone I
cared about
But being a virgin was something to be embarrassed
bout
I used to ask for practice so I wasn't scared out my
mind
You call it rhymes I call it clearing out my mind
Was just a young boy staring out my blind
Till I got free from my momma leash
Running loose through the streets
Like a stray dog in heat
And we looking for some freaks can you play
Pardon me, what's your name, don't mistake me for no
lame
No not me
She do hours on the team cause she seen how tall I'd
be
In the club dappin' n-ggas, even til he R-I-P
Damn, you win some, you lose some
That just how it's happens
And if a n-gga step up to ya, then you gotta scrap em
Your name is all you got, throwing hands by the
bathroom
It's funny I barely told nobody I started rapping
Cause see some n-ggas was haters that I viewed as
clowns
At 14 I knew I was the nicest dude around
I gotta make a move, I gotta do this now
If they don't know your dreams, than they can't shoot
em down
[End]

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