

J. Cole

"Grew Up Fast"

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Intro: (David Ruffin)

Sometimes I think about it
And my poor heart wants to die about it
Woooooo about the sweet sweet love I lost
And the way I got double crossed
By a guy who was my friend, I see him now and then
But I pretend I'm doing fine, when I'm about to lose my
mind

[Verse 1: J. Cole]

N*gga I grew up fast, then blew up fast
Money fallin out my pockets I got too much cash
Can't fit nothin in her pockets she got too much ass,
like goddamn!
Well if you must ask..
We from the school of hard knocks but your crew cut
class!
Half white but don't think I got a Klu Klux pass,
When I'm up in the V, police be f*ckin' with me,
No sir no license all I got here is this f*ckin' degree,
Move along cocksucker ain't nothin to see!
Unless you talkin blockbusters, you n*ggas is not
Russell,
You more Diggy - me I'm more Biggie,
No diss to the young boy im just rappin', get bored
quickly.
Just to make up for that line invite him on tour with me,
Show him the game let him finagle these wh*res with
me!
Run through they doors with me, hit the Ritz-Carlton for
the night,
Leave him there with two dykes probably change a
n*gga life right,
What up Vanessa, I loved you that one semester..
Thanks to my profession I balled like Uncle Fester.
Thinkin about the board I use to have above the
dresser.
Half the sh*t I wrote down I did it, its old now got-
New goals, plus my money on Manute Bol,
Funny how my old highs is suddenly my new lows.
Tired of every chick sayin she models before she
swallow.
So I only f*ck with hat tricks, b*tches with a few goals.

[Bridge]

N*ggas keep askin' me how I feel- how ya feel?

It's Coleeee!

[Verse 2: J. Cole]

Not even slightly interested in what ya opinion is

I gotta greater purpose then a hater purpose

I'mma stack paper, hustle just to relax later

Serve n*ggas and bring change that's a waiter's
purpose

Look how I made em nervous, n*ggas is shakin, I know
they fakin'

Okay you a killer right, and Miss Cleo is Jamaican

And Bob Marley is Haitian and me and Beyonce datin'

And Jesus Christ be hatin, got mad love from Satan

For fuckin Sanaa Lathan while Meagan Good is waitin'

I'm the deadbeat father of your little brother

In other words goddamnit I'm a bad motherf*cker!

It's Cole, it's only right I brought back the soul,

Y'all got way too electro, damn near techno,

Halfway homo, way too metro,

Hennesy XO, Cole flow special,

Style like Tribe Called Quest meets Death Row,

Learn somethin boy, grow yo a*s up!

Cheap n*ggas, if you was liquor I'd probably throw yo
a*s up

Matter a fact, if you was grass, I'd probably mow yo a*s
up

Last call for you old n*ggas go and pour yo last cup

[Outro: J. Cole]

Yea, yea, yea yea, Cole World

This n*ggas lb...he's a b*tch

He told me to talk shit to you n*ggas, so I'mma talk my
shit

Dreamville in the building

I know what y'all want me to talk about, what y'all want
to me to discuss

But we'll get to that later; them bitch ass n*ggas...

My n*ggas Big Sean in the building

My n*ggas Canei on the beat..

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