

J. Cole "Grown Simba"

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Yea, yea, (clears throat) yea
Uh- Now I was dreaming about a deal at the age of 13
I was fein'n for the meals, I aint talking Burger King
Some of my niggas in the Ville' all they did was serve
feins
Fuck scales, I had skills all day rehearsing
Them pretty boys had them gals, spend their time
flirting
All the wanted was some waves, like they fucking
surfing
Hold up now don't get it twisted, I aint hating do your
thing
I was like a young Simba couldn't wait to be the king
Now Nigga it's the prince, hopped over the fence where
the grass way greener
Look at shortys ass way meaner
Something like Serena mixed with Trina, have you seen
her?
She fine enough to be Miss Howard, word to Adina
My money like a senior watch it graduate
Now its time to eat I'm letting all my niggas grab a
plate
Gravitate to real shit, stay away from phonies
These niggas heard about me now they acting like they
know me
Keep on saying
Chorus
Where you going nlgga?- Shit, there aint no telling
Ay, where you going nigga?- Ay, there aint no telling
Yea, they keep on saying where you going nigga,
going nigga?-There aint no telling
Can't tell you where I'm going, just know I wont stop
Goodbye to the bottom, hello to the top
Verse 2
Pardon the interruption; a proper introduction is
necessary when your shit is legendary
Man, greedy niggas wouldn't let me in the cafeteria
Cuz they aint believe, suddenly they Presbyterian
The hoes is librarians, they looking me up
She got a jones like Marion, she licking me up
Then we cut, look how she say my name
I got her moaning J. cole, they used to say Jermaine

I never change, Im like a corpse in a coffin, 6 feet, shits deep

I was low, just a dolla and some hope fixed me
Cuz I was broke plus the weed that I would smoke
would make it worser

Lord, please let my problems disappear like Ron
Mercier

I'm a star, Conversers , conversing with them girls, with
them curves like cursive

They open like curtains because my shit is unheard of
like curses on the radio

Same bitches used to play me though

Now they yelling-

Chorus

Where you going nigga?- Shit, there aint no telling
Ay, where you going nigga?- Shit, there aint no telling
Yea, they keep on saying where you going nigga,
going nigga?-There aint no telling

Cant tell you where I'm going, just know I wont stop

Goodbye to the bottom, hello to the top

Verse 3

I left the city for a minute but its still on my back

Told my niggas, "Ay Im finna' put the Ville on the map"-
Ill be back

And Im coming with a deal and a plaque

Cuz Im ill bitch, they couldn't make a pill for the rap
Pouring liquor for my niggas that was killed, send em
back

Came home shit is real niggas still in the trap

Hold up now don't get it twisted if you slang do your
thang

Me Im like a young Simba I cant wait to be the king

Witness the dream

Straight out that Carolina water I was brought up

In the city where the skinny niggas trynna be the ballas

Aint no fathers but the skinny niggas trynna hit their
daughters

Sneaking in her crib but her momma never caught us

What they taught us men them bad bitches only want
the ballas

The starters, we hoopin now the hoes wanna guard us

Uh-Okay, so play D.. know what I mean?

And I-I-I put you on the team

Men this life is but a dream

And I need a fast car, bad broad, fast forward, pass,

pause Im a fucking rap star

Chorus

Where you going nigga?- Shit, there aint no telling

They say this life is but a dream, And I need a fast car,
bad broad, fast forward, pass, pause

Im a fucking rap star

Ay, where you going nigga?- Ay, there aint no telling

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