

## J. Cole

### "Head Bussa"

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[Intro: J.Cole]

Now do I roll up, get higher?  
Or po' up, get tired?

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Or po' up, get tired?

[Verse 1]

Okay, I'm back on a mission  
To pay my tuition  
Got loans out the ass  
What you know 'bout my past?  
I was so late for class  
Hit the probate, get trashed  
Fell asleep off the Henny  
Back in '08 I crashed  
With my foot on the gas  
Thank the Lord I'm still here  
No insurance so now I'm racin' home on first gear  
On that morn' I shed tears  
Asking what I'm doing here?  
I should be rich, I'm sick, it's like I got the fuckin' flu in  
here  
But yet I'm just chillin' like I'm back on the yard  
My niggas say I'm the truth and when I rap they  
applaud  
That what was my Unsigned Hype like in the back of  
The Source  
It's like I'm tryna get the head, but she's just jackin' me  
off  
I needed more  
Had to earn stripes, no Adidas store  
Put my feet on floor  
Borrow money from mi amor  
Just to cop a microphone, the same one that put me on  
tour  
She held you down, now you out here fuckin' 'round  
[Bridge: J.Cole]  
Now this is for my broke niggas, rich niggas (What?)  
Gold diggers, Crys sippers (What?)  
Cold nigga, flow sicker (What?)  
Muthafucka, I'm a fuckin' head bussa go

[Hook: J. Cole]

Coming down on the strip looking in the whip  
Parking lot pimp enough game to be sold  
Learn from me, fuck bitches, burn money  
Someone told me boy you got your whole life to get old  
But errthing glitter aint gold  
The grass aint greener I've been told  
She told, you want your cake and eat it too  
I said its cake, thats what your supposed to do

[Verse 2: J.Cole]

Okay, my grammy just died  
Im too broke, to goat  
She askin my fear, but she close to know  
Got trust issues, I;m trying  
Where I come from? I don't know  
I just block out the pain  
Blow the fuck up, get dough  
See I thought that would it help, turns out its worse  
My girl want her first child, my label wont work out  
My mama dont see unless I'm on TV  
I pray she don't break down  
She strong but, she need me

[Verse 3: J.Cole]

They killed Saddam, now I wonder who's sane?  
How you balance being Batman, Bruce Wayne?  
Old chick callin', but I'm onto new thangs  
She still a dime, but I always lose change  
Young Simba, went from bottom of the food chain to a  
few chains  
In a new Range  
She tellin' me so much has happened  
Would've thought you changed  
We aint fuck in nine months its safe to say I'm due man

[Bridge]

[Hook]

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