

J. Cole

"Heavy"

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Mo' liquor when we ride, toast niggas we alive
Gold diggers look inside, I aint in the back
Me I'm in the front seat, driving like I'm one deep
If you wanna come see, you know where I'm at
Go getters on the rise, toast niggas we arrived
Old niggas step aside, aint no coming back
Big things on my mind, switch lanes and recline
Get brains from a dime, How u love that?

[J. Cole - Verse 1]

Alone in my zone, tell me don't it sound stunning
Been f-cked the world but she just now cummin'
If I ever fell off I would hit the ground runnin'
I aint never been the one for fourth down puntin'
Aiming at a couple heads, bitch I'm crown huntin'
Red dots cause a nigga dread locks
So I lock pick just to lock shit back
I want Money, Power, Respect since the Lox said that
Better stay up on your toes, this is not tic tac
Yet, I'm a breath of fresh air, you can place your bets
here
Ballin' like a Laker you should pray for next year
Cause I'm repeating and I'm three-peatin'
And I'm knee deep in the game it's quick sand and I
keep sinkin'
The label heat seekin', nigga aint sign me, what the f-
ck was he thinkin'
They say I killed the game, that was only pre-season

I'm heavy
Lil nigga I'm heavy
I'm so heavy, I'm feeling heavy
Carolina I'm heavy
In New York I'm heavy
Out in LA I'm heavy
I'm so heavy

We got more liquor when we ride, toast niggas we alive
Gold diggers look inside, I aint in the back
Me I'm in the front seat, driving like I'm one deep
If you wanna come see, you know where I'm at

Go getters on the rise, toast niggas we arrived
Old niggas step aside, aint no coming back
Big things on my mind, switch lanes and recline
Do you love that?

[J Cole - Verse 2]

No album to my name and I'm already hot, you can say
I'm pre-heated
If money talks, mine telling your's "be seated"
Cut my leg off I wouldn't be defeated
Illest nigga in the game bitch and you can retweet it
Email the shit make sure you CC it
For these f-ck niggas who don't wanna believe it
I be in the airport damn near bare foot
Security hollin' out, Cole we need it
Getting high as f-ck and I don't even be weeded
No point drinkin' I can't even be faded
Real recognise real like they related
You aint no f-cking G boy, your style G-Rated
Hatred is flattery I'm glad to be hated
F-ckin' bad bitches that would rather be dated
Carolina niggas just glad that he made it
My money was running late now, now it's happy belated

I'm heavy, nigga I'm heavy
I'm so heavy, I'm feeling heavy
Lil nigga in New York I'm heavy
Queens, I'm feeling heavy
Fayettenam nigga I'm so heavy
I'm feeling heavy
Lil nigga I'm heavy

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