

J. Cole

"I Really Mean It"

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Yeah, The Warm Up
Lemme stretch out
Yeah

They say I'm the down south Nas
The east coast Pac
The Carolina Andre
The Fayetteenam Kanye
So join it, ya can't beat it
To all the nonbelievers
If you missed it I'll repeat it
I'm the light skinned Jesus

Here's my thesis for them n*ggas with them pieces like
Reese's
We ballin while we winking at your b*tch up in the
bleachers
She fiending just to hop up on my sh*t
Like she was featured on that piece of sh*t, man
Keep on squeaking like some sneakers on the court
Here's some lines you can snort
Food for thought here's a fork
No pork, dammit keep it pure, organic
What's the score, Lord it's a blowout
You n*ggas out here shoutin but see me I'm just gonna
show out
B*tches destiny no doubt
N*ggas testing me more but I'm sure
Look homie I know my sh*t can give a tour of the sewer
I'm bored this sh*t is simple
On instrumentals I'm Kimbo, slicing on any tempo
I'm busting like many pimples on the temple,
Ho hard like I just seen some nipples on Beyonce
No disrespect to HOV but if I didn't I'd be beyond gay
I almost erased them lines but in the end I chose to
keep em
Cause if I said it, I really, I really, I really mean it

Yeah and that's just a Warm Up baby
Lemme give it to 'em
Yeah, yeah, yeah, look, n*ggga

I rep my city in your city
Just to let you n*ggas know just where I'm comin from
Ville' n*gga troublesome
Gats all around n*ggas waist like a coma blunt
Leave you leakin' 'til a plumber come
Still we ain't running from no man
Look b*tch I'm hot enough to melt a snowman
Ey pack your packs mama we gettin the f*ck up outta
Poland
Cause I'm programmed for the dough
While you hold hands with a ho
You ain't got no chance when I flow
B*tch I was a grown man when I was four
Boy, so sit your ass down
You lookin at the class clown
Slash valedictorian, slash hoopin n*gga best dressed
Back in school you was just a stupid n*gga
And now you're rappin all you talk bout your Coupe is
sicker
Your top is dropped but the cops is out here shootin
n*ggas
Stupid n*gga, see me I rather tell the truth to n*ggas
You out here stuntin, n*ggas is out here frontin
N*gga you good for nothin
I'm freestylin coming off the dome
B*tch Macaulay Culkin Home Alone
I don't even know why I said that
And b*tch I get bread that's enormous
Ya'll n*ggas on my d*ck man I'm dormant
That means I'm on the low, that means I'm on your ho
That means I'm about this dough
N*gga I'm coming off the dome
B*tch I'm I'll all the way to the chromosomes in my
body
B*tch get hit with a 12-gauge shotty
No Maserati, driving like Mr Cosby
N*gga know
I'm coming through I got the sicker flow
I've hit them motherf*ckin n*ggas with that
N*gga know that drunk sh*t I'll sh*t
Comin through I spill sh*t like whoops, b*tch
You need to read a book b*tch

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