

J. Cole "Just To Get By"

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That was the warm (that was the warm up baby)
Aight, Elite for real. One tape and Im up out of here
One, yup, yea
Lord please forgive me for my sinning, I aint saying
that im finished but Im praying in advance
Cuz they way her eyes glance like they playing in my
pants
Yea ball game-I swear the hoes wasn't in my plans
When a nigga took a chance and came to the big city
My beat machine the only fucking thing I had with me
Like, Bobby had Whitney we were cooking up crack!
But them 15 credits had a nigga off track
Picture that!-The best rapper since lil Wayne in classes
The best bachelor since Bruce Wayne with his
Bachelors
Remasterd this rap shit you hear the words coming
from my lips, bastards
I never crack, I got that chapstick
I practiced til' that shit made perfect and served it to
the people on a silver platter
Now where's the ladder?
Cuz either you gonna whine or climb, I choosed the
ladder
Know you haters is pissed, hold your bladder though
Before you get tossed like a forward lateral
We never tattle, let God handle that
Or let the mob handle that, No soprano
Half Black, half white Im a piano
Im an animal my video on discovery channel
Im a beast when my shit hits the streets these niggas
seize to exist
Like a beach in a tsunami you'll find me in The Ville in
the state of NC
Bitch if I aint back home Im up in N-Y-C bout' that
money probably
Like a fucking robbery but I aint Jacking
Im chasing dreams sort of like jeans
Boy I aint slacking, Im chasing dreams sort of like
Jeans boy I aint slacking
Ay take a hard look at my drive nigga no hacking on my
shit
Im straight smacking niggas straight tagging niggas

Yo Im freestylin' fuck ya'll niggas ya'll be wilding and
IM OUT!!

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