

J. Cole "Leave Me Alone"

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Dear Mrs. bill collector
I know you just doing your job
Don't mean to disrespect ya
But we been going through this thing since way back
I told you when I get the dough I would pay back
But I got problems baby
I got bigger problems baby
So why you talking about the money that I owed
Like as if I didn't know man it don't mean nothing to me
Cos right now I got my little boy crying and my
grandmother dying
Could you please stop fucking with me
Listen here I ain't looking for no tears but my brother
got a year
And my mother keep smoking that shit
On top of that i'm broke please put that in your notes
For the next one to call me up talking that shit
And then I holla

I just ain't into this shit anymore
I just might lose control
I feel like letting it go
Please just leave me
I need to be left
And if i'm wrong then let me be wrong
Just leave me alone

Dear Mr. policeman
Ay am I wrong or ain't you supposed to keep the peace
man
I could have swore that I was driving pretty peaceful
So why the hell is you pulling over me for
Is it this black Mercedes
Oh no I get it I get it I get it
Or cos i'm black hmm maybe
Yeah hey tell me why my hands start sweating
And I hold my breath every time that you get behind
me

I turn my music down so you won't hear a sound
Man i'm nervous like I got a couple pounds on me
You pulled me over you frowned on me

With your flashlight tell me what do you see

Thug niggas drug dealers it's a trip
Every nigga in this whip got a mother fucking college
degree

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Yea, my middle finger to the law, bustin off, tryna
touch the sky
My teacher said, "Impossible", but I'm a fuckin try
Plus how he gon' tell me, he don't make the rules
There's niggas dying everyday, but we don't make the
news
Instead they talkin bout some thunderstorm, cyclones
Timmy got his bike stole, top story, Tiger Woods "be
fuckin all these white hoes"
Anchorman stop snitchin
Cut the commercial, he be texting all the side bitches,
hey my goodness
How ironic, on trial for possession of some chronic
My lawyer came to court, man he was higher than the
comet
Hey your honor, is you kidding? How you sit above me?
Are you perfect motherfucker, how you finna judge
me?
When you home you don't cuss, drink and puff like us
These cops is bad boys, baby just like Puff
They hate they jobs and they days be fucked up like us
At the end of the day, you niggas just like us

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