

J. Cole "Metaphor"

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Yo, you up in some sh-t f-ck cause every word I utter's
intense, you faggot
f-cking with this is like punching cement
I know your type, you clever with tough talk, you scared
to brawl
never stepping but your mouth is running marathons
it's hopeless I'm focused, I wont miss
any foes wanna oppose get your throat slit
you can't call it, I'm flawless this shit is so sick
if I learn from my mistakes I wouldn't know shit
don't diss even if your boys is deep
n-ggas suffer from arthritis their joints is weak
North cats is where the muthaf-ckers turfing at
you wack bad but your rhyme even worse than that
yo, funny how tables turn in life
paid ya dues, earn ya stripes, never be concerned with
ice
check it out, the more money you pay for it
its giving me even more reason to take this sh-t
the main event, serving n-ggas the way I run through
these
herds with these words is disturbing n-ggas
so leave it alone
I'm zoned, I'm never leaving my throne

no need to play games, I'm in a league of my own
its Therapist n-ggas dismiss you dick kisses
for you to get bigger, slimmer than stick figures
you faggots cant stand how much love I get
but if you don't bump my sh-t than suck my dick
I'm taking over, I got what it takes to make it over the
top
you tryna diss me than stop and think it over
I'm greater than any n-gga you feeling the most
stepped on stage, got arrested for stealing a show
muthaf-cker

Yo, my rain in the forecast
it's therapist broadcast, Philly to North C
you really don't want that
Therapist and Metaphor n-ggas
yo remember the name, remember the game

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