

J. Cole "Miss America"

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Records
And so my fellow americans
Ask not what your country can do for you
Ask what you can do for your country

Excuse me....

Load the clip in the chopper, flip the script and get
oscars
All my n-ggas is mobsters, all my b-tches is doctors
Cole World, this just the tip of the iceberg
So talk sh-t and taste the tip of the Mossberg
Don't trip n-gga, they just words
Though my words tend to sound like Proverbs
N-ggas don't see the preachers 'til we dead in the
hearse
Granny broke cause she always givin' bread to the
Church
Now pastor Mason Betha in a Lambo
And little n-ggas holdin' desert eagles like they Rambo
Bumpin' my sh-t, always wondered why they f-ck with
my sh-t
I hope it's 'bout the knowledge, not about who's suckin'
my d-ck
But oh well, I'm gon' sell like I had no bail
For my chain and my piece I should've won Nobel
Ill, boy you cold n-gga, yeah I know n-gga
Only young n-gga do it better than the old n-ggas

Took chances, slow dance with the devil b-tch
Overcomin' the circumstances we hella rich
Since you all in my business, this what I tell 'em, b-tch
If you ain't f-ck with me, don't f-ck with me, this life on
the edge
Green dollars splurged all on embellishments
My fellowship paid, don't need to cop my fellas sh-it
Scoopin' hoes in the party, some Cinderella sh-t
Smash for the hell of it, livin' life on the edge

Miss America, petty thoughts

Miss America, petty thoughts
Miss America, petty thoughts
Just to floss pay any and every cost
Heavy heart as I sit in this Range countin' thousands
out
Am I about dollars or about change?
Am I about knowledge or about brains?
Freedom or big chains, they don't feel my pain

Blood on my sneakers, no remorse for the grievers
He played the corner like Revis he should've had better
defense
That's how I'm feelin', blood spillin' I love killin'
N-ggas'll swear that they it, this is as rare as it gets
Rap game changed, this is embarrassing sh-t
Bunch of b-tches posin' on some old Miss America sh-t
I was a wilder n-gga back on my therapist sh-t, moving
careless as sh-t
In a city where n-ggas really don't care who they hit
Who the f-ck was I?
Just a young little n-gga tryin' to see the other side
Of the railroad tracks, where them scarecrows at
No brains on a n-gga but they'll air your back
F-ck the man, Uncle Sam I won't sell your crack
I won't fight your wars, I won't wear your hat
I'mma pass your classes, I'mma learn your craft
I'mma f-ck your daughters, I'mma burn your flag

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They don't feel my pain
They'll never feel my pain
And they'll never play this sh-t on the radio

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