

J. Cole

"Miss America Reprise"

Visit "[Miss America Reprise](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: J. Cole]

Sometimes you rip straight through
(I told you how we was gon' do it)
And sometimes you just love rappin' this shit so much
you just
(Drama I told you how we was gon' do it)
You just like "fuck it" let me get that shit again
God, please forgive us

[Verse: J. Cole]

Yeah, 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'
Niggas'll swear that they it, this is as rare as it gets
Rap game changed, this is embarrassing shit
Bunch of bitches posin' on some old Miss America
shit
I was a wilder nigga, back on my therapist shit
Moving careless as shit
In a city where niggas really don't care who they hit
Who the fuck was I?
Just a young little nigga tryin' to see the other side
Of the railroad tracks, where the scarecrows at
No brains on a nigga but they'll air your back
Fuck 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 fuck your daughters, I'mma burn your flag
Beware of the days when the first go last
And the last go first, damn the past sure hurt
That's why I hit the Henny in this flask
With my foot pressed heavy on this gas
Life is like a Brillo pad
Sometimes I sit and wish I had the life that Willow had
Said I walk around mad 'cause I never see my dad
And you wonder why my motherfuckin' brother's so
bad
And I was in the third grade first time I skipped class
Whoa!

Switch topics, look, my bitch tropic
Stack so thick to fit need six pockets
Smash whole clicks, so sick I get nauseous
Quick as pickpockets, slick like Rick Fox's hair
Diamond chain, yeah the Roc is here
You lean back like a rocking chair
You niggas not prepared, no preparation
This is dedication
Slit your fuckin' throat and blame it on my medication
Illuminati meeting, showed up late and met a Mason
Who saw me and assured me that there was no better
nation
For, crooks and thieves, looks deceive
They throw The Book at niggas with no books to read
See, there I go, every time I try to stunt
Can't help but kick the real shit
Man, why I even front?
Maybe 'cause that's all you little niggas ever want
But I'mma change the game
See you in a couple months, boy

[Outro: DJ Drama]

Hopefully this here shows y'all somethin'
Dedication
What's ours, and what's yours
You see the playing field was never really that even
We just let you play the game but you dropped the ball
Cole World
Born sinner
All the way
Drama
You're welcome

Visit [J. Cole](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.