

## J. Cole

### "Niggaz Know"

Visit "[Niggaz Know](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

These niggas know

Armed and dangerous, call the law  
Stick to the script, no audible  
Country ass nigga with an Audemars

Can't spell this shit but I order more  
French hoes treat me like Charles De Gaulle  
Get good head on the Autobahn  
Hit hood hoes out in Baltimore  
Pack the shows like wall to wall, my God  
Five steps like Dru Hill  
Came home from the first tour  
With bad credit and a school bill  
Middle finger to the burst off  
Finally famous but  
Ain't too much really changed with us  
Straight up weed, no angel dust  
Label us notorious, that was 97  
Saw my old teacher and she asked how I'm living  
You ain't know my shit drop bitch, 9-11  
Getting more hoes than that nigga John Legend  
Getting more hoes than that nigga John Legend  
Nigga you should too, if you knew  
What this game would do to you  
Look at all the bullshit I've been through  
Better me than you

I must confess, I copped the chains  
I hit the club, I made it rain  
I hit the road, I made a name  
I came home, I ain't the same  
I ain't the same, I ain't the same

Made a mil' off the flow, make sure these niggas know  
Made a mil' off the flow, make sure these niggas know

These niggas know, boo ya nigga?  
Came through the door like who y'all niggas?  
Stole a nigga flow, I could sue y'all niggas  
Better yet put a hot one through y'all niggas

No, let me stop fronting for y'all niggas  
But don't let the college shit fool y'all niggas  
Ain't the hardest nigga in the land  
But a grown ass man, and I will step to y'all niggas  
Like what's the problem?  
Ain't getting paper, nigga here's a loan  
My shit long, need a hair salon  
Get it cut, shut the fuck up  
And wipe your face with my money till your tears is  
gone  
No crying ass, lying ass  
Can't afford a whip, but you buying ass  
This Fresh Prince nigga, I ain't Jazz  
Fucked your bitch, nigga I ain't ask  
She pitched it to me like Sosa  
What the fuck was I supposed to do?  
Deny that, rather try that, but I never fly that  
Keep hoes bi-coastal  
And they buy posters, ain't shit for free  
Dick the only thing that they get from me  
Sit VIP, get a sip for free  
Later on she'll be sipping me, literally  
Picture me at the tip-top  
With your bitch lip-locked on my dick when my shit drop  
This B.I.G. nigga, this Pac  
Minus six shots, but it's still this hot  
Thirty grand and that's just for the wristwatch  
Hate to brag but backpacking, that's hip hop  
Write my life and make sure that the script hot  
And pray the kids watch, if not  
These niggas know  
If not, these niggas know

I must confess, I copped the chains  
I hit the club, I made it rain  
I hit the road, I made a name  
I came home, I ain't the same  
I ain't the same, I ain't the same

I must confess, I copped the chains  
I hit the club, I made it rain  
I hit the road, I made a name  
I came home, I ain't the same  
I ain't the same, I ain't the same

Made a mil' off the flow, make sure these niggas know  
Made a mil' off the flow, make sure these niggas know

