

J. Cole

"Playground"

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[Intro: Boondocks Dialogue]
[Riley:] Aye wassup, man!
[Kid:] Aye, what's up?
[Riley:] I need you to get the f*ck off my swing set man
[Kid:] What you mean? These ain't your, these ain't
your swings
[Riley:] What you mean?
[Kid:] These ain't your swings
[Riley:] These are my swings, I own these swings
[Kid:] But... I'm just tryna swing!
[Riley:] You wanna swing on these swings n*gga, that's
5 dollars
[Kid:] But I ain't got 5 dollars
[Riley:] Pay up n*gga
[Kid:] Man, come on man
[Riley:] Pay up!

Buzz said I'm goin off
Sting like a bee, float like it's Noah's ark
You know it's heart, flow is sharp like I'm blowin' darts
N*ggas bear with me,
These hoes out here lookin like some spare kidneys
They give it up, how gracious, ass outrageous,
Up in the club you could spot her a Dalmatian
Say she found God, but to me she found Satan
She only gettin' hotter
What's good with the Ramada then?
Got a game tighter than them jeans her ass hidin' in
I got that D baby, ain't talking vitamins
She said "That's cool n*gga, but can you buy the Benz?
"

She playin n*ggas like a violin
I hit that ass just a little more violent
She hittin' notes, then I'm dos like it's Xiaolin
I'm on a prowl, maybe soon I'll throw the towel in
Until that day's found, this is my playground

This is a playground
But if sh*t got hard, would you stay down?
Would you stand up for me, would lay down?
Or would you skate town on the first Greyhound?

Hey now, hey, this is a playground
But if sh*t got hard, would you stay down?
Would you stand up for me, would lay down?
Or would you skate town on the first Greyhound?
Hey now, hey this is a playground

This is a playground, merry-go-round
Like a dream for a n*gga but I swing on a n*gga if he
push me
I'm makin' moves like the Rutger
These ain't no monkey bars mothaf*cka
Not a sucka, but these labels throw me deals like a
prosecution
Wanna underpay me and f*ck me like it's prostitution
I write that constitution, you know, that classic sh*t
How you gon' own my master's, and you ain't mastered
sh*t?
Give 'em my ass to kiss, my lawyer laughed at this
Said they was on some bullsh*t when they drafted this,
like MJ
So I wagged a finger like Dikembe
Until you n*ggas talking proper paper, no comprende
(uh)
And now the deals got mills like Wendy's (uh)
And got these labels doin' biz like inmates (uh)
Hopin' my pen lays my name down
Until that day's found, this is my playground

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[Outro: Riley talking]

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