

## J. Cole "Return Of Simba"

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In my freshest Js, I ain't slept in days  
Girl, you gon' make me late undressin' me  
Know you ain't seen me since yesterday  
But, see, I got a date with destiny  
'Cause this the summer that our life change  
Hov asked me, "Is you ready for it?"  
I looked around at all his nice things  
Told him, "Nigga, you already know it"

Bitch, I'm the man of the year  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Straight through this bitch (Yeah)  
Bitch, I'm the man of the year

What you 'sposed to do when the OG niggas don't get it?  
Lost what was once theirs but they won't quit it  
Homie, it's a new era, middle finger to the suit-wearers  
Lemme show you how to move in a room  
For the dudes that don't got a fuckin' clue how to do this  
Prolly worked with Cube, so to them, this a Rubik  
My President is black, but my jeweler's still Jewish  
So you know it cost, he makin' a killin' off me  
Red diamonds he designin' got me shinin'  
Spotlight cover my body, my chain blindin'  
A cop light runner, they wanna but can't find him  
Me and Hovi Hov, out on the same island  
Took the whip to the other side of Jamaica  
Seen how he was livin', said "I gotta get my weight up"  
Formulated my plan, motivated by dreams  
Parlayed wit' my mans, motivated my team  
Ced said, "Look, my niggas, we got a foot in"  
Bein' good is good, that'll get you Drew Gooden  
But me, I want Jordan numbers, LeBron footin'  
Can't guard me, Vince Lombardi, John Wooden  
Garbage? Hardly, you niggas silly like Chris Farley  
So like him, you'll be gone too early  
Mama hands together like 6:30  
And Cole keep a thick bitch I like to call Big Shirley  
All my '90s niggas is gon' get it  
18 and under, that's prolly gon' take a minute

I'ma be here for a while, none of these clowns can hurt me  
I'ma be here for a while, none of these clowns can hurt me  
At the time of this rhyme, five years 'til I know thirty  
Cole World in the summer brings snow flurries  
This next shit is in no way to boast  
But my city love breakfast, 'cause niggas had toast early  
Coach had us doin' jumpin' jacks  
Then sent us to the water fountain after runnin' laps  
My nigga went and grabbed his bookbag, threw it on his back  
And brought it to me just to show me he was fuckin' strapped  
We was twelve years old, how was we to know better?  
I analyzed his life and see that he was so set up  
Live by the trigger, 'cause no father figure  
Means you don't got a nigga comin' 'round to guide a nigga  
All you got is mama bringin' home these rotten niggas  
Blowin' reefers, all the teachers do is ride a nigga  
So this is who I speak fo'  
To give the young niggas somethin' they could reach fo'  
You better dream, boy  
Yeah, I stunt, but I'm a li'l more realer  
When it come from the heart, don't it feel mo' iller?  
Watch my flow go bananas, I'm a li'l gorilla  
So pardon me, man, y'all gon' have to pardon me  
They say I rep that 'Ville too much, but that shit just a part of me  
It's flowin' out through my arteries, who hard as me?  
You JV, I'm varsity  
No field trip, ain't hard to see, this real shit, you R&B  
Seen a movie wit' yo' bitch in it, and listen it, was starrin' me  
(Woo!) That boy Simba crazy  
Hotter than Ike Turner temper, you December, maybe  
And though you wish me well, I know deep down you wish I'd fail  
It's Judgment Day, I'm here to give you pussy niggas hell  
And some food for thought, I can serve a plate  
Wit' dessert to take, wit' dessert to take  
Yeah, I heard the hate, but the wait is fuckin' over  
It's like I'm fuckin' Oprah, well worth the wait  
Maybe over your head, I'm ahead of my time  
Niggas scared of my future, I know they dreadin' my prime

'Cause I only made classics, now what that take?  
Timing  
Cole under pressure, what that make? Diamonds  
(Diamonds, diamonds, diamonds, diamondsâ€¦)

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