

J. Cole

"Sideline Story"

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[Verse 1: J. Cole]

I put my heart and soul in this game, I'm feelin' drained
Unappreciated, unalleviated
Tired of comin' up short, fuck abbreviated
Want my whole name spelled out, my own pain spilled
out
No pain, no gain, I blow brains, Cobain
Throw flames, Liu Kang, the coach ain't help out, so I
call my own shots
I'm David Blaine, I'm breakin' out of my own box, you
stay the same
But homie if you change, man you change for the
better
Back when Martin King had a thing for Coretta
Wonder if she seen all the dreams he was dreamin'
Did she have a clue of all the schemes he was schemin'
Still loved her just enough to put up with the cheatin'
Must go by and only see him for a weekend
I say a prayer, hope my girl ain't leavin'
We all got angels, we all got demons
As you fall through the club
Bad bitches down to do all the above
Money comes fast so bein' hungry don't last
Till you look in the mirror you saw who you was
Cole World, it couldn't be more clearer
The time is now, couldn't be more herer
My reign gonna last like 3-4 eras
Say hello to the real, I can be your hero

[Hook]

Hey, I'mma put us all on the map
Gone and I ain't lookin' back
I knew they gone feel it like they tank on E
I promise baby, you can bet the bank on me
Cause ain't nobody tell me why their ain't gonna be no
more
Thinking I'mma fall? Don't be so sure
I wish somebody made guidelines
On how to get up off the sidelines

[Verse 2: J. Cole]

Up in 1st class, laugh even though it's not funny

See a white man wonder how the fuck I got money

While he sit at coach, hate to see me walk past em'
Young black pants sag, headphones blastin'
Know what he askin', "how did he manage?"
"With all the cards against him, he used them to his
advantage!"
Slang we be speakin' probably soundin' like Spanish
Then I fuck they heads up when a nigga show manners
Some New York niggas thought it was funny callin' us
Bamma
Laughin' at the grammer cause they didn't understand
us
Must've thought they slow, but little do they know
I came up in here to take advantage of that shit ya'll
take for granted
Opportunity that I would kill for
Lookin' at rappers like "what the fuck you got a deal
for?!"
When I was assed out with my funds low
It's nice to know I had the whole world at my front door

[Hook]

[Verse 3: J. Cole]

I made it to the Roc, even though they tried to box me
out
I got the key to the game, they tried to lock me out
But what they don't understand is this is all plan
It's a bigger picture and you can't photoshop me out
Some nigga ask me why Jay never shout me out
Like I'm supposed to give a fuck
Don't you know that I be out in France
Where the fans throw they hands like Pacquiao
Not cause my looks, cause my hooks could knock
Rocky outt
And my lines is designed from the heart
Young Simba been a lion from the start
Dumb nigga's, ya'll been lyin from the start
My life's like a move, truly
And these niggas is dyin for the part
But, you'll never play me like LeBron vs. Jordan
Twenty years, wonder who they gone say was more
importan'
Both changed the game, came through and made a
lane
Who's to say that who's greater, all we know, they ain't
the same

[Hook]

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