

J. Cole**"The Last Stretch"**

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[Intro]

(Coast to Coast Instrumentals)

I don't know what the hell that is
Should have just called Puff for the f*cking
instrumental
F*ck it, no time for that boy!
Cole World

[Verse 1]

They say we living in troubled times
Aye, do you see the trouble signs?
Aye, life's a b*tch, and I'm cuffing mines
My dough in flipmode, what up to Busta Rhymes
I used to never see green, I was colorblind
Now I get my hustle on
Pay dues like a hair salon
My way like a Usher song
Higher power where these verses from
You n*ggas hoes, put your purses on
Church, get your worship on
Born alone, work alone, die alone
Hot fire like Dylan
B*tches get their dial on
Fake n*ggas get dial tones
I ain't no Viacom n*gga
I'm a fire arm, n*gga
Look how I alarm n*ggas
Watch my dope pile on
'Til it's like a mile long
N*ggas couldn't fill my shoes
Couldn't even try 'em on
Showed your lil' ass look
That's how you take it
Two-facing n*ggas, couldn't tie my shoe laces, boy!

[Verse 2]

That was the warm up, this is the blow up
Now if you ain't talking no bread boy, ain't no need to
show up
Man they say I'm repping the Ville too much, but f*ck it,
so what?

When my n*ggas carrying toys like they don't wanna
grow up
When my sisters drinking like fishes and won't even
throw up
Let's po' up, get to' up, know the police gon' show up
I slow up
Some n*ggas ain't got no luck
Some n*ggas can't get no love
Some of 'em can't get no bucks
So tell me what do a n*ggas do if he can't get a job
My brother got him an interview, but he can't get a ride
What's up God?
No this ain't no Wu-Tang sh*t
This is my lil' fire drill, just some routine sh*t
Just to shoot fiends with
And hold 'em off a lil' longer
Every verse I write I swear I'm only getting stronger
Can you ponder?
Imagine what my sh*t gon' sound like
If I told you that The Warm Up was just a sound bite
Damn right, believe I put it down right
And I'll be sure to tell you lil' n*ggas what that crown
like
I showed you love, I brought you through
I gave you pounds right?
Aye, in my face, you knew your place
And so you smile right?
So why I'm here, and now you talking like a little girl?
You sound like Whitley, n*ggas
Me? I'm from a different world
Your sh*t is garbage
If I drop you, I'm a litterbug
Busy getting money
I ain't f*cking with that Twitter, girl
F*ck what they say, wishing me harm and sorrow
They here today, bet they be gone tomorrow
They catching Z's on me, aye we gon' call 'em Zorro
I'll let you sleep today, but it's on tomorrow
Yeah, I said it's on tomorrow
I'm coming for the game
And I ain't talking loan or borrow
Pray for the days I get cash, checks and never weary
This the last stretch, I'm a half step from legendary,
buoy
Cole world, n*ggas

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