

J. Cole

"Unabomber"

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[Intro]

Yeah

Fresh off the motherf-cking broadcast

And I'm here, fuego nigga

Yeah, hey, uh, it's happening fast

Yeah, uh

[Verse 1]

I told niggas on the low, but they ain't hear it though

Boy that man in the mirror is a miracle

Hey wipe your face, momma told you no more tears
would flow

We eating better than we was a few years ago

Send you Western Union on my pay day, a week later
it's May day

So you returned the favor, we stayed afloat like some
sailors

Bill collectors blowing us up, the couldn't fade us
Bitch I made straight A's, go 'head, try and degrade
us, haters

But this one's funny: man one year later I was on them
phones

Collecting money, a lesson for me: everybody's got a
story dog

Unfortunately learned I can't do nothing for you dog

I'm trying to run the whole game like a morning jog

With hits like a porno blog

Not hopping out to shower to make ten dollars an hour

Ain't judging though, to each his own

You pay your bills and raise your kids inside a decent
home

More power to you, but a message to you f-ck niggas

I hope your kids grow up and never wanna f-ck with you

This punk nigga knocked up two hoes at the same time

And told this nigga they was lying dog, they ain't mine

That's cold blooded but ain't nothing new

Same old, f-ck it though, what's up with you?

If you made it this far listening without skipping

Then I gotta show love, don't worry I'm just venting

The late night thoughts of a nigga on a mission

And I rock my girl to sleep in missionary position

Tuck that ass in and then I went and grabbed a pen

And now you have it, words flowing like magic, it's truly
accurate
You niggas posing like some hoes up in a beauty
pageant!
Nobody touching me, it's like I got the cooties rapping
Remember when we called niggas African booty
scratchers?
Yeah that was random, but man, so is life
You grab your needle, grab your thread, and hope you
sew it right
I find myself fiendin' for a spot to go at night
With the liquor flowing steady and the hoes polite
The fast lane makes me reminisce on slower life
The unabomber, bitch I'm blowing up over night
(BOOM!)

[Outro]

Hey, yo, it's happening fast
I say it's happening fast
All the drama that I had to get past
Will it last? Or will it pass?
Just as quick as it came
Hoes knowing my name
Dog, welcome to fame
I pray to God we don't change
But even if you don't
Most niggas look at you strange
But I guess I can't complain (Hey)
Hey man it's happening fast
I say it's happening fast
I say it's happening fast

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