

Everybody Dies

J. Cole

Yeah, we back
Back in Muhammad crib, nigga, top floor
The back room with just the one little small window, nigga
The light be comin' through it in the morning
Old ass walls and shit
But it's just like I remember, just like I wanted it
Yeah, I'm workin'
Yeah, I'm workin', nigga

Look, it's the return of the Mr. Burn Suckers
Not herpes infested, just perfectly blessed with
A style that you can't F with, protection recommended
'Cause Cole the definition of a weapon that can end it
You know, mass destruction when I mash the button
I take your favorite major rapper, left him independent
Crying in the corner, 'cause I ain't into sorta
Kinda, dissin' niggas
I'm borderline addicted to slaughter
Line up niggas in order
Of who you think can really fuck with me most
Then I tuck the heat close, if he don't duck then he ghost
Ain't no need for discussion
If they weren't talking 'bout the bread, these motherfuckers be toast
Clap at the fake deep rappers
The OG gatekeep rappers
The would-you-take-a-break-please rappers
Bunch of words and ain't sayin' shit, I hate these rappers
Especially the amateur eight week rappers
Lil' whatever, just another short bus rapper
Fake drug dealers turn tour bus trappers
Napoleon complex, you this tall rappers
Get exposed standin' next to 6'4" rappers
The streets don't fuck with you, you Pitchfork rappers
Chosen by the white man, you hipstor rappers
I reload the clip, then I hit more rappers with that
Straight shittin' on these piss-poor rappers, I'm back
Never knew a nigga that was better
Revenue, I'm good at gettin' cheddar
Reminisce on days I didn't eat
If it's meant to be, then it'll be
If it's not, then fuck it, I'ma try
Ain't no need to ask the Father why, no
'Cause one day everybody gotta die
One day everybody gotta die, oh
One day everybody gotta die
One day everybody gotta die, my nigga, my nigga