

Friday Night Lights

J. Cole

I hit the weed I told myself the last time would be my last
I don't trust my own niggas now my mind racing fast
got my foot up on the gas, got a hundred on the dash
if the police run up on me I ain't stopping for their ass
boy you know my L's dirty if they stop me I'm goin' to jail surely
I'll be next to my brother in the cell no bail for me
man let me out send me back to bitches that smell Purdy (pretty)
and all I gotta do is call once and she'll be all ready
yeah buddy cant you tell I'm goin' through hell
I don't even open my mail
I'm in the shower with soap on the towel
I need cleansing
bad bitches all on the prowl they need Benzes
pussy niggas running they mouth but we ain't flinching
they names ain't even mentioned
I got dreams bigger than your whole team
You niggas so broke but yet you seem so green
I guess its envy, started with a penny now I'm getting plenty money

One time for the city, yea
two times for you
hey
and one time for the city, hey
and two times for you
hey

Look here it's raining outside boy fuck a umbrella
niggas banging outside, boy they guns dumb bell a nigga
tired of tellin' niggas that's the cease rest in peace
we tired of only havin' just a piece and fuck police
and they killin' niggas what's the reason?
His daughter's starvin' and she fuckin' freezes
So no wonder why he fuckin' squeezin'
They out here bustin', leavin' niggas stuck and bleedin' on the flo'
Bullets wet you like a semen on a ho
Breathin' slow man, I inhale
One day you tryna make the rent
The next day you in jail
Lord knows he meant well
So I take the pencil and right like a pen pal
So shit that's darker than the tints up on the windshield
Welcome to Sin-ville, where niggas on base shit
It's lookin' like an infield, high as a Sprint bill
What you think? That's reason why this ink in my pen kills
Phony niggas 'til they are extinct bitch I been real

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The more niggas sayin'
Cole the wrong one bringin' the city shine
All he ever doin' is paintin' pictures of crime
Tellin' stories of pain, paintin' pictures of dope

Bitch if you listen I'm paintin' pictures of hope
That boy in class embarrassed because he broke
Hopin' the day he won't be the butt of somebody's jokes
See me; I lived it all from dirt-poorin' and trailer
Worried about my mother and never trustin' my neighbors
To middle-class with a backyard and my own room
To bein' the only black kid in my homeroom
Academically gifted and followed my own rules
Was runnin' the streets hey ma I'll be home soon
Was out chasin' ho's, was out hoopin'
Them niggas wasn't ballin' but yet they was foul shootin'
So meet the newest role model who don't know how to fake this shit
Never sold a rock and look I made it bitch

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Girl it's been so long, I've been gone from you
But you ain't gotta worry 'bout the thangs I do
It's hard but the thought of you would ease my pain
Girl I promise they gon' know our name
Ain't seen you smile in awhile
But I been dreamin' 'bout you