

# hunger.on.hillside

J. Cole

[J. Cole:]

Alright now, alright now  
God has a plan for you  
And all you've got to do is believe, believe, believe  
Yeah

Shit gon' get hard, keep your head strong  
If I quit now, then I'm dead wrong  
Fightin' off this hunger for hours  
Big stepper, nigga, don't get stepped on  
The money might fade, but respect don't  
Still gon' be me when success gone  
I don't speak the language of cowards  
I walk through the flame like I'm Teflon

I sucked up the pain and I kept goin'  
Whole world know my name, bitch, my rep strong  
We sold out in less than a hour  
These words I still sang like I'm slept on  
I sin, so I can't cast the next stone  
Unless it's baguettes 'round my neck bone  
Inside of my frame lies a power  
You can't get this game from no TED Talk  
I wanna know if they understand me  
I put it all on A, ain't no plan B  
Hopin' all this weight ain't gon' drown me  
Fucked around, got grey hairs already  
Runnin' up the stairs on a tower  
Runnin' up these Ms by the hour  
If I drop a gem, money showers  
When you get your taste, they get sour

[J. Cole (James Fauntleroy):]

Shit gon' get hard, keep your head strong  
(Just keep your head strong)  
The money might fade, but respect don't  
(The ultimate price is regret now)  
Still gon' be me when success gone  
(Still gon' be me, ahh-ahh-ahh)  
Big stepper, nigga, don't get stepped on

[J. Cole:]

Waitin' my turn like grains of sand inside a hourglass  
Mainly concerned back in the day with how long I would last  
Make a few thousand dollars stack with every hour passed  
I catch you playin' inside my lane and I'ma foul your ass  
Put the whole game on top my back, don't need no chiropract'  
They callin' me young PWC, I got my power back  
Ain't fuckin' around, beefin' with me gon' get you hollered at  
Niggas can't see me one-on-one, that's word to Kyla Pratt  
You hittin' them weights, congratulations 'cause you built somethin'  
You takin' a lot of boxin' lessons, but you still pussy  
I see right through you niggas just like 2Pac hologram  
Ain't doin' Coachella, bookin' me gon' be a lot of Ms  
I'm feeling myself, I'm building my wealth up 'til it's towerin'  
I put my tongue all in my bitch, she get to hollerin'  
I ain't doin' no dirt no more, I stopped creepin' six years ago

Fun fuckin' them hoes until you realize that you is the ho

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[James Fauntleroy:]  
Can't be afraid of sunlight  
Spotlights when it close  
All the pain you hold  
Makes you worth your weight in gold  
Can't be afraid of sunlight  
Spotlights when it close  
All the pain you hold  
Makes you worth your weight in gold  
God has a plan for you  
And all you've got to do is believe, believe, be-