

# The Autograph

J. Cole

They say anythings possible,  
You gotta dream like you never seen obstacles  
Chasing obscene profits so we ain't stopping for the red lights  
Look in my rear view all I see is niggas headlights  
Catch me if you can hoe  
They try and sack me and I scramble  
Look up in the sky you'll see exactly where I am bo  
Hey, don't you see me man?  
Making my wishes come true with no genie man  
I got the keys to my beamer with no Beanie Man  
I'm on these rich niggas ass no bikini man  
I bring the real to the day the Lord free me man  
Never imagined that the kids would wanna be me man  
Eh, could it be that I give the hopeless broke kids, hope  
Caught me walking through the mall, looking like he seen a ghost  
Silly head to approach, whats up young blood  
Aint it strange, a year ago today I was counting change  
Yeah hopping trains up in New York city  
Though I gotta thank God cause if you weren't with me  
Than I surely woulda died  
You can throw the fork in me  
This my New Years resolution, dawg  
No more Pork in me  
Uh, I aint no Muslim though  
Kuran butler I'm a wizard if he doesnt know  
Its young Simba, I'm ballin' til the buzzard blow  
You try and kick the shit I kick you gon stub your toe  
Boy thats just how tough I go  
See this is my life work  
This shit you callin classic, I be like that mic work  
Want you to feel something new, thats how a dike work  
And ask me bout pressure, they wanna see my pipe burst

Not tonight nigga  
Not tonight nigga  
Yeah, hey  
Hey, man, hey

Man, I rap so vicious but I talk so politely  
Never met a baby momma, momma who don't like me  
Met a couple baby fathers though they wanna fight me  
I hit her til she snooze, like the news nigga nightly  
Send her back to you when she no longer excites me  
No she bitter with this nigga  
Cause he aint quite me  
One things for certain baby, you are a wifey  
Two things for fucking sure  
I am not the husband thoguh  
So run back to him while you still can  
He sticking with his wife and kid, yeah thats a real man  
I was ashamed all along and I still am  
We let the lust interrupt something real, damn  
Girl we grown so you gotta play your own position  
I wouldn't say that you a hoe, just made a hoe decision  
Eh, you can blame it on the liquor like a prohibitions  
We both know thats what you wanted girl  
I know you listening

Hey  
Girl I know you listening  
Uh I know you listening  
Hey, yeah

Shout out to the bootleggers who supply my shit  
The fans online trying to find my shit  
And to theniggas listening but wont buy my shit  
And catch me in the street wanna ride my dick  
Y'all niggas is the worst, see me like  
"J. Cole homie, can you sign my burnt CD"  
Nigga please, an album ten dollars  
You act like it's ten g's  
This food for thought cost the same as 2 numbers three's  
So at ease with that broke shit  
We all tryna get a dollar boy, no shit  
You know I feel ya pain, thats why I slang this hope shit  
And give you lines that you rewind and think oh shit  
These rappers talk a lot of money, cars and hoes shit  
I give you that and a whole lot more shit  
Than got richer and still rapping like I'm poor shit  
You niggas thinnk you know shit, nigga you don't know shit  
Hoe bitch!!!  
Yeah, Cole Bitch!!!  
J Cole nigga  
Hey