

Who Dat

J. Cole

Who dat, who dat?
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Hey, who dat, who dat? That nigga you been waitin' for
I mean the shit was all bad just a week ago
Rappers was bullshitting, fuck it I ain't hating though
Because now a nigga hot enough to fuck with one of Satan' hoes
And she can't tell the difference, I been through hell conditions
Wishing for air conditioning, feeling God was never listening
Now I'm on television, and did I fail to mention?
Your bitch is tired of missionary, boy you failed the mission
Speaking of positions just witness how I elevate it
Real niggas celebrate it, finger fuck whoever hate it
My life accelerated, but had to wait my turn
Then I redecorated, that mean my tables turned
Life live, might as well, only way to learn
Is try and fail, clientele the only way to earn
So if you're selling crack, or if you're selling rap
Make sure it's mean so them fiends keep on coming back

Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame
Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame
Who dat, who dat? Bitch I got that flame
So don't worry about my motherfucking name
I got them saying who dat, who dat? Cole World
Who dat, who dat? I got them sayin'
Who dat, who dat? Cole World
Who dat, who dat?

Hey, the mind state of a winner
When you thinking about summertime I'm thinking about the winter
When you thinking about breakfast I'm heating up my dinner
I was plotting this moment back when y'all was riding spinners
Yeah I'm a menace, God as my witness, with this pen I'm insane, yup
Hungry like the nigga who ain't got the taste of fame yet
Clown told me, "Ain't you Roc? But where the fuck your chain at?"
Guess it's something like your girl, nigga it ain't came yet
The man make the chain, chain don't make the man
How many niggas do we know with hella ice but yet they lame?
The cloth from which we came me and them is not the same
It's like we all headed to Spain they took the boat I took the plane, damn
That boy's sick now hoes on his joystick
Heating up like May weather, dog I'm on that Floyd shit
Boy stick to your day job, said you was hot? Well, they lied
Is that your girl? Well, I just G'd her, no A-Rod

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(Now who else want to fuck with Hollywood Cole?)

The little engine that could, this little nigga is good

Rappers claiming they sick, I heal niggas for good
A couple of y'all ain't took a field trip to the hood
And me? I'm fresh prince, I'm Will Smith to the hood
Baby, ain't saying names but we not the same
All the money and the fame don't change the fact that you lame
Might want to grab you a chain, want to tip up your hat
Might want to purchase some game, homey your shit is so wack
I got my finger on the trigger, tell that nigga, "hold that"
Want picture perfect baby you can check the Kodak
Hey, so anything you can do I can do better
And any chick you can screw I can get wetter
I'm young, black, gifted, live my life on the run
Bet your bottom dollar before I'm done
They say that I'm the one, ya nigga I'm the one
I got them saying

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Who dat, who dat? J. Cole
Who dat, who dat? Cole World nigga
Cole World nigga
Dreamville, Cole World nigga
J. Cole