J. Cole, Middle Child

Niggas been counting me out
I’m counting my bullets,
I’m loading my clips
I’m writing down names,
I’m making a list
I’m checking it twice, and I’m getting them hit
The real ones been dying, the fake ones is lit
the game is off balance
I am back on my shit
e Bentley is dirty
my sneakers is dirty
but that’s how I like it
you all on my dick

I am all in my bag
this hard as I get
I do not snort powder
I might take a sip
I might hit the blunt
but I am liable to trip
I ain;t popping no pill but you do as you wish
I roll with some friends
I love en to death
I got a few mil but not all of them rich
what good is the bread if my niggas is broke
what good is first class if my niggas can’t sit

that’s my next mission, that;s why I can’t quit
jusyt like Lebron, get my niggas more chips
just put the Rollie right back on my wrist
this watch came from Dizzy, he gave me a gift
back when the rap game was praying I’d diss
they act like two legends cannot coexist
but I’d never beef with ea nigga for nothing
if I smoke a rapper it’s gone be legit
lt won’t be for clout
lt won’t be for fame
lt won’t be cause my shit aon’t selling the same
lt won’t be to sell you my latest lil sneakers
lt won’t be cause some niggas slid in my lane
everything grows, it’s destined to change
o love you lil nigas
I am glad you came
I hpe that you scrape every dollar you can
I hope you know money won’t erase the pain
To the OGs, I'm thankin' you now
Was watchin' you when you was pavin' the ground
I copied your cadence, I mirrored your style
I studied the greats, I'm the greatest right now
Fuck if you feel me, you ain't got a choice
Now I ain't do no promo, still made all that noise
This year gon' be different, I set my intentions
I promise to slap all that hate out your voice

[Refrain]
Niggas been countin' me out
I'm countin' my bullets, I'm loadin' my clips
I'm writin' down names, I'm makin' a list
I'm checkin' it twice and I'm gettin' 'em hit
The real ones been dyin', the fake ones is lit
The game is off balance, I'm back on my shit
The Bentley is dirty, my sneakers is dirty
But that's how I like it, you all on my dick

[Chorus]
I just poured somethin' in my cup
I've been wantin' somethin' I can feel
Promise I am never lettin' up
Money in your palm don't make you real
Foot is on they neck, I got 'em stuck
I'ma give 'em somethin' they can feel
If it ain't 'bout the squad, don't give a fuck
Pistol in your hand don't make you real

[Verse 2]
I'm dead in the middle of two generations
I'm little bro and big bro all at once
Just left the lab with young 21 Savage
I'm 'bout to go and meet Jigga for lunch
Had a long talk with the young nigga Kodak
Reminded me of young niggas from 'Ville
Straight out the projects, no fakin', just honest
I wish that he had more guidance, for real
Too many niggas in cycle of jail
Spending they birthdays inside of a cell
We coming from a long bloodline of trauma
We raised by our mamas, Lord we gotta heal
We hurting our sisters, the babies as well
We killing our brothers, they poisoned the well
Distorted self image, we set up to fail
I'ma make sure that the real gon' prevail, nigga

[Chorus]
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[Outro]
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