

# 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 'em 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  
It won't be for clout  
It won't be for fame  
It won't be cause my shit aon't selling the same  
It won't be to sell you my latest lil sneakers  
It 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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