

J. Cole - a m a r i Lyrics

Bada-ba, bada-ba

Bada-ba, da-da

Off-Season

Let's work, hey

Plottin' my escape, this game rot a nigga's faith

Got a couple M's hidin' in the safe

Imagination turned a Honda into Wraith

I was doin' 80 on the interstate

Tryna make it back before my class started

Country nigga never seen a passport

'Til I popped off and got a bag for it

Now I'm at the Garden sittin' half court

Watchin' Jr. catch it off the backboard

'Ville nigga never seen nothing

'Cept a fucking triple bean jumping

Good dope leave a fiend krumping

Made it out, it gotta mean something

Either you gon' hustle hard or that nigga Uncle Sam got yo' ass re-enlisting

2-6, murder scene pumping

Better leave it tucked if y'ain't dumping

Pow, pow, nigga, he slumping

12 comin', we ain't seen nothing

Time change, niggas ain't rumbling no more

Nah, what for? Hungry for more

If you solo these vocals, listen close and you can hear grumbling

Multi' and I'm still munching

Big bag, never fear fumbling

Want smoke? Nigga don't choke

I'm a whole fuckin' nicotine company

Dreamville the Army, not a Navy

How could you ever try to play me?

Kill 'em on a song, walk up out the booth
Do the Westbrook rock-a-baby

I never fall out with the bro
Hate when your family turn into foe
We had a penthouse on the road
Interior decorated with the hoes
Just like a multiple-choice getting chose
My niggas like "Eenie, meenie, minee, moe"
Scoop up a dime-piece like we homeless
Then we gon' send 'em back pigeon-toed

Out of the concrete was a rose and windows was cold
Had to go over and stand by the stove
We from the Southeast, niggas know
This where the opps creep real slow
Won't vote but they mob deep with the poles
I punch the time sheet, not no more
And now my assigned seat is a throne

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Bada-ba, bada-ba, bada-ba, ah-ah