

# J. Cole, 7 Minute Drill

Yeah  
Turn it up  
Yeah, turn the vocal up  
Uh

Light work like it's PWC  
It's a cold world, keep the heat under your seat  
I got a phone call, they say that somebody dissin'  
You want some attention, it come with extensions  
My dog like, "Say the word," he on bullshit, he itchin'  
Done put in so much work in these streets, he got pension  
I told him chill out, how I look havin' henchman?  
If shots get to poppin', I'm the one doin' the clenchin'

I came up in the 'Ville, so I'm good when it's tension  
He still doin' shows, but fell off like the Simpsons  
Your first shit was classic, your last shit was tragic  
Your second shit put niggas to sleep, but they gassed it  
Your third shit was massive and that was your prime  
I was trailin' right behind and I just now hit mine  
Now I'm front of the line with a comfortable lead

How ironic, soon as I got it, now he want somethin' with me  
Well, he caught me at the perfect time, jump up and see  
Boy, I got here off of bars, not no controversy  
Funny thing about it, bitch, I don't even want the prestige  
Fuck the Grammys 'cause them crackers ain't never done nothin' for me, ho  
Slugs took my nigga's soul, drugs took another one

The rap beef ain't realer than the shit I seen in Cumberland  
He averagin' one hard verse like every thirty months or somethin'  
If he wasn't dissin', then we wouldn't be discussin' him  
Lord, don't make me have to smoke this nigga 'cause I fuck with him  
But push come to shove, on this mic, I will humble him  
I'm Nino with this thing, this that New Jack City meme  
Yeah, I'm aimin' at G-Money, cryin' tears before I bust at him

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I got mixed feelings 'bout these fuckin' rap niggas  
It's over for that cap, we official cap peelers  
Two-six, we don't at niggas, we get at niggas  
Shoot a nigga lights out, yeah, my dogs stat fillers  
Stat stuffers, triple-double, get your ass black duffed  
Body bag, body bag, body bag  
Cole World your instructor for pilates class  
Get a nigga stretched if I feel the disrespect, uh  
Your arms might be too short to box with the god  
Who live his life without the pressures of a constant facade  
I pray for peace, but if a nigga cease these positive vibes  
A Falcon 9 inside my pocket, bitch, this rocket gon' fly

Now it's poppin' outside like the top of July

My text flooded with the hunger for a toxic reply  
I'm hesitant, I love my brother, but I'm not gonna lie  
I'm powered up for real, that shit would feel like swattin' a fly  
Four albums in twelve years, nigga, I can divide  
Shit, if this is what you want, I'm indulgin' in violence

Put pictures in my home, aim the chrome at your eyelids  
Fly pebbles at your dome, we the Stone Temple Pilots  
This is merely a warning shot to back niggas down  
Back in the town where they whippin' work and traffickin' pounds  
My jack jumpin' 'bout a rapper makin' blasphemous sounds  
Switchin' sides like the tassel on the cap and the gown  
I'm fully loaded, nigga, I can drop two classics right now

Hah, let me chill out, man (Conductor)  
The Fall Off on the way, nigga