

# MIDDLE CHILD

J. Cole

[Intro]

You good, T-Minus?[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

[Verse 1]

I'm all in my bag, this hard as it get

I do not snort powder, I might take a sip

I might hit the blunt, but I'm liable to trip

I ain't poppin' no pill, but you do as you wish

I roll with some fiends, 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

Just like LeBron, get my niggas more chips

Just put the Rollie right back on my wrist

This watch came from Drizzy, he gave me a gift

Back when the rap game was prayin' I'd diss

They act like two legends cannot coexist

But I'd never beef with a nigga for nothin'

If I smoke a rapper, it's gon' be legit

It won't be for clout, it won't be for fame

It won't be 'cause my shit ain't sellin' the same

It won't be to sell you my latest lil' sneakers

It won't be 'cause some nigga slid in my lane

Everything grows, it's destined to change

I love you lil' niggas, I'm glad that you came

I hope 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 shit 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]  
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[Outro]  
Money in your palm don't make you real  
Pistol in your hand don't make you real  
Money in your palm don't make you real

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

