No Role Modelz

J. Cole

First things first: Rest In Peace Uncle Phil, for real You the only father that I ever knew I get my bitch pregnant, I'mma be a better you Prophecies that I made way back in the Ville, fulfilled Listen even back when we was broke my team ill Martin Luther King would have been on Dreamville Talk to a nigga...One time for my LA sisters One time for my LA hoes Lame niggas can't tell the difference One time for a nigga who knowDon't save her She don't wanna be saved Don't save her She don't wanna be saved Don't save her She don't wanna be saved Don't save her She don't wanna be saved No role models and I'm here right now No role models to speak of Searchin' through my memory My memory, I couldn't find one Last night I was gettin' my feet rubbed By the baddest bitch; not Trina, but I swear to God This bitch'll make you call your girl up and tell her "Hey, what's good?" "Sorry I'm never comin' home, I'mma stay for good" Then hang the phone up, and proceed to lay the wood I came fast like 9-1-1 in white neighborhoods Ain't got no shame bout it She think I'm spoiled and I'm rich cause I can have any bitch I got defensive and said "Nah, I was the same without it" But then I thought back, back to a better me Before I was a B-list celebrity Before I started callin' bitches "bitches" so heavily Back when you could get a platinum plaque without no melody You wasn't sweatin' me One time for my LA sisters One time for my LA hoes Lame niggas can't tell the difference One time for a nigga who knowDon't save her She don't wanna be saved Don't save her

She don't wanna be saved Don't save her She don't wanna be saved Don't save her She don't wanna be savedI want a real love, dark skinned Aunt Viv love That Jada and that Will love That leave a toothbrush at your crib love And you ain't gotta wonder whether that's your kid love Nigga I don't want no bitch from reality shows Out-of-touch-with-reality hoes Out in Hollywood, bringin' back 5 or 6 hoes Fuck em then we kick em to the do', nigga you know how it go She deserved that, she a bird, it's a bird trap You think if I didn't rap, she would flirt back? Takin' off her skirt, let her wear my shirt 'Fore she leave—I'mma need my shirt back Nigga you know how it goOne time for my LA sisters One time for my LA hoes Lame niggas can't tell the difference One time for a nigga who knowDon't save her She don't wanna be saved Don't save her She don't wanna be saved Don't save her She don't wanna be saved Don't save her She don't wanna be savedThere's an old saving in Tennessee I know it's in Texas, probably in Tennessee That says, fool me once Shame on Shame on you. Fool me You can't get fooled againFool me one time, shame on you Fool me twice, can't put the blame on you Fool me three times, fuck the peace sign Load the chopper, let it rain on you Fool me one time, shame on you Fool me twice, can't put the blame on you Fool me three times, fuck the peace sign Load the chopper, let it rain on youMy only regret was too young for Lisa Bonet My only regret was too young for Nia Long Now all I'm left with is hoes from reality shows Hand her a script the bitch probably couldn't read along My only regret was too young for Sade Adu My only regret could never take Aaliyah home Now all I'm left with is hoes up in Greystone With the stale face cause they know it's they song She shallow, but the pussy deep (she shallow, she shallow) She shallow, but the pussy deep (she shallow, she shallow)

She shallow, but the pussy deep (she shallow, she shallow) She shallow, but the pussy deep (she shallow, she shallow)Don't save her She don't wanna be saved Don't save her She don't wanna be saved Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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