

J. Cole, ATM

Will I fall?
will i fly?
Heal my soul
fulfill my high
cross my heart
and hope to die
with my slice of Devil's pie

count it up
count it up
count it up
count it
count it up
count it up
count it up
count it
count it up
count it up
count it up
count it
/3x

I know it's difficult
I'm stacking this paper
it's sort of habitual
I blow the residual
and fuck on your bitch
like it's part of my ritual
Pardon the visual
But money it give me
a hard-on
it's typical
I want it in physical
A million \$
count up in intervals
Without it I'm miserable

don't wanna fall off so I'm running my bag
thanking God like it's difficult
I never saw I balled on them principles
remember teachers were all on my ass
now the thought of em pitiful
and all of a sudden I'm so good at math

count it up
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count it up
count it up
count it
count it up
count it up
count it up
count it
can't take it when you die
but you can't live without it

uno, dos, tres, qatro
proceed with caution
I heard if you chase it only results in
a hole in your heart
fuck it

I take the whole cake and I won't leave a portion
it's only an organ
thatn god mamam couldn't afford the abortion
the loneliest orphan
I flipped mama's fortune and grown me a fortune
my rollie is scorching
them niggas that hated is slowly endorsin'
New Cole – he important
My niggas beside me like Tommy and Martin
we ball in your court and
Escape with your bitch
like we turning your heart in
she don't need no germents
she horny from all the money we counting

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can't take it when you die
but you can't live without it

uno, dos, tres, qatro
Will I fall?
will i fly?
Heal my soul
fulfill my high
cross my heart
and hope to die
with my i'll give full stride