

# Neighbors

J. Cole

I guess the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope, sellin' dope  
Yeah the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope, sellin' dope  
Sellin' dope, sellin' dope, sellin' dope I don't want no picture with the president  
I just wanna talk to the man  
Speak for the boys in the bando  
And my nigga never walkin' again  
Apologized if I'm harpin' again  
I know these things happen often  
But I'm back on the scene  
I was lost in a dream as I write this  
A teen down in Austin  
I been buildin' me a house back home in the south Ma  
Won't believe what it's costin'  
And it's fit for a king, right?  
Or a nigga that could sing  
And explain all the pain that it cost him  
My sixteen should've came with a coffin  
Fuck the fame and the fortune—well, maybe not the fortune  
But one thing is for sure though, the fame is exhaustin'  
That's why I moved away, I needed privacy  
Surrounded by the trees and Ivy League  
Students that's recruited highly  
Thinkin' you do you and I do me  
Crib has got a big 'ol backyard  
My niggas stand outside and pass cigars  
Filled with marijuana, laughin' hard  
Thankful that they friend's a platinum star  
In the driveway there's no rapper cars  
Just some shit to get from back and forth  
Just some shit to get from back and forth  
Welcome to the shelter, this is pure  
We'll help you if you've felt too insecure  
To be the star you always knew you were  
Wait, I think police is at the door  
Okay, the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope  
Hmnn...I guess the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope, sellin' dope  
The neighbors think I'm...neighbors think I'm...  
(Don't follow me, don't follow me...)  
I think the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope  
(Don't follow me, don't follow me...)  
I guess the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope, sellin' dope  
Sellin' dope, sellin' dope, sellin' dope

Well motherfucker I am  
Some things you can't escape  
Death, taxes, NRA  
It's this society that make  
Every nigga feel like a candidate  
For a Trayvon kinda fate  
Even when your crib sit on a lake  
Even when your plaques hang on a wall  
Even when the president jam your tape  
Took a little break just to annotate  
How I feel, damn it's late  
I can't sleep 'cause I'm paranoid  
Black in a white man territory  
Cops bust in with the army guns  
No evidence of the harm we done  
Just a couple neighbors that assume we slang  
Only time they see us we be on the news in chains, damn  
Don't follow me, don't follow me  
Don't follow me, don't follow me  
Okay, the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope  
Hmmm...I guess the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope, sellin' dope  
The neighbors think I'm...neighbors think I'm...  
(Don't follow me, don't follow me...)  
I think the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope  
(Don't follow me, don't follow me...)  
I guess the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope, sellin' dope  
Sellin' dope, sellin' dope, sellin' dope  
Well motherfucker I am  
I am, I am, I am, I am  
Well motherfucker I am  
I think the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope  
I am, I am, I am  
Well motherfucker I am  
So much for integration  
Don't know what I was thinkin'  
I'm movin' back to Southside  
So much for integration  
Don't know what I was thinkin'  
I'm movin' back to Southside

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>