

January 28th

J. Cole

The real is back, the ville is back  
Flow bananas here, peel this back  
And what you'll find is, your highness  
Can paint a picture that is vivid enough to cure blindness  
Carolina's finest, you knew that already  
And turned to the greatest, I proved that already  
And if you would like, I do it twice  
I just sharpen my blade for a minute became lost in my ways  
This for my niggas that was tossin' the graves  
Every so often I fade deep in my thoughts and get lost in the days  
We used to play before your coffin was made  
Just got the call nigga got caught with a stray  
Hope he's okay  
Just got paid what Cochran got paid to free OJ  
Just to share my life on the stage in front of strangers  
Who know a nigga far too well, and that's the danger  
Know me better than I know myself  
I rip a page out my notebook in anger  
And let these thoughts linger, singing

Don't give 'em too much you  
Don't let 'em take control  
It's one thing you do  
Don't let 'em taint your soul  
If you believe in God  
One thing's for sure  
If you ain't aim too high  
Then you aim too low

What's the price for a black man life?  
I check the toe tag, not one zero in sight  
I turn the TV on, not one hero in sight  
Unless he dribble or he fiddle with mics  
Look out the window cause tonight the city lit up with lights, cameras and a  
ction  
May no man alive come through and damage my faction  
I brought you niggas with me cause I love you like my brothers  
And your mothers' like my mother  
Think we need a plan of action  
The bigger we get the more likely egos collide  
It's just physics, please let's put our egos aside  
You my niggas, and should our worst tendencies turn us into enemies  
I hope that we remember these  
Nights fulla Hennessey  
When Hov around we switch up to that D'usse  
Gotta show respect, one day we tryna stay where you stay  
Cause we from where you from  
Not talkin' bout the slums  
I'm talkin' 'bout that mind state that keep a black nigga dumb  
Keep a black nigga dyin' by a black nigga gun  
And keep on listening to the frontin' ass rap niggas son  
Yeah I said son  
This is New York's finest  
For 11 winters straight I took on New York's climate  
Like show me New York's ladder  
I climb it and set the bar so high that you gotta get Obama to force the air  
force to find it

Never mind it, you'll never reach that  
Cole is the hypnotist, control the game whenever he snap  
That's every track

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I ain't serve no pies, I ain't slang no dope  
I don't bring no lies, niggas sang my quotes  
I don't play no games, boy I ain't no joke  
Like the great Rakim, when I make my notes  
You niggas might be L or you might be Kane  
Or you might be Slick Rick with 19 chains  
Or you might be Drizzy Drake or Kendrick Lamar  
But check your birth date nigga, you ain't the God  
Nah you ain't the God  
Nigga Cole the God  
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