

# World Is Empty

J. Cole

Whose world is this?  
(The world is yours, the world is yours)  
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine  
Whose world is this?  
It's yours  
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine  
Whose world is this?  
(The world is yours, the world is yours)  
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine  
Whose world is this? I sip the Dom P, watching "Gandhi" 'til I'm charged  
Then writing in my book of rhymes, all the words past the margin  
To hold the mic I'm throbbin', mechanical movement  
Understandable smooth shit that murderers move with  
The thief's theme: play me at night, they won't act right  
The fiend of hip-hop has got me stuck like a crack pipe  
The mind activation, react like I'm facin' time like  
"Pappy" Mason, with pens I'm embracin'  
Wipe the sweat off my dome, spit the phlegm on the streets  
Suede Timb's on my feets makes my cipher complete  
Whether crusing in a Sikh's cab, or Montero Jeep  
I can't call it, the beats make me falling asleep  
I keep falling, but never falling 6 feet deep  
I'm out for presidents to represent me (Say what?)  
I'm out for presidents to represent me (Say what?)  
I'm out for dead presidents to represent me  
Whose world is this?  
(The world is yours, the world is yours)  
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine  
Whose world is this?  
It's yours  
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine  
Whose world is this?  
(The world is yours, the world is yours)  
It's mine, it's mine, it's mine  
Whose world is this? To my man Ill Will, God bless your life (It's yours!)  
To my peoples throughout Queens, God bless your life  
I trip, we box up crazy bitches  
Aiming guns at all my baby pictures  
Beef with housing police, release scriptures that's maybe Hitler's  
Yet I'm the mild, money-getting style, rolling foul

The versatile, honey-sticking wild golden child  
 Dwelling in the Rotten Apple, you get tackled  
 Or caught by the devil's lasso, shit is a hassle  
 There's no days, for broke days we sell it: smoke pays  
 While all the old folks pray to Jesus, soaking their sins in trays  
 Of holy water. Odds against Nas are slaughter  
 Thinking a word best describing my life to name my daughter  
 My strength, my son, the star, will be my resurrection  
 Born in correction. All the wrong shit I did, he'll lead a right direction  
 "How you living?" Large, a broker charge - cards are mediocre  
 You flipping coke or playing spit spades and strip poker? Whose world is this?  
 (The world is yours, the world is yours)  
 It's mine, it's mine, it's mine  
 Whose world is this?  
 It's yours  
 It's mine, it's mine, it's mine  
 Whose world is this?  
 (The world is yours, the world is yours)  
 It's mine, it's mine, it's mine  
 Whose world is this? I'm the young city bandit, hold myself down single-handed  
 For murder raps, I kick my thoughts alone, get remanded  
 Born alone, die alone, no crew to keep my crown or throne  
 I'm deep by sound alone, caved inside, 1,000 miles from home  
 I need a new nigga for this black cloud to follow  
 Cause while it's over me it's too dark to see tomorrow  
 Trying to maintain, I flip, fill the clip to the tip  
 Picturing my peeps, now the income make my heartbeat skip  
 And I'm amped up, they locked the champ up, even my brain's in handcuffs  
 Headed for Indiana, stabbing women like the Phantom  
 The crew is lamping, Big Willie-style  
 Check the chip-toothed smile, plus I profile wild  
 Stash through the flock wools, burning dollars to light my stove  
 Walk the blocks with a bop, checking dames, plus the games  
 People play, bust the problems of the world today

Songwriters

KENNY RANKIN, NASIR JONES Published by

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