

Land Of The Snakes

J. Cole

This the shit I used to roll down Lewis Street with
Lord, know some hoes from the past like
"Damn Cole, wish I knew that you would be rich"
Well, should've asked
It's funny how these niggas
On some real "Be cool with me" shit
I bagged two bitches like it's two of me bitch
This the shit I used to roll down Lewis Street with
Finally got my own bedroom in this bitch
No more sleeping in my brother's room
Like man I might as well be sleeping in my mother's room
Cause how I'm supposed to sneak hoes with my bro here?
Plus she gon' find out I been rocking all this old gear
This is flow here, this is no fair
This is so pure, this is so clear
This is one breath, this is no air
Ain't no wedding and I do the most here
I'm the President you the co-chair
You the player, yeah, I'm the coach here
Nigga I coast here
This weather got me set on this West Coast yeah
Avoiding the snakes, AK's, and coke yeah
Get my dick wet but I never let it soak there
Man I been thinkin' bout movin' out
What? Country boy in the city in New York nine years
Ran that shit like Diddy
Riding through South Side Queens like FiddyNothing's impossible
And all you lame niggas show me what not to do
I met a real bad bitch in the club tonight
She told me, "Watch the snakes cause they watching you"
I told her, "Aw baby don't start!"
I ain't looking for the way to your heart!"
She said, "You bout to miss church" while she riding me
I like my sundaes with a cherry on top
Make that ass drop (drop, drop)
Make that ass drop (drop, drop)
Make that ass drop (drop, drop)
Make that ass drop (drop, drop)Now if you only had one wish is it devious?
Cause you already know who your genie is

Can't get a cover now your mag on my penis
Like damn he turned out to be a genius
Damn real shit nigga no Pixar
You niggas soft like Meagan Good's lips are
My kicks hard, my whip hard
I came out the womb with my dick hard
Back when I was playing Stomp the Yard
It be a bunch of niggas up on campus talking hard
Don't get exposed to these hoes boy knock it off
I seen your mama in a Benz when she dropped you off
Damn now who more thorough than me?
I paint a picture of my pain for the world to see
Could paint a picture of the game but my girl would see
Gotta ask myself, "What mean the world to me?" Nothing's impossible
And all you lame niggas show me what not to do
I met a real bad bitch in the club tonight
She told me, "Watch the snakes cause they watching you"
I told her, "Aw baby don't start!
I ain't looking for the way to your heart!"
She said, "You bout to miss church" while she riding me
I like my sundaes with a cherry on top
Make that ass drop (drop, drop)
Make that ass drop (drop, drop)
Make that ass drop (drop, drop)

Make that ass drop (drop, drop) This the shit I used to roll down Lewis Street with
This the shit I used to roll down Lewis Street with A little Fayetteenam nigga out in Beverly Hills
That's when I ran into this chick I went to college with
Yeah back when a nigga was on scholarship
Was in a rush but I still stopped to holla, shit
That's the least I owed her cause I tried to hit
On the first night, nah I ain't proud of it
I boned her in my dorm room and kicked her out of it
And I never called back, how thoughtfuleess
Now I'm standing in the streets tryna politic with her
In her mind she calling me a misogynist nigga
On some Bobby Brown shit my prerogative
Nigga is to hit and never commit
Now realizing when I hit she never forgets
So every time I ignore the telephone call
Saying I'll hit her back knowing I'm never gon' call
She was hurting
Now she staring dead in my face she was smirking
Like, "Yeah I remember and nah you ain't worth shit, nigga
You ain't worth shit, nigga" This the shit I used to roll down Lewis Street with

Songwriters

JERMAINE L. COLE, DAVID A. SHEATS, ANDRE BENJAMIN, ANTWAN PATTON, RONALD

EUGENE GILMOREPublished by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>