Villematic

Coleworld

Hey, to the college kids no scholarships
Starting your semester
Unpacking your suitcases filling up your dresser
Enjoy it while you got it, after that it's God bless ya
Life is your professor, you know that bitch is gon' test ya
I got some shit I'd like to get off my chest
I spill out my soul, I spit out my stress
And can I spit out my stress?
It's the feeling in the air you bout to drop a real classic
He said Cole, "A lil' birdy told me on the low you got an Illmatic"
Nobody touching Nas nigga, it's more like Villematic
These fayettnam tales be paying off well
What story is my audio theatre gon tell
I know my debut will ship, but is it gon sell?
I guess it's in God's hands
I make the type of pieces that make Jesus say goddamn
That's for your non-believers
I'm the truth only time will teach ya
And fuck the haters probably never love they momma's neither
Old bitter-ass sit around in middle class homes
With computers on hating on the newest song
While you was browsing I was taking out them student loans
Trying to do this shit better than the niggas we grew up on
Name a fucking song I ain't threw up on
Talk is cheap, it's like y'all grew up in a Jewish home
Pardon the stereotype
But ya'll giving me mixed feeling's like you married a white woman
One minute I'm over-rated, next minute I'm the savior
You hate it before you played it, I already forgave ya
For bullshittin' and the nigga Cole spittin' it real
Wrote this line on a plane got flown straight from the Ville
To Miami, where the same time last year
I was broker than you, I just wanna make that clear
'Cause now I'm dealing with money I've never seen before
And R&B bitches want me that was just dreams before
Now do I give in to the temptation I'm facin'
The thought of losing a good woman keep me from chasin'
But I'm just a man, at times the timing is wrong
Plus my dick is like a man with a mind of its own

But I'm trying to be strong, remind myself she ain't about shit
These hoes the same, all that change is the outfit
Looking for cheese on some mouse shit
Suck a nigga, fuck a nigga, than go run they mouth quick
Rappers took a vacation I came over the house sit
You want change, this that "Between the seats in your couch" shit
The fuck you thought, I lost it
All that flame on my name would get exhausted
Au contraire my nigga they all ears
Sit back, enjoy the ride it's finna be a long year, yeah
It's finna be a long year, yeah
I know you feel that, the tingle in your spine
Don't conceal that, don't conceal that
This exactly what you thought
Somebody bought the real back

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