

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 but came 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 straight
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 fall to 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
This one thing you do
Don't let 'em taint your soul
If you believe in God
One things 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 action
May no man alive come through and damage my faction
I brought you nigga 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 tenancies turn us into enemies
I hope that we remember these

Nights fulla Hennessey
When Hov aroun we switch up to that D'usse
Gotta show respect, one day we tryna stay where you stay
Cause we from where you from
I'm 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 Don't give 'em too much you
Don't let 'em take control
This one thing you do
Don't let 'em taint your soul
If you believe in God
One things for sure
If you ain't aim too high
Then you aim too low I ain't serve no pies, I ain't slang no dope
I ain'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
January 28th

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>