

# 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  
That's why they got me set up on this West Coast here  
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 Fiddy

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 stop! I ain't looking for the way to your heart!"  
She said, "You 'bout to miss church" while she riding me  
I like my Sundays with a cherry on top  
Make that ass drop  
Make that ass drop  
Make that ass drop  
Make that ass 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?"

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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 see 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 thoughtfules  
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"

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