

Revenge Of The Dreamers

J. Cole

Na, na, na, na, my nose runnin'
Got my shades over this
The whole skyline of the city's right in front of my face, yeah

I'm in the zone this year, it's all fire nigga check my attire
Your worst fear is confirmed, your reign at the top expires this year
No application, I'm hired this year
This a dedication to that bitch who slashed my nigga tires, oh yeah
I knew about you, bitch I knew about you
Came up on a good nigga, he ain't have a clue about you
Tried to tell that nigga, don't trust that bitch as far as you can smell her
, nigga
But you live and you learn
On these road to riches niggas bound to miss a few turns
Don't let the bridges that you cross turn into bridges you burn
You're bound to miss a few turns
Don't let the bridges that you.. fuck it you don't hear me
Look, ayo, I walk along this long harbor of life and sit on the piers
Reflect on my pain and shit on my fears
Should I feel an ounce of guilt that I outdid all my peers?
Or write my name in the sky and show them niggas I'm here?
This one is for the history books, picture me shook or failin'
This is revenge of the dreamer
Misery took a million of my niggas' hopes from 'em, don't even know some 'em
No more, the coke numbed 'em, no suicide notes from 'em
They killin' theyselves, slowly killin' they cells
Five iPhones dropped, my nigga still in the cell
He said he found God, shit, I doubt it, to each his own
Whatever keeps you strong to get up out it, we need you home
Cause see a war's goin' on outside, I 'bout cried
When that boy that the cops shot died, my mouth wide open from shock
Sick and tired of hopin' it'll stop
This pen the only hope that I got, I open up shop, and break out

Got what you want, I got what you need
My heart on my sleeve, watch me bleed, I break out!
Dreamville is the team, my team iller than fiends
And ye' ain't real as you seem, and we can tell, nigga
Fuck what you think, cause if your shit don't stink
Nigga my shit won't sink, cause it can't, I break out!
I gotta break the fuck up outta here
Dreamville is the team, my team iller than fiends
And ye' ain't real as you seem, and we can tell, nigga

War stories, got tour stories
Pop four whores on the top floor stories
Niggas know, every verse is worth a brick of blow
Just a seven figure nigga got the game in figure four
I know at times I'm hypocritical, you niggas dig it though
I fuck until my dick be sore, leave bitches walkin' pigeon toe and break out
!
On to the next bitch, homie
Your new chick, that's my ex-
bitch, homie, in fact I'm still logged in her Netflix, homie
Just make sure she cook you breakfast, homie
Her bacon slimmin' but her eggs get runny, funny
So many bombs, you'd think Flex get money, from me

Cole world but my neck get sunny
Now I don't fuck around with hoes from reality shows
Or blow up dolls, cause I don't like havin' sex with dummies, love me
No disrespect meant, honey, this just a compilation of my observations
While trapped in this God-forsaken nation
Shit, but since we makin' conversation
I've been thinkin' me and you would make a bangin' combination
I know that you mad, I know what I said
But my dick be arguin' with my head, are you with the bed?
Well if so let's break out!