Rise Above

J. Cole

(Chorus)
Rise above, rise above
You got to
Rise above, rise above
(Verse)
She had her little daughter with er, it was cold out
She said ?a?ight I hate this motherfucker then she rode out?
He ain?t answering his phone, she yells ?what the fuck??
Then told her daughter ?buckle up?, yea that?s for safety
See she been stressin lately cuz this nigga she done been with for the past 2 years
Is now the current reason for her last few tears
She text, he don?t text back
When she see him she be tryina sex, he don?t sex back
It?s hard to be on jet black
She call, he don?t call back
All he say is fall back
Nigga just need his space, so she headed to his place
Cuz she just got a call from her home girl windin
Who say he be creepin, he been fuckin with Yolanda
Yolanda? Yea girl, Yolanda
Told you he ain?t shit but you ain?t listen, I was tryna (click)
Hmm, hung up that phone and hop right up in that Honda
Headed to his crib, she said she fed up with this shit
Thought this time this was the one
Thought I got better at this shit
Picking out Mr. Right, sticking out through the fights
And long nights for what? This niggas is all a lie
She gon set it off, her daughter gon witness it all tonight, damn
(Chorus)
Rise above, rise above

You got to
Rise above, rise above
(Verse)
She said she just finish school, could barely pay tuition
Now she teachin 7 grade, tryna make a difference
Aye but the kids frustrated, said if they don?t listen
A ass like that, how the fuck they s?pposed to pay attention?
I?m fuckin wit you but for real she said they hopeless, a class full of jokesters

Creatin all the obstacles, impossible to focus
Little niggas barely read, tryna give em what they need
And they don?t even try, one little boy, he caught her eye
Cuz he looked just like her brother, she be havin to call his mother
But she act like she don?t care,
Where father? He ain?t here
Now she frustrated, thinkin that she just made the mistake of her life
Underpaid, be havin to waitress at night
Six years of college down the drain
Drinking, tryna drown the pain
Party with her girls, feelin sorry for the world
Cuz ain?t no hope for the youth
Well, ain?t that the truth?
When all your role models either rappin or they hoop, damn
(Chorus)
Rise above, rise above
You got to
Rise above, rise above
(Outro)
We got to?
Rise?

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