Enchanted

J. Cole

[J. Cole]Yea, this is where the
yea, this is where the fathers aint living
at least not with us
might see em round the city and won't even say wassup
when n-ggas play tough, wont even smile in mirrors
and we learn to f-ck hoes off trial and error
just a small time n-gga, big city hustle
glued to the TV, Jigga, Diddy, Russell
these were our heroes, strictly for them zero's
for that Robert Deniro, n-ggas reload on them kilo's
dodgin them people,
mad at myself cause I done seen some things that I'd rather not tell
shawty smole crack and her boyfriend too
sometimes he touch her daughter like them boyfriends do
pull up to the club where the boys went too
see that yellow tape and the boys in blue
a n-gga on a strecther and though i never met ya
Im thinking God Bless ya, they city try and get ya
man, don't let the city get ya
f-ck the horoscopes, know the ropes lke a wrestler
if them bullets wet ya bet ya momma need a tissue
your face on the front of our shirts saying we miss ya
(we miss ya)
Come with me,
Run quick see, what do we have here
Now, do you wanna ride or die
La dadada, la la la la
Come with me,
Run quick see, what do we have here
Now, do you wanna ride or die
La dadada, la la la la
[Omen]yea, lets see God
I know you only do whats best for me
but is it cool if we negotiate my destiny
they always tellin' me it's temporary
than why its feelling like a cemetary
my dreams aint got no obituaries
my city hurting and none of us were equiped here
you heard me say I was ballin'

i probably make tears
I'm trying to get clear
I'm tryna quit fear
who wrote the scripts here
these kids live there whole life just killing time
running the race with no finish line
they tryna noose us with they ropes
but Im tryna climb
I think my foolish pride might become my suicide
but I aint tryna go, no baby

and through these lines and quotes you gotta find some hope
cause I aint dying
my words gon' last forever,
you can hold the treasure
look inside you can see a diamond in my mind
Im tired of seeing dope fiends, wiping they nose clean
is my neighbourhood just a smoke screen
I think Im in the (?) I see lo green
sons raised by bo queens but there's no kings
(no kings, no kings)
[J. Cole Hook]Come with me,
Run quick see, what do we have here
Now, do you wanna ride or die
La dadada, la la la la
Come with me,
Run quick see, what do we have here
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[J. Cole Verse 3]It seems like n-ggas either feel ya or they try and kill ya
I face the sky and hope to God aint acting unfamiliar
you play whatever cards he deal no matter how peculiar
they tell me that its God's will, I'm asking God will ya
lyrics courtesy of www killerhiphop dot com
iller a n-gga from artist pain, momma smoking cocaine as it rains out
am I to blame, try to stay sane so I came out-side
where they rock with them thangs out
to clear my mind at the same time they blew that boys brains out
but will it change, its like n-ggas is free but our minds still in the chains
brothers killing eachother, the blood spill its a shame
will it ever slow up
alot of n-ggas getting older but they never grow up
and do they son's like they fathers did and never show up
don't even cry about it, just another episode of life
watch the season n-gga no re-runs

the devil buying soul's n-gga no refunds
man, don't let the city get ya
f-ck the horoscopes know the ropes like a wrestler
if them bullets wet ya bet ya momma need a tissue
your face on the front of our shirts screaming we miss ya
another day, another song, a mother prays
another gone
but still we play like aint nothing wrong
like aint nothing wrong
cause aint nothing wrong
Im not as fast, I'm not as tall
but before I pass
I gotta ball
I gotta ball
I gotta ball
n-gga I gotta ball

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