Immortal

J. Cole

OhNow I was barely seventeen with a pocket full of hope
Screamin', dollar and a dream with my closet lookin' broke
And my nigga's lookin' clean, gettin' caught up with that dope
Have you ever served a fiend with a pocket full of soap?
Nigga I can tell you things that you probably shouldn't know
Have you ever heard the screams when the body hit the floor?
Flashbacks to the pain, wakin' up, cold sweats
Six o'clock in the mornin', gotta hit the BoFlex
Get my weight up on the block, keep watch for the cops
God they love to serve a nigga three hots and a cot
Nowadays crime pays like a part time job
And the drought got me prayin' for a car time vibe
Summer Rain come again
Numb the pain 'cause it's hard for a felon
In my mind I been cryin', know it's wrong but I'm sellin'
Eyes wellin' up with tears
Thinkin' 'bout my niggas dead in the dirt
Immortalized on this shirtReal niggas don't die
Form with the plot
One-Seven-Forty-Five
Form at the plot
Real niggas don't die
Form on the plot
Hood niggas don't lie
Form on the plot
My niggas don't die
Form on the plot
Real niggas don't die
Form on the plot
Real niggas don't die
Real niggas don't dieHave you ever seen a fiend cook crack on the spoon?
Have you ever seen a nigga that was black on the moon?
Have you ever seen your brother go to prison as you cried?
Have you ever seen a motherfuckin' ribbon in the sky?
Nope, all I see is that C.R.E.A.M nigga, that green
I'm a black king, black jeans on my black queen
And her ass fat, too fat for a flat screen
I'm the type of nigga make the whole fuckin' trap lean
Kingpin nigga, put wings on a crack fiend

If they want a nigga, they gon' have to send a SWAT team
And I'm goin' out like Scarface in his last scene
A legend, what that mean?Real niggas don't die
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Real niggas don't dieTo die a young legend or live a long life unfulfilled
'Cause you wanna change the world
But while alive you never will
'Cause they only feel you after you gone, or I've been told
And now I'm caught between bein' heard and gettin' old
Damn, death creepin' in my thoughts lately
My one wish in this bitch make it quick if the Lord take me
I know nobody meant to live forever anyway
And so I hustle like my niggas in Virgini-A
They tellin' niggas sell dope, rap or go to NBA, in that order
It's that sort of thinkin' that been keepin' niggas chained
At the bottom and hanged
The strangest fruit that you ever seen, ripe with pain
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