Change

J. Cole

My intuition is telling me they'll be better days
Yeah, my intuition is telling me they'll be better days
I like this toneYeah, my intuition is telling me they'll be better days
I sit in silence and and find whenever I meditate
My fears alleviate, my tears evaporate
My faith don't deviate, ideas don't have a date
But see I'm growing and getting stronger with every breath
Bringing me closer to heaven's doors with every step
As we speak I'm in peace, no longer scared to die
Most niggas don't believe in God and so they terrified
It's either that or they be fearing they gon' go to Hell
Asking the father for forgiveness, God, I'm overwhelmed (Please God, I want to go to Heaven)
As if he's spiteful like them white folks that control the jail
See I believe if God is real, he'll never judge a man
Because he knows us all and therefore he would understand
The ignorance that make a nigga take his brother's life
The bitterness and pain that got him beating on his wifeI know you desperate for a change at the pen glide
But the only real change come from inside
But the only real change come from inside
But the only real change come from
In cemeteries or in chains I see men cry
But the only real change come from inside
But the only real change come from inside
But the only real change come fromYeah, my chosen religion: Jesus piece frozen from sinnin'
Doin' dirt hoping to God He know my intentions
To see a million 'fore I see a casket
I got a baby on the way know he gon' be a bastard
I'm living fast like I'm in a drag race, how that cash taste
When I was a senior I was ballin' on my classmates
Niggas put three bullets in my car one hit the gas tank
Know I got a angel cause I'm supposed to have a halo
Right now, my lifestyle destined for a federal facility
For my ability to make them birds fly
Fiends wanna get higher than a bird's eye view
And who am I tell a nigga what to do?
I just apply this economics
My business ain't got the suit and tie
Keep a pistol at all times, niggas want what's mine
I can't oblige dog, I work too hard

So reach for it, get referred to God, I'm going hard niggaI know you desperate for a change at the pen glide
But the only real change come from inside
But the only real change come from inside
But the only real change come from
In cemeteries or in chains I see men cry
But the only real change come from inside
But the only real change come from inside
But the only real change come fromYeah, prodigal son
Got a new gun, this one
Don't run out of ammo lately been working on my handles
Can I ball, become a star, and remain my self
If I fall, dust it off and regain my self
Fuck 'em all, they don't know all the pain I felt
I'm in awe, after all the fame I felt I evolve
I no longer bury demons
I be a vessel for the truth until I'm barely breathing, I'm singingLife is all about the evolution
I give up, I give in, I move back a little
I live up, I look up, now I'm back for more
You can dream but don't neglect the execution
I give up, I give in, I move back a little
I live up, I look up, now I'm back for more
Time is short that's what somebody told me
I give up, I give in, I move back a little
I live up, I look up, now I'm back for more
Too short to keep following your homies
I give up, I give in, I move back a little
I live up, I look up, now I'm back for moreI reminisce back to a time where niggas threw they hands
All of a sudden niggas pop a trunk and then we scram
Finger on trigger make a little nigga understand
What it's like to finally be the motherfuckin' man
Eyes wide that's from the power that the coward feels
Niggas die over bitches disrespecting dollar bills
Bloodshed that turned the city to a battlefield
I call it poison, you call it real (pop, pop, pop, pop)
That's how you feel?Pistols be poppin' and niggas drop in a heartbeat
Scattered like roaches, a body laid on the concrete
Body laid on the concrete
Look, somebody laid on the concrete
No time for that, ain't no lookin' back, cause I'm running too
I made it home, I woke up and turned on the morning news
Overcame with a feeling I can't explain
'Cause that was my nigga James that was slain, he was 22
(Last night at around) He was 22
(22 year old black male, suspect, poor)(I swear to God bruh)
We're gathered here today

(I swear to God)
To mourn the life of James McMillan Jr
(I swear to Godâ€”nigga, I'mma kill them niggas man)
A tragedy, another tragedy in the black community
(I promise you bro)
We got to do better, people
22 years old, this boy was too young
(I promise you bro, I'mma kill them niggas bro)
Our condolences go to his family, our prayers
(I'mma kill them niggas myself)
We know he's in a better place
But this has got to end, ladies and gentleman
We've got to come together, this is, this is, beyond words
Now I'd like to open this ceremony with a verse from

Songwriters
Jermaine ColePublished by
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/