

# Caged Bird (feat. Omen)

J. Cole

[Intro: J. Cole]

Yeah, caged bird

Something like a caged bird

Caged bird

Yeah, look [Verse 1: J. Cole]

You ain't a man till you stop chasing your friends, my nigga

Think for yourself, make your own plans, my nigga

I'll be lying if I said I ain't understand, my nigga

Cause who you gon' follow when the leaders all get swallowed

By reefer clouds and bottles

In and out of county jail

This is hell, see the young black males in packed cells

With they heads down

And they fists clenched tight

Thinking "I could bust a hole through this wall

And bitch I just might"

It's just like the caged bird I sing a song

Hoping they open up these bars and send a nigga home

I cry when I'm alone

I'm wondering why would God send me here

Knowing that they hate us

Knowing that they make us feel like we evil so we kill our people

Without a second thought, in every lesson taught by OGs

We full of real nigga wisdom, so we proceed

Like real niggas who been stripped of our humanity

I see the judge's eyes, I know that he ain't understanding me [Hook: J. Cole]

A caged bird (Yeah, a caged bird)

(Let this little caged bird sing) Caged bird

Yeah, caged bird

Freedom's just an illusion, that's my conclusion

And if it ain't, then how my niggas keep on losin' theirs?

This goes out to childhood friends that's doin' years

Prison tats on they backs like souvenirs

We wish that you was here

A mother's tear spilled on this page

A brother's tear spilled on this page

How many days left?

And can you find peace when you released

Still filled up wit' rage

Back on the streets just to peep that you still in the cage[Verse 2: Omen]

Well, it's the oratory vet  
Turned down king slash poet laureate  
Used to paint a picture with a story of neglect  
I could've been a shorty drinking 40s on the steps  
With a shorty on my lap  
With a shorty on the way coming shortly to protect  
I could've been a dealer in the party with the X  
But I'm hardly in the mix and I partially confess  
I definitely got a couple parts in me that I regret  
Is the cup half-empty or is it half-full?  
I fill mine up with Hennessy, then get back to him  
I'm just a jazz musician trapped in a rap form  
You think you standing for something you on a trap door  
Well it's the, Mr. Introspective  
I'm a dreamers dream, a sort of an inception  
I never fiend for the scene but I dreamed of the things  
That a Mercedes brings, like slow sex with fast women  
Drinking cognac I'm past grinning  
A sexy dress, fat ass in it  
But still hit it till I'm half-winded  
Cause niggas tell me I'm the shit  
Well I be hitting all these dimes  
See I'm caged by the visions of the blind  
I started as a king  
Turned to a slave  
Put us in our chains  
We was forced to entertain  
Thinking bout the present day I'm living off the stage  
Wonder if a nigga ever get up out this cage  
As I sing

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