

# 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 stretcher 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 laCome 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 laCome with me,  
Run quick see, what do we have here  
Now, do you wanna ride or die  
La dadada, la la la la[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.com](http://www.killerhiphop.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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