

Home For The Holidays

J. Cole

Hey, this is the story of a youngn dreamin
left his city to see if he could be what he dreamin
big city on his own sh-t
but every now and then a n-gga get home sick
pick up the phone, holla at my partner he telling em, be warned
a lot of sh-t been changing the time youve been gone
the streets got meaner, the hoes got growner
and went and got babys the day they got a diploma
damn, therell be some n-ggas missing when you fly back
if you black, they sending you to jail or to Iraq
old buddy that we hoop with, with a bad chick and a fly lac
anda gold chain, caught him on a merc, tryna buy crack
damn homie, sh-t, in high school you was the man homie
f-ck happened to you,
used to beat n-ggas down at the buses after school
now you looking like a muthaf-cking fool[Chorus]
Say Ill be home for the holidays
so when you see me, better holla at me
I gotta get up put this city fore it try to trap me
I gotta leave, i wish I could stay
but Ill be home for the holidays
and to those that I used to know
from way before, keep your head up
come lets get this bread up
girl, I gotta go, wish I could stay
but Im coming hme for the holidays[J. Cole - Verse 2]
This is a story bout some puppy love
but at the time boy, I was feeling like this must be love
although now Im on my grown sh-t
she mad as hell, a n-gga still get home sick
I was fresh up off a scholarship
dressed like a black man in college sh-t
got a little knowledge now Im following the politics
but I still gotta holla at my old chick
so sweet, so thick, girl pick up your phone, its me
she said we aint homies no more
you go to college and you act like you dont know me no more
girl, we got history semester seem so long
the last time I seen ya baby you aint have no clothes on

so if history repeats itself
when I get home, girl its on, you aint gone need ya belt
or your pants or your drawers, then we hit the rewind
just dont give it up in the meantime[Chorus][J. Cole - Verse 3]
man i reminisce on them school days
i know you know them act a fool days
that missed the bus then hit the blunt and go to school blazed
that trying to get laid so i gotta stay fly
but a n-gga had a shot youd have thought thats where the bulls play
wished this freshman could used a little Kool-aid
crushing on them upper clansmen but it was tool late
buddy she was dating he had the freshest shoes
but the n-gga was graduated but he never made two as
hey if youre listening we got in to school
but who will pay our tuition man
these n-ggas crazy
one year cost about the same as a Mercedes (benz)
four years cost white crib and a baby
ay maybe this aint for me
if only i could be Lebron with the strength to leave
the worst part about growing up man the shit just aint for free
maybe i can be someone people pay to see
and maybe i should move up outta here to the place to be
to get from a to z ay what you think im crazy
if i told you one day that Imma sign with jay-z
and will i make it i guess we gotta wait and see
[Chorus]

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