Can't Cry

J. Cole

Need y'all niggas to feel me yo,
Feel my pain...
Said soft niggas can't last hard times yo,
Believe that shit.
Real niggas don't cry...
Look,
Yo...

Was just a youngin' with that fresh fade,
Bird chest, legs skinny,
That hoop dreaming had me tryna be the next Penny,
Fresh pennies on my feet,
Momma paid for everything I'm wearing,
At the fair staring at girls, not a care in the world.
Aw. nigga, but shit done changed since "Mayne" was my nickname,
A little nigga chasing things, tryna kick game,
Now I'm a man worried about my fam'
Let me explain,
Its like my pockets stay broke, and if not them shits sprained.
And so I rap for my niggas trapped in the struggle,
Feeling like the world's on your back so you stumble,
And it feels like a quarterback get sacked, and then you fumble.
Jobs don't call a nigga back so it's back to the hustle.
Niggas praying for they moms,
At the same time they moms pray for them.
Ask the Lord to stay with them, guide them on they way,
But damn a nigga been a lost fate.
It hurts on the usual,
The only time you catch me up at church is a funeral.

Sometimes sunshine turn to rain my nigga,
The same ones you love will bring you pain, my nigga,
I don't know if I'll see tomorrow,
But I won't cry, no, I can't cry.
And in this life, times getting hard my nigga,
But fuck that, I'm aiming for the stars, my nigga,
I won't stop, try 'til the day I die,
And I won't cry, no, I can't cry, no.

I sit back and watch the news every now and then,
Either get depressed or mad from watching the world just crash,
Even the weathers bad.
It be the same shit, got my brain twisted,
Like damn it's '06 and niggas still up on that gang shit?
Yesterday this kid got his whole frame split
Only seventeen, he was finna graduate in like three weeks,
some stupid niggas got him for his chain,
But he fought back, they blasted him and left him on the pavement
And now they telling me this little girl just got raped,
Some dude snatched her and she was standing at the bus stop, wait,
man she just eleven!
What the fuck is up with this world,
got these grown niggas fucking with girls?
Plus the cops harassing us,
every week be blasting us, on accident, or so they claim
Reporters sympathizing like they truly know the pain
They killed her only son,
Make her wanna blow her brains out,
Change the channel man I can't watch this shit...

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Take a ride through the city man and tell me what you witness.
Poverty, richness, crooked cops and misfits,
violence, hatred, real devastation,
neighborhoods looking like there's still segregation,
welfare, single mothers, no jobs,
tryna get a piece for yourself, but they hogging up the whole pie,
fiegns in the street so high off of that crack shit,
this nigga thirteen with a gat under his mattress...
White folks got the road to success mapped and that's all good,
but why don't black's got that same atlas?
I asked the same question a million ways
and it seems like I had prayed for a million days.
Still the ills remain - just bills and pain.
Shoot outs and project buildings, children slain,
skies filled with rain and I just sit and wonder why.

Its enough to make a nigga wanna cry,
but I can't though...

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