

Caged Bird

J. Cole

Yeah, caged bird
Something like a caged bird
Caged bird
Yeah, look 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 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 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

Songwriters

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