Killers

J. Cole

[J. Cole - Verse 1]Momma I just killed a man
My body still trembling can you feel my hand
Don't shed no tears, it won't be long before they find out it was me momma
This may be the last time you see me free ma
Don't spend it cryin'
You did your best, me I was blessed, know you were stressed tryin'
To keep me out the streets, me ducking police
Tryin' not to make a peek to wake you up out your sleep
A drunk and high fool
Skip a class, fluncking high school
I know you taught me better, somehow I never learned
Said I was playing with fire, somehoe I never burned
You tried to set me straight, somehow I never permed
You tried to show me right but somehow I never turned
Lost in a cloud of marijuana, are you sane dummy
Dry your face mommy, your not to blame for me
See I'm a man, I gotta take whatever came for me
At times I wonder 'bout my father
Would it change for me if he was around?
Would I still be running round with the lowlife's
Bum ass n-ggas no jobs, no life
Seen them n-ggas killed for no price
I watched his life flash before his eyes like a strobe light
I pulled the trigger momma
Tryna be hard, I aint mean to kill the n-gga momma
But what's done is done
I'm on the run, I live my life like a movie now it's way too realer
Who woulda thought your baby boy woulda grew up to be a killer
Yeh, now I'm a killer
Guess I'm a killer
They got me in here with the killers
Yeah I mean the killers
[J. Cole - Verse 2]I wonder whats in store for me
Lately been stressing, pray for blessings, hope that there's more for me
Than just a simple life
N-ggas that I used to hoop with is doing triple life
Gave up the jump shot
Work on the john shot
Who woulda thought I used to block this n-ggas lay ups

Now he's in a cell layed up
I wish you well, stay up
Like insomniacs
This life can make a n-gga fold like a laundry mat

I sip this cognac though to ease my brain from all this pain
and so that I react slow, in this fast world
Slow n-ggas, fast girls
Hoes give up ass while these ho n-ggas hold triggers
Blast on 'em
Hold up that old checker flag for 'em
Chalk lines by the do not park sign
It's deep, all these cold hearted n-ggas holding heat
I'd rather blast before they steal a n-gga
Tell 'em now boy, don't make me turn into a killer
Yeah, into a killer
Don't make me turn into a killer
Yeah, to a killer, yeh yeh
[J. Cole - Verse 3]To those who had love for me in the past
Who woulda thought time would fly by so fast
I remember back in class we used to make believe
Like it was draft day
Swore that we would make the league, be rich
Saturday morning had to rake the leaves, awww shit
Watch how they pile up
Seem like a mile up
I was the blisters on my hand than I dial up my best friend
Skating ring is where we headed tonight
And if a n-gga disrespect, yes we ready to fight
In retrospect that shit seemed petty
At the time, the shit was heavy
Cause life was all about your name
You had to scrap with any n-gga that would call you lame
Ashamed no doubt, so many n-ggas go they brains blown out
Snatched a n-gga chain and he got his name rolled out in obituaries
Another body in a cemetary
Another young n-gga in the penetentiary
And he don't give a f-ck no missionary
Rap visionary, paint a picture n-gga pictionary
Tell you what it is, I'm a dictionary
I knew a n-gga that threw his d-ck in every chick in every city that he went to
Went hard like the rent do
Till he met the wrong bitch, man just came home ex-convict
And he stay on with that Thriller
Shit, f-cking around with them killers

yeah, with them killers
F-cking around with them killers
Say I'm a killer

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