

# Runaway

J. Cole

Married men act totally different  
When they by themselves, don't they?  
You see them with their wife  
"What's up Tony?"  
"Hey man, how's everything going brother?"  
"Just taking it easy, hanging out with the lady"  
"Alright, God bless you, take it easy now"  
You be like that nigga ain't like that  
You see him by himself, "What's up Tony?"  
"Hey yo, where's the bitches at nigga?"  
Where's the bitches? Yeah, give me my space  
Lord ain't enough time to chase  
All these dreams, I mean I got no time to wait  
Love my girl but I told her straight up "don't wait up"  
Stumble home late, I'm drunk, we fucked then made up  
Used to living free as a bird, but now I'm laid up  
Feeling like a nigga got handcuffs on  
How the fuck did my life become a damn love song?  
She ride for a nigga and she stand up for him  
But a nigga wanna be a nigga, be a nigga  
Ride through the streets with freaks and real niggas  
She never understand what it's like to be a man  
Knowing when you look inside yourself you see a nigga  
And you don't wanna let her down  
But you too young for the settle down  
And maybe you can thug it out, learn what is love about  
When you can't live with her and you can't live without  
Oh shit, goddamn, I think the devil got his hands on me  
Stripper saying  
"Baby, why don't you throw these bands on me?"  
And I came to spend  
She pop a molly let the motherfucking games begin  
I'm running Runaway, runaway, runaway, runaway  
I'm holding on desperately  
Runaway, runaway, runaway, runaway  
I'm holding on When it's all said and done everybody dies  
In this life ain't no happy endings  
Only pure beginnings  
Followed by years of sinning and fake repentance

The preacher says we were made in image of Lord  
To which I replied: "Are you sure?  
Even the murderer? Even the whore?  
Even the nigga running through bitches on tour?"  
With a good girl at home folding clothes and shit  
She losing faith in him and he knows and shit  
Like what the fuck is a break  
Don't know how much I can take no more  
I give you all I got till it ain't no more  
No more tears it's been ten long years, damn near  
I don't know if I can wait no more, and who can blame her  
You complaining 'bout every time you out, you come back she pout  
Sleeping back to back, this is whack  
We 'bout to go platinum and I'm in the crib acting out  
My childhood fantasies of wife and home  
But it's a whole lot of actresses I'd like to bone  
And despite the rumors you hold out on account of your guilt  
She's has got to spend her nights alone  
And she ride or die like Eve and 'em  
Make home-cooked meals every evening  
And even then, your lowest days  
When you're no longer Superman  
At least you know you got Lois Lane  
But youRunaway, runaway, runaway, runaway  
I'm holding on desperately  
Runaway, runaway, runaway, runaway  
I'm holding onYeah, unbelievable seen evil that not even Knievel know  
At age 3 I knew this world was three below  
Listen, even know my ego low achieved the unachievable  
Imagine if my confidence was halfway decent, yo  
This just in, fucked more bitches than Bieber though  
Still I keep it low, got my niggas on the need to know  
Basis, my manager back in the days was racist  
I was a young boy, passing skates and tucking laces  
Old perverted white man who told me: "Jermaine  
It's all pink on the inside, fuck what color their face is"  
Wise words from an indecent man  
Made me reflect on the times when we was three-fifths of them  
In chains and powerless, brave souls reduced to cowardice  
Slaving in the baking sun for hours just  
To see the master creep into the shack where your lady at  
9 months later got a baby, that's  
Not quite what you expected, but you  
Refuse to neglect it, cause you  
Know your wifey loves you, does you refuse to accept it?

That's that type shit that tell why my granny light-skinned  
Rich white man rule the nation still  
Only difference is we all slaves now, the chains still concealed  
In our thoughts, if I follow my heart to save myself  
Could I run away from 50 mill like Dave Chappelle?  
You know Runaway, runaway, runaway, runaway  
I'm holding on desperately  
Runaway, runaway, runaway, runaway  
I'm holding on

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