

Runaway (Prod. Ron Gilmore, Elite & J. Cole)

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 you Runaway, runaway, runaway, runaway
I'm holding on desperately
Runaway, runaway, runaway, runaway
I'm holding on Yeah, 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

Songwriters

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