

# Clouds

J. Cole

My niggas be smoking on something loud, head to the clouds  
I ain't been steppin' out, tired of sticking out in the crowd  
This world is changing right in front of me  
Gray hairs, I'm aging quicker than I thought I'd be

(Straight up) Straight up, straight up, straight up, straight up, straight u  
p  
(Straight up) Straight up, straight up, straight up, straight up, straight u  
p  
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p

Please believe these flows teach egos  
To freeze and then recede, I'm C4  
Beneath your Jeep, the second you turn that keyhole  
Then heat blows your weak flows right out the water  
The father, boy, I work smarter and harder  
My style got a restraining order, don't bother  
I charter unseen territories in order  
To push it farther than you niggas had ever thought of  
I caught a lotta murder charges, turned artists  
To martyrs, when I rock, thot turns to goddess  
Fiends turn to kings, dreams turn to things tangible  
My hands are full with grands I pulled  
From stanzas, no, I can't go slow  
I'm Sandra Bull, either proceed with speed or don't breathe  
There's no creed or color that won't heed  
To the warning, the planet'll shake when I'm performing  
Tectonic plates from a place where Tecs on their waist  
So stay safe, or get left with chest on your face  
As death waits for your last of breath  
I'ma pass the test, yes, I'm a master chef  
Want a taste, then pay for it  
They claim they're real, but they're seldom straightforward  
The pain I feel on my frame gets transmuted to a dangerous flame  
I spit fire at the devil while the angels sang  
The flow changed, but Jermaine's the same, I'm Plain Jane  
Not a chain on my neck, but shine like Baguettes  
A shame, not a flex, to rhyme like the rest  
My mind's quite depressed if I don't write these  
I'm Spike Lee of the audio, back in my barrio  
Parties got shot up, so I built up all my cardio  
Dodge shells, collect coins like I'm Mario  
But this is not a gaming experience, I'm serious, nigga

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p (Yeah)

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I'm that bass in your trunk, the bullet that missed Trump  
The gun that jammed 'cause it seemed God had other plans  
The Son of Man extending his hand to Son of Sam  
In forgiveness, for all of the homicides we witnessed  
The overdramatized, the traumatized with sickness  
Thrown in the pan and caramelized for richness  
And served on a plate with sirloin steak  
To billionaires who don't care the world's gon' break  
Long as they make money off it, pain brings profit  
One man gains it soon as the next man lost it  
There's a bridge you can walk to hear God talk  
But there are real slim odds a rich man crosses  
'Cause greed is a poisonous seed, indeed  
As it spreads like weeds through the mind's apple trees  
I proceed with caution, and I'm not flossing  
Unlike some, I'm not defined by my fortune  
I'm defined by rhymes, though I'm in my prime  
There was times that I was down 'cause I'd thought I'd lost it  
But no, low and behold, as my poetry grows  
I give all glory to God as the story unfolds  
And the gray hairs that grow on my head will show  
Ain't no time limit to get it, you ain't never too old  
So keep hold of your dreams, no matter how it seems  
If you don't water your lawn, well, then it won't stay green  
I seen babies turn fiends, addicted to the screen  
Their dad shares cashiers replaced by machines  
Don't buy, subscribe so you can just stream  
Your content like rent, you won't own a thing  
Before long, all the songs the whole world sings'll  
Be generated by latest of AI regimes  
As all of our favorite artists erased by it scream  
From the wayside, "Ayy, whatever happened to human beings?"

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