

Enchanted

J. Cole

Yea, this is where the
Yea, this is where the fathers ain't living
At least not with us
Might see em round the city and won't even say wassup
When niggas play tough, won't even smile in mirrors
And we learn to fuck hoes off trial and error
Just a small time nigga, big city hustle
Glued to the TV, Jigga, Diddy, Russell
These were our heroes, strictly for them zero's
For that Robert Deniro, niggas reload on them kilo's
Dodgin them people,
Mad at myself cause I done seen some things that I'd rather not tell
Shawty smole crack and her boyfriend too
Sometimes he touch her daughter like them boyfriends do
Pull up to the club where the boys went too
See that yellow tape and the boys in blue
A nigga on a stretcher and though I never met ya
I'm thinking God Bless ya, they city try and get ya
Man, don't let the city get ya
Fuck the horoscopes, know the ropes lke a wrestler
If them bullets wet ya bet ya momma need a tissue
Your face on the front of our shirts saying we miss ya
(We miss ya)

Come with me,
Run quick see, what do we have here
Now, do you wanna ride or die
La dadada, la la la la

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Yea, let's see God
I know you only do what's best for me
But is it cool if we negotiate my destiny
They always tellin' me it's temporary
Than why it's feelling like a cemetary
My dreams ain't got no obituaries
My city hurting and none of us were equiped here
You heard me say I was ballin'
I probably make tears
I'm trying to get clear
I'm tryna quit fear
Who wrote the scripts here
These kids live there whole life just killing time
Running the race with no finish line
They tryna noose us with they ropes
But I'm tryna climb
I think my foolish pride might become my suicide
But I ain't tryna go, no baby
And through these lines and quotes you gotta find some hope
Cause I ain't dying
My words gon' last forever,
You can hold the treasure
Look inside you can see a diamond in my mind

I'm tired of seeing dope fiends, wiping their nose clean
Is my neighbourhood just a smoke screen
I think I'm in the Dungeon Fam, I see lo green
Sons raised by bo queens but there's no kings
(No kings, no kings)

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It seems like niggas either feel ya or they try and kill ya
I face the sky and hope to God ain't acting unfamiliar
You play whatever cards he deal no matter how peculiar
They tell me that it's God's will, I'm asking God will ya
Heal a nigga from all this pain, momma smoking cocaine as it rains out
Am I to blame, try to stay sane so I came out-side
Where they rock with them thangs out
To clear my mind at the same time they blew that boys brains out
But will it change, it's like niggas is free but our minds still in the chains
Brothers killing eachother, the blood spill it's a shame
Will it ever slow up
A lot of niggas getting older but they never grow up
And do they son's like they fathers did and never show up
Don't even cry about it, just another episode of life
Watch the season nigga no re-runs
The devil buying soul's nigga no refunds
Man, don't let the city get ya
Fuck the horoscopes know the ropes like a wrestler
If them bullets wet ya bet ya momma need a tissue
Your face on the front of our shirts screaming we miss ya
Another day, another song, a mother prays
Another gone
But still we play like ain't nothing wrong
Like ain't nothing wrong
Cause ain't nothing wrong
I'm not as fast, I'm not as tall
But before I pass
I gotta ball
I gotta ball
I gotta ball
Nigga I gotta ball