

interlude

J. Cole

I'm a livin' little good thing
It's like you never lived for me
Mama said you was a good thing, uh
Good, good, good
Yeah
We came a long way, man, we done came a long way
And we sittin' on top of this shit
This shit can go one or two ways
This shit can go up, it can go down
Either way, nigga, I'm prepared
Feel me? Yeah

I be comin' in peace, but fuck me
Best beware of the others
This shit deep, undercover creep
This Southern heat make unbearable summers
Just last week, seen your mama weep
Crying 'cause she don't wan' bury your brother
The blood leaks while the EMTs
Gotta carry her baby like surrogate mothers
Woah, thank God we survived around where the terrorists hovered
Though traumatized, wouldn't trade it for nothin'
Through hard times, it was there I discovered a hustle
And makin' the best out the struggle
I kept grindin' 'til this day, up a level
Respect mine, gotta stay out of trouble
'Cause TEC-9's like the AR rebuttals
Cole World, niggas knowin' what it is
Just in case they don't, I show 'em what it is
Then in summer, I do real numbers
Couldn't dare touch it if they sold the double disc
Block hot, niggas burnin' up the street
Shots poppin' and we heard it up the street
It's a war, niggas runnin' up the score
Jesus said that you should turn the other cheek
Voiceless niggas gettin' murdered every week
Dead bodies, smell the odor in the street
My homie' homie got out on parole
He sold more Coca-Cola than the soda industry
Summertime bring the coldest winter breeze
Hella blues like the Rollin' 60's
Christ went to Heaven aged thirty-three
And so did Pimp C and so did Nipsey

I told you, I told you
This shit can go up, it can go down, I don't give a fuck
Nigga, I done seen the highest heights
I done seen it twice
And I've seen them lowest of the lows
And still I rose
Now I'm at your neck, nigga, yeah