

Window Pain

J. Cole

One night when I, when me, my mom
We was about to go to bed
All the doors was locked
Then when I had fell asleep
My mom had-had heard three, um
Gunshots, it was to my cousin, um
His name was Rond, the one that kept hittin' me up
He been shot right through the face
Right in the neck
And he got shot right in the stomach

I put my hand to the sky, I sing
Grateful for the blessings you bring
Thank you for the ones I love
Forgive me for the times I was down and confused
I know what I reap is what I will sow
Once again I find myself back with you from my hell
All I ever wanted was to hear them bitches holler back
Get some money plus respect and now look, I got all of that
All I wanna do is see my granny on the other side
All I wanna do is kill the man that made my momma cry
All I wanna do is touch a platinum plaque and celebrate
All I wanna do is keep my niggas out the yellow tape
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Right now I'm starin' out the window of my Range and contemplating, am I sane?
Have I sacrificed for fame?
My occupation's on my brain
Thought that I could change it all if I had changed
But the niggas that I came up with way back is still the same
I be tryna give 'em game like Santa did when Christmas came
They be listenin' but it's clear to me they did not hear a thing
It go in one ear and out the other like a bullet out the muzzle of a pistol
shot by brothers standin' point-blank range
Niggas bang in the Ville, I always thought that shit was strange
How you claim blood or cuz when that was just a LA thing?
I don't mean no disrespect towards your set, no, I'm just sayin'
That it seem like for acceptance niggas will do anything
Niggas will rep any gang, niggas will bust any head
Niggas will risk everything, point him out and then he dead
Shootin' up where his granny live, blow, blow, his granny duck
He don't give a fuck, he's on Henny and Xanny duff
Blowin' Tammy up, bitch, when you gonna give them panties up?
He gon' plant a seed, but best believe he ain't man enough
Just because yo' dick can spray semen, it don't mean that you ready to let go
o of yo' childish ways
The results are deadly
Because that child will suffer and that's what can most affect me
The little girl I met this past summer said, "Don't forget me"
I won't forget you, how could I with all you went through?
A bullet hit yo' cousin in Temple while he was with you
And while you was talkin', I was tearin' up, where's the tissue?
If you was my sister then I would kiss you and tell you that I'm sorry for the
he pain you had to live through
I know I'm blessed because yo' stress is realer than anything I done been th

rough

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It's not that big
Well at least, um
God had saved him 'cause he still alive
So why do y'all think that bad stuff happen? Like why can't the world just be all nice things?
Because God is tryna, um
Warn-warn us or teach us a lesson that we need to learn
Or he's tryna warn us of He's comin' back to, um, see us and take us home and redo the world
He's comin' back to, um, have us be His children and for us to see Him for the first time so we can rejoice with Him and have our time
And after we do that, he's gonna restart the world
K.O.D
Choose wisely!