

Runaway

J. Cole

Married men act totally different when they're by themselves, don't they?
You see them with their wife, like, "what's up Tony? Hey man, how's everything going
brother?"
"Just taking it easy, hanging out with the lady"
"Alright, take it easy now, God bless you"
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?" 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 wack
 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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