

# J. Cole

## "Can't Cry"

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Yeah,  
Need y'all niggas to feel me, yo,  
Feel my pain,  
Said soft niggas can't last hard times, yo,  
Believe that shit,  
Yea, (yeah) ay (ay),  
Real niggas don't cry,  
Look,  
Yo-  
Was just a youngin' with that fresh fade,  
Bird chest, legs skinny,  
That hoop dreaming had me tryna be the next Penny,  
Fresh pennies on my feet,  
Momma paid for everything I'm wearing,  
At the fair staring at girls, not a care in the world.  
Aw. nigga, but shit done changed since "Mayne" was  
my nickname,  
A little nigga chasing things, tryna kick game,  
Now I'm a man worried about my fam.  
Let me explain,  
It's like my pockets stay broke, and if not them shit's  
sprained.  
And so I rap for my niggas trapped in the struggle,  
Feeling like the world's on your back so you stumble,  
And it feels like a quarterback get sacked, and then  
you fumble.  
Jobs don't call a nigga back, so it's back to the hustle.  
Niggas praying for they moms,  
At the same time they moms pray for them.  
Ask the Lord to stay with them, guide them on they  
way,  
But damn a nigga been a lost fate.  
It hurts on the usual,  
The only time you catch me up at church is a funeral.  
(Damn)

[Chorus:]

Sometimes sunshine turn to rain my nigga,  
The same ones you love will bring you pain, my nigga,  
I don't know if I'll see tomorrow,  
I won't cry (no), I can't cry.  
And in this life times getting hard my nigga,

But fuck that, I'm aiming for the stars, my nigga,  
I won't stop- try 'til the day I die,  
And I won't cry (no), I can't cry.  
(Ay, ay, ay, yea)  
(Listen, yo)

I sit back and watch the news every now and then,  
Either get depressed or mad from watching the world  
just crash,  
Even the weathers bad.  
It be the same shit, got my brain twisted,  
Like, "Damn it's '06 and niggas still up on that gang  
shit? "  
Yesterday this kid got his whole frame split,  
Only seventeen, he was finna to graduate.  
And like, three weeks some stupid niggas got him for  
his chain,  
But he fought back, they blasted him and left him on  
the pavement. (uh)  
And now they telling me this little girl just got raped,  
Some dude snatched her and she was standing at the  
bus stop,  
Wait, man she just eleven!

What the fuck is up with this world?  
Got these grown niggas fucking with girls?  
Plus the cops harassing us,  
Every week be blasting us, on accident- or so they  
claim.  
Reporters sympathizing like they truly know the pain,  
(right)  
They killed her only son,  
Make her wanna blow her brains out,  
Change the channel nigga, I can't watch this.

[Chorus:]  
Sometimes sunshine turn to rain my nigga,  
The same ones you love will bring you pain, my nigga,  
I don't know if I'll see tomorrow,  
I won't cry (no), I can't cry.  
And in this life times getting hard my nigga, (yea)  
But fuck that, I'm aiming for the stars, my nigga, (yea,  
uh)  
I won't stop- try 'til the day I die,  
And I won't cry (no), I can't cry.  
(Ay, ay, ay, yea)  
(Look, yo)

Take a ride through the city man,  
And tell me what you witness,  
Poverty, richness, crooked cops and misfits,

Violence, hatred, real devastation,

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