

# J. Cole

## "Farewell"

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Yeah, farewell  
Hey, farewell  
All my niggas farewell  
Fayette nam

Look, some niggas let their dirt out,  
Some niggas keep it in 'em  
So when a man dies all his secrets go with him  
And fame a part of history no longer known  
Done did a lot of dirt I'll bury with me when I'm gone  
When my story's told, how will they tell it?  
Will they say I was a giver or will they say I was selfish  
Will they say I was a sinner or pretend I was a saint  
Will I go down as a winner, what's the picture they gon  
paint  
Wouldn't say that I'm a quitter that's one thing I know I  
ain't ain't  
Will they tarnish, will they taint?  
Glorify me, overthink, say they know me, say I'm great  
Say I'm phoney, I was fake  
Say the things about me they never told me to my face  
I was loved I was hated  
Just a nigga with a dream  
I'm a liar I was honest, I was all of these things  
When I'm gone let em talk  
They discussing who I am  
When they bury me just know I was nothing but a man  
Wasn't nothin' but a man

This for niggas climbin' heavens stairwell  
Yeah, hey farewell  
Yeh, hey farewell  
This for niggas climbin' heavens stairwell  
I pray you farewell  
I bid you farewell  
Yeah, ey, farewell  
Yeah, yeah

If I should die Lord this here is my will  
Reincarnate a nigga send me right back to the Ville  
Let me relive my younger days just once again  
Reenact my memories from every friend to every sin

Keeping demons buried in my closet  
But yet I put in work like a deposit on my bank account  
My eyes lit while I think about my childhood now I'm  
blinking out  
Those were truly my best days  
The only thing I had to stress was how the hell to get  
laid  
Gradually turn into me stressin' how the hell to get paid  
Been making songs so long, now how the hell they get  
played  
Ok, I'm blowing up quickly  
I guess the flow is sickly  
But yet I can't forget my past and hope it won't forget  
me  
Got good grades but age can't stop strays so pray for  
me  
Pour liquor for my niggas but hey, don't wait for me  
Cause I'm trying to cheat death, she had to bury my  
ass  
You know the cliché "lifes a bitch" well I'm gon marry  
that ass  
And sign a pre-nup  
Think back to when we tore the skating rink up  
Rapping and we scrapping, we got older hit the teen  
club  
Gave mean mugs to niggas but we winked to all the  
girls  
Then we went back to the crib thinking we had saw the  
World  
No way, came a long way from having mom chauffeur  
It's hard to think these hoes at some point were so pure  
But now we play the game, when it's over send me  
back  
I swear I'm not gon change a thing  
I swear I'm not gon change a thing

This for them niggas climbin' heavens stairwell  
Yeah, hey farewell  
I pray you niggas farewell  
This for niggas climbin' heavens stairwell  
Hey farewell, hey farewell  
Yeah, farewell  
Yeh

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