

# J. Cole

## "I Get Up"

Visit "[I Get Up](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Ha-yea  
Carolina stand Up!! (humming)  
Im good to go yo, yea  
I woke up early in the morning hoes blowing up my  
phone  
Aint no use for small talking when they know Im trynna  
bone, fuck em'  
I holla "lata;" man right now my minds else where  
My moms healthcare, get her out this hell here  
A lot of niggas fail, frail nigga wont prevail here  
We seen it all men niggas cant even spell "scared"  
A fresh prince but yo my city aint no Bel-Air  
Fuck if you excel Im worried bout' my welfare  
So farewell to them broke days and bonjour to the most  
paid  
So as my doe strait I throw the wifey in some Dolce  
And put some chains on my niggas like I own slaves  
I get up, look out the window hope the sun shining  
down on the niggas out there frontlin'n  
I hit the street and seem them boys out there locking  
up some older heads  
said "God damn homie hold your head" and hold your  
head  
Chorus  
I get up, I see the clouds from my window, I pray the  
sun don't shine this way  
And where I go is the wind blow, mamma your son gon'  
find his way  
And if I gotta crawl Imma make it to the end though  
Until the top if I climb my way, and tell em' imma rise  
I'm on my -headin for the sky-im on my way  
Verse Two  
Yea paint a picture and show the deaf what its like to  
listen  
And speak the words and tell the blind man what he  
missing  
For all my niggas doing time man up in prison  
Thought you had to resort to crime man fuck the  
system!  
We raising babies up in Haiti where there aint no hope  
Aint no fathers don't take no scholarship to slang no  
dope

Politicians hollern' bout problems but I aint gon' vote  
Keep talking bout' change til we floating in the same  
old boat  
So tell me how Im supposed to feel what the president  
spoke-never-  
We he aint never had to struggle aint never been  
broke-never-  
Aint even rode through the ghetto aint never been  
close-never-  
Trusting this government like trusting the devil in oath  
A rebel with quotes- I Get Up!-  
Lifestyles of the young, black and wreckless  
A generation of niggas strapped and asking questions  
Like, "Tell me why I aint got shit"  
I let this liquors fill my liver with them toxics (as I sip)  
Chorus  
I get up, I see the clouds from my window, I pray the  
sun don't shine this way  
And where I go is the wind blow, momma your son gon'  
find his way  
And if I gotta crawl Imma make it to the end though  
Until the top if I climb my way, and tell em' imma rise  
I'm on my -headin for the sky-im on my way  
Verse Three  
Yea to all my niggas paper chasing I pray for your  
patience-please-  
Just keep the faith that you gon' make it one day you'll  
be cake'n  
Taking this shit one step at a time  
That real shit is stuck in my mind  
But to that bullshit, I'm deaf and I'm blind  
Destined to shine, Imma find a way  
Cuz hey, damnit these jobs out here aint trynna pay, I  
pray  
Granted, 9 to5 is how you survive I aint trynna survive  
Im trynna throw my momma in rides  
Imma provide for my seed Im the soil  
Ill teach em' bout loyalty  
Ill teach him that his skin black like oil that's for royalty  
Ill show him all the things that my pops was never  
showing me  
Treat him like a growing tree  
With this poetry I get up!  
And show the sons how to lead not to follow  
The present is our gift but our seeds got tomorrow  
So please niggas raise your kids  
And hope them overcome that bullshit they dazed us  
with  
I blaze this shit and-  
Chorus  
I get up, I see the clouds from my window, I pray the

sun don't shine this way (I get up)  
And where I go is the wind blow, momma your son gon'  
find his way (I get up)  
And if I gotta crawl Imma make it to the end though  
Until the top if I climb my way, and tell em' imma rise  
I'm on my -headin for the sky-im on my way  
Talking  
Take em' to church nigga (laughs)  
Uh-uh-uh (bunch of Uh's)  
Yea imma take em to the top!  
Chorus  
I get up, I see the clouds from my window, I pray the  
sun don't shine this way (and Imma take em to the top!)  
And where I go is the wind blow, momma your son gon'  
find his way  
And if I gotta crawl Imma make it to the end though  
Until the top if I climb my way, and tell em' imma rise  
I'm on my -headin for the sky-im on my way

Visit [J. Cole](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.