

J. Cole

"Runaway"

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[Intro: Mike Epps]

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?"

[Verse 1: J. Cole]

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 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...

[Hook: J. Cole]

Runaway, runaway, runaway, runaway
I'm holding on desperately
Runaway, runaway, runaway, runaway
I'm holding on

[Verse 2: J. Cole]

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 in a minute, 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 the
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 no longer Superman
At least you got your Lois Lane
But you...

[Hook]

[Verse 3: J. Cole]

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 day was racist
I was a young boy, passing skate 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

And change empower less, brave souls reduce the
cowardice
Slaving in the baking sun for hours
Just to see the master creep into the shack where your
lady at
Nine months later got a baby that not quite what you
excepted
But you refuse to neglect it cause you know your wifey
love you
Does you refuse to accept it?
That's that type shit that tell why my granny light skin
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?

[Hook]

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