

J. Cole

"The Good Son"

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Allow me to set the scene first
This little n-gga no older than 17 in a Martin Luther King
shirt
Walking down the mean merc where the fiends lurk
And the same dirt'll find a n-gga
Even if you tryna get that clean work
He caught eyes with a bad bitch in a jean skirt
She gave him a mean smurk, he smiled back

He remember this man that hit that shit a while back
He met her, f-cked her, never dialled back
How n-ggas do? he kept it moving, couldn't wait to get
home
Report card for his mother couldn't wait to get shown
Straight A's as usual, his momma would smile
Youngest child, college bound
Knew his momma was proud
Cause he was headed out the hood
He promised himself one day he'd get her out for good
That made him smile
The favourite child, but damn, fate is foul
Drive by, stray bullets that laid him out
On the pavement fading out
Now he bleeding thinking, God, man, you couldn't wait
a while
My momma struggling who gon save her now, huh?
Now he fading out thinking God, you couldn't wait a
while?
My momma need me, who gon save her now, n-gga?
uh
Yeah, he's fading out, her favourie child
He's fading out

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