

## J. Cole "The Good Son Pt. I"

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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 favourite child  
He's fading out

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