

High for Hours

J. Cole

This is called being high as shit
For hours
That's the name of this song nigga, "High as Shit for Hours"
Here we go, yeah

American hypocrisy, oh let me count the ways
They came here seeking freedom and they end up owning slaves
Justified it using what Christianity would say
Religion don't mean shit, there's too much ego in the way
That's why ISIS is in crisis
But in reality this country do the same shit
Take a life and call it righteous
Remember when Bin Laden got killed, supposedly
In a hotel lobby after a show
Was noticing these white ladies watching CNN
Covering the action
They read the headline and then they all started clapping
As if LeBron has just scored a basket at the buzzer
I stood there for a second watch them high five each other
For real? I thought this was thou shalt not kill
But police still letting off niggas in the Ville
Claiming that he reached for a gun
They really think we dumb and got a death wish
Now somebody's son is laying breathless
When I was a little boy my father lived in Texas
Pulled up in Toyota, drove that bitch like it was Lexus
Put my bag in his trunk and headed off for Dallas
Out their for the summer feeling just like I was Alice
Lost in the wonder land where niggas still suffering
Just like they was back home and that's wrong

So now its fuck the government, they see my niggas struggling
And they don't give a fuck at all and that's wrong, yeah

The type of shit that make you wanna
The type of shit that make you wanna let go
The type of shit that make you wanna
The type of shit that make you wanna let go

I had a convo with the president, I paid to go and see him
Thinking bout the things I said I'd say when I would see him
Feeling nervous, sitting in a room full of white folks
Thinking about the black man plight, think I might choke, nope
Raised my hand and asked a man a question
'Does he see the struggles of his brother in oppression?
And if so, if you got all the power in the clout as the president
What's keeping you from helping niggas out? '
Well I didn't say nigga, but you catch my drift
He look me in my eyes and spoke and he was rather swift
He broke the issues down and showed me he was well aware
I got the vibe he was sincere and that the brother cared
But dawg you in the chair, what's the hold up?
He said there's things that I wanna fix
But you know this shit nigga politics
Don't stop fighting and don't stop believing
You can make the world better for your kids before you leave it

Change is slow, always has been, always will be
But fuck that, I'm a bust back, till they kill me
Change is slow, always has been, always will be
But fuck that, I'm a bust back until they kill me
You feel me?

The type of shit that make you wanna (Aight third verse)
The type of shit that make you wanna let go
The type of shit that make you wanna
The type of shit that make you wanna let go

Here's a thought for my revolutionary heart
Take a deeper look at history, it's there to pick apart
See the people at the top, they get to do just what they want
Till after while the people at the bottom finally get smart
Then they start to holla revolution, tired of living here, destitution
Fuck that looting, can you tell me what's the best solution?
I used to think it was to over throw oppressors
See, if we destroy the system that means we'll have less of greed
But see, it's not that simple
I got to thinking bout the history of human nature
While this instrumental, play
Then I realized something that made me wonder if revolution was really ever
the way
Before you trip and throw a fit over these words I say
Think about this shit for second, you heard the way
The children in abusive households grow up knocking girlfriends out cold
That's called a cycle
Abused becomes the abuser and that how life go, so understand
Look at the power, but you know what power does to man
Corruption always leads us to the same shit again
So when you talk about revolution dawg, I hear just what you saying

What good is taking over, when we know what you gon' do
The only real revolution happens right inside of you
I said
What good is taking over, when we know what you gon' do
The only real revolution happens right inside of you

The type of shit that make you wanna (High for hours nigga)
The type of shit that make you wanna let go (Volume one)
The type of shit that make you wanna
The type of shit that make you wanna let go