

Home for the Holidays

J. Cole

Hey, this is the story of a young'n dreamin'
Left his city to see if he could be what he dreamin'
Big city on his own shit
But every now and then a nigga get homesick
Pick up the phone, holla at my partner he telling me, be warned
A lot of shit done changed in the time that you've been gone
The streets got meaner, the hoes got growner
And went and got babies the day they got they diploma
Damn, gon' be some niggas missing when you fly back
If you black, they sending you to jail or to Iraq
Old buddy that we hoop with, with the bad chick and a fly 'lac
And a gold chain? Caught him on the Merc, tryna buy crack
Damn homie! Shit, in high school you was the man homie
The fuck happened to you?
Used to beat niggas down at the buses after school
Now you looking like a motherfucking fool

Said I'll be home for the holidays
So when you see me, better holla at me
I gotta get up out this city 'fore it try to trap me
I gotta leave, I wish I could stay
But I'll be home for the holidays
And to those that I used to know
From way before, keep your head up
Come lets get this bread up
Girl, I gotta go, I wish I could stay
But I'm coming home for the holidays

Hey, this is a story bout some puppy love
But at the time boy, I was feeling like this must be love
Although now I'm on my grown shit
She bad as hell, a nigga still get home sick
I was fresh up off a scholarship
Dressed like a black man in college shit
Got a little knowledge now I'm following the politics
But I still gotta holla at my old chick
So sweet, so thick, girl pick up your phone, it's me
She said "what, we ain't homies no more"
You go to college now you act like you don't know me no more
Girl, please, we got history, semester seem so long
The last time I seen ya baby you ain't have no clothes on
So if history repeats itself
When I get home, girl it's on, you ain't gone need ya belt
Or your pants or your drawers, then we hit the rewind
Just don't give it up in the meantime

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Man I reminisce on them school days
I know you know them act a fool days
That missed the bus then hit the blunt and go to school blazed
Trying to get laid so I gotta stay fly
But a nigga hella shy you would have thought that's where the bulls play
Was just a freshman could used a little Kool-aid (cool aid)
Crushing on them upper classmen but it was too late
Buddy she was dating, yeah, he had the freshest shoes
But the nigga graduated and he never made two A's
Hey if you're listening we got in school
But who will pay our tuition man
These niggas crazy
One year cost about same as a Mercedes (benz)
Four years cost wife, crib, and a baby
Ay maybe this ain't for me
Only if I could be LeBron and go straight to league
The worst part of growing up man: shit just ain't for free
Maybe I can be somebody people pay to see
And maybe I should move up out here to the place to be
To get from A to Z ay what you think I'm crazy
If I told you one day that I'ma sign with Jay-Z
And will I make it man I guess we gotta wait and see

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