

# let.go.my.hand

J. Cole

Soldier's song, marching on, on  
Hoping to see home  
If I die before I  
See your smile just one more time

Sometimes I question whether this shit matters  
Puttin' substance into something and the world's so used to instant gratification  
I found this instrumental on my phone while on vacation  
Ib sent it a year ago or so  
I probably heard it before, but slept on it, you know?  
Shit don't always connect as soon as you press play  
At times you gotta step away, do some livin'  
Let time provide a new prescription, givin' truer vision  
I dabble-dabble in a few religions  
My homie constantly telling me 'bout Quran, puttin' me on  
I read a few pages and recognize the wisdom in it  
But I ain't got the discipline for stickin' with it  
Now I'm on the way to London, got a show for seven digits  
I'm wonderin' just when did I become my biggest critic?  
I wanna be my biggest fan, like how I was when didn't nobody know my jams  
Today my son said, "Dad, let go my hand"  
Reminded me one day he's gonna be his own man  
And my job is to make sure he's equipped  
I gotta make sure he not no bitch 'cause niggas bound to try him  
If I said I was the toughest growin' up, I would be lyin'  
I had a fear of gettin' punched while everybody eyein'  
Add to that a constant fear of dyin'  
By gunshot wound, the other violent type of endings  
I kept a tough demeanor on the surface but was mostly just pretendin'  
Luckily my bluff was workin' way more often than not  
But sometimes a nigga pulled my card, tryna expose me for a fraud  
And with my reputation at stake  
I was scufflin' just to save face  
Couple wins, couple losses, some broken up too quick to call it  
My last scrap was with Puff Daddy, who would've thought it?  
I bought that nigga album in seventh grade and played it so much  
You would've thought my favorite rapper was Puff  
Back then I ain't know shit, now I know too much  
Ignorance is bliss and innocence is just ignorance before it's introduced to  
currency and clips  
Or bad licks that have a nigga servin' three to six, shit

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Soldier's song  
I could be one to lean on  
Time will right the wrongs  
Won't be long  
How can we grow any closer?  
How can we grow any closer?  
How can we grow any closer?  
How can we grow any closer?  
Something inside of me's tryna crawl up to the surface

Something is suddenly smothering, stopping me  
Stubbornly getting its way (Way), way (Way)  
Drowning out the wave (Drowning out)  
I've got a reason to believe that I'll turn out just fine  
Soldier's song

Lord, please guide our steps  
Watch us, cover us  
So that every move we make is in alignment with Your will  
Your purpose  
Please fill us with Your spirit  
Keep us forever in the present  
For presence makes the strongest fathers  
Teach us how to lead  
Show us how to love