

# Runaway

J. Cole

Married men act totally different when they're by themselves, don't they?  
You see them with their wife, like, "what's up Tony? Hey man, how's everythin' going brother?"

"Just taking it easy, hanging out with the lady"

"Alright, take it easy now, God bless you"

You be like that nigga ain't like that

You see him by himself, "What's up Tony?"

"Hey, yo, where's the bitches at, nigga?"

Yeah, give me my space

Lord ain't enough time to chase all these dreams

I mean I got no time to wait

Love my girl but told her straight up "don't wait up"

Stumble home late, I'm drunk, we fucked then made up

Used to living free as a bird, but now I'm laid up

Feeling like a nigga got handcuffs on

How the fuck did my life become a damn love song?

She ride for a nigga and she stand up for him

But a nigga wanna be a nigga, be a nigga

Ride through the streets with freaks and real niggas

She never understand what it's like to be a man

Knowing when you look inside yourself you see a nigga

And you don't wanna let her down but you too young for the settle down

And maybe you can thug it out, learn what is love about

When you can't live with her and you can't live without

Oh shit, goddamn, I think the devil got his hands on me

Stripper saying: "Baby, why don't you throw these bands on me?"

And I came to spend, she pop a molly let the motherfucking games begin

I'm running...

Runaway, runaway, runaway, runaway

I'm holding on desperately

Runaway, runaway, runaway, runaway

I'm holding on

When it's all said and done everybody dies

In this life ain't no happy endings

Only pure beginnings followed by years of sinning and fake repentance

The preacher says we were made in image of Lord

To which I replied: "Are you sure?"

Even the murderer? Even the whore?

Even the nigga running through bitches on tour?"

With a good girl at home folding clothes and shit

She losing faith in him and he knows and shit

Like what the fuck is a break, don't know how much I can take no more

I give you all I got till it ain't no more

No more tears it's been ten long years, damn near

I don't know if I can wait no more, and who can blame her

You complaining 'bout every time you out, you come back she pout

Sleeping back to back, this is wack

We 'bout to go platinum in a minute, crib acting out

My childhood fantasies of wife and home

But it's a whole lot of actresses I'd like to bone

And despite the rumors you hold out on account the guilt

She's has got to spend her nights alone

And she ride or die like Eve and 'em

Make home cooked meals every evening

And even then, your lowest days no longer Superman  
At least you got your Lois Lane  
But you...

Runaway, runaway, runaway, runaway  
I'm holding on desperately  
Runaway, runaway, runaway, runaway  
I'm holding on

Yeah, unbelievable seen evil that not even Knieval know  
At age 3 I knew this world was three below  
Listen, even know my ego low achieved the unachievable  
Imagine if my confidence was halfway decent, yo  
This just in, fucked more bitches than Bieber though  
Still I keep it low, got my niggas on the need to know  
Basis, my manager back in the day was racist  
I was a young boy, passing skate and tucking laces  
Old perverted white man who told me: "Jermaine, It's all pink on the inside  
Fuck what color their face is." wise words from an indecent man  
Made me reflect on the times when we was three-fifths of them  
And change empower less, brave souls reduce the cowardice  
Slaving in the baking sun for hours  
Just to see the master creep into the shack where your lady at  
Nine months later got a baby that not quite what you excepted  
But you refuse to neglect it cause you know your wifey love you  
Does you refuse to accept it?  
That's that type shit that tell why my granny light skin  
Rich white man rule the nation still, only difference is we all slaves now  
The chains still concealed in our thoughts  
If I follow my heart to save myself  
Could I run away from 50 mill like Dave Chappelle?

Runaway, runaway, runaway, runaway  
I'm holding on desperately  
Runaway, runaway, runaway, runaway  
I'm holding on