

# the.climb.back

J. Cole

Are you doin' this work to facilitate growth or to become famous?  
Which is more important?  
Getting or letting go?  
You can do anything, anything you can do (You can do anything)  
You can do anything, anything you can do (You can do anything)  
Everything come back around full circle  
Why do lies sound pleasant, but the truth hurtful?  
Everybody gotta cry once in a while  
But how long will it take 'fore you smile?  
This is that come-back-to-life shit  
My niggas pick me up and we gon' light the city up as if the sun had the night shift  
And paint the town red for my nigga found dead too soon (Bitch, I'm back out...)  
Yeah  
To the left of that decimal, I need seven figures to play the joint  
Turn up your decibels, peep how I decimate a joint  
Check out my projects like them workers that Section 8 appoints  
And you'll see how I flipped like exclamation points  
My niggas shoot first as if they never played the point, more two guards  
Enough straps to fill four U-Hauls  
More death than World War II caused  
Around these parts we pour the brown just to drown these thoughts  
Of black corpses in county morgues, Lord, those images hauntin'  
I ain't been asleep yet, it's ten in the mornin'  
I'm sendin' a warnin', a problem with me is like the BET Hip-Hop Awards  
I'm startin' to see you niggas don't want it  
I'm sick of this flauntin', from niggas I know for sure ain't got no dough than Cole  
Trash rappers, ass backwards, tryna go toe-to-toe  
We laugh at ya, staff strapped up on top the totem pole to blast at ya  
Bassmasters, look how they tote a pole  
Gotta know the ropes and the protocol  
Or they gon' for sure blow your clothes half off like a promo code  
Made a lil' tune called "Foldin Clothes," and a nigga still ain't known to fold under pressure  
Well, you know what Cole do  
Make a diamond, they just rhymin', me, I'm quotin' gold  
One phone call get you canceled like a homophobe in this PC culture  
Address me as the G.O.A.T. like they call Chief Keef Sosa  
In my sectional like a f\*ckin' three-piece sofa  
I'm known as the chosen one  
Another dead body lay frozen, that's how it go sometimes  
When niggas weighin' coke and not the pros and cons  
Well, I ain't with that sleepin' underground like a gopher, so I go for mine  
Everything come back around full circle (Nigga, gotta go for mines)  
Why do lies sound pleasant, but the truth hurtful? (Yeah)  
Everybody gotta cry once in a while  
But how long will it take 'fore you smile?  
This is that come-back-to-life shit  
My niggas pick me up and we gon' light the city up as if the sun had the night shift  
And paint the town red for my nigga found dead too soon  
  
Now I know why they call it blue moon (Yeah)  
Survival at all costs, every day, niggas get logged off

Bodies get hauled off  
Passin' a funeral procession while holdin' my breath in the car, I thought  
At times, it be feelin' the devil be winnin' but do that mean God lost?  
Just got off the phone with my nigga, he back in the kennel, my dog lost  
I brought him 'round close to me before but he  
Became addicted to clout and all the hoes we'd meet  
I slowly peeped jealousy on his breath whenever he spoke to me  
Like on the low, he feelin' that in my shoes is where he supposed to be  
I tried to ignore the signs, but they're in the back of my mind  
It felt like lettin' a nigga come sleep on your couch and he eatin' up all y  
o' groceries  
My nigga repeated this quote to me, I felt its potency  
Said, "Most of these niggas gon' hang themselves, just give 'em the rope and  
see"  
Shit, I heeded that, and what got showed to me  
Was screamin' that, some niggas, you gotta leave 'em back  
Unfortunately we seen the trap  
Niggas be on that demon clock resultantly  
They fiend to clap as often as the Genius app misquotin' me, uh  
Meanwhile, I see that yo' diamonds is glistenin'  
I'm glad that you shinin', but need I remind you my niggas is dimin' and nic  
kelin'?  
Scrapin' up whatever coin they can find, the pettiest crime, they committin'  
it  
Just to get by for a limited time, the steepest of mountains, they tryin' to  
climb  
I'm here tryna find the derivative, you niggas don't feel me  
You see the clout, you don't see the real me  
If I was sick, you niggas wouldn't heal me  
Therefore I'm healin' myself, gettin' in tune with my God  
Slowly revealin' myself, buildin' my wealth  
A nigga touch mine, I'ma kill 'em myself, trust me  
Everything come back around full circle  
Why do lies sound pleasant, but the truth hurtful?  
Everybody gotta cry once in a while  
But how long will it take 'fore you smile?  
This is that come-back-to-life shit  
My niggas pick me up and we gon' light the city up as if the sun had the nig  
ht shift  
And paint the town red for my nigga found dead too soon  
Now I know why they call it blue moon (Yeah)  
Bitch, I'm back outside, nigga  
I'm back outside  
I'm back outside  
I'm back outside  
Everybody mentions suicide prevention  
Man, they even made a hotline  
To call up when there's tension, but I got a question  
What about a f\*ckin' homicide?  
Need a number for my niggas to call  
Whenever there's a urge to get triggers involved  
Need a number for my niggas to call  
Whenever there's a urge to get triggers involved