Children of Men (feat. J. Cole & Ink)

Trae tha Truth

Wonder what it's like, how a nigga kill a nigga on sight
Did he hesitate? Think about his life, think about his kids, think about his wife?
But that nigga heartless, group homes, nigga never had no fosters
Cause who taking home the little black kid, poor thing, his momma is a crackhead
So the state raised him, and the hate raised him
They clowned on him at school but he fronted like it ain't phased him
Shit, now it's about getting money cause these cool niggas think his shit is funny
Gotta have clothes, gotta have dough, hoes ain't checking unless you got plenty, now a nigga selling dope
Holding onto a little hope of a better life, huh, but that hope fades so quick
Cause he getting paid so quick
He be robbing niggas just to cop the shit the minimum wage won't get
Young niggas trapped, young niggas strapped, heart turned black, won't turn back
Later days, dealing with mistakes
On this corner tryna catch another break
Fuck school, tell them he was coming late
Block dry, hear they praying something shake
Now everybody taking off his plate
Bill him what, half of that he have it late
His best friend by the yellow crates
Suicide, tears tryna hesitate
Only seventeen, damn, seventeen
Nightmares, opposite of heaven's dream
Bout to thaw, he ain't got the weather lean
Black mans, cooking more than he's ever seen
White books, he ain't talking education
Fuck what he facing, the stripes are registration
Losing his mind, won't lose his reputation
Try him he busting without no hesitation
Damn, young nigga attitude, like fuck it
Still tryna make it out the bucket
Light feather all time low still
Tryna figure out how the fuck he finna duck it
He gotta ride it out before he crash
He on his hustle tryna get the cash
Can't focus, shit's spinning fast
Laws on him, hope he's got his work stashed
Loud work, hope it don't smell
Can't afford to take another L
First class, no feeling
Fuck school he about to fail
It's all him, he ain't finna tell

He on his own, he ain't finna bail
Either way, he on his way to jail
Shoulda chilled now he headed for a cell
Oh, don't recall all the tears, all along
Children of men, children of menLook, now we in the prison cell
No commissary, no mail
No phone calls, just time
He gon' pay it, no mind
On his way to parole hope it get it
Middle finger to the warden hope he get it
Niggas wanna take it there they know he make it
Fresh shakes take him to the mic he hit it
They gon' catch bitch he on his way
Try to stop him and it's gonna be on today
Solitary confinement every day
"Fuck 'em all" only thing he know to say
Now it's time up, he a free man
Gates open, thinking of another plan
Where he finna go, what he finna do
Finna be a couple those, he coming through
Then it's back to the hood "S" on his chest
Fuck Super, that nigga stressed
He going through hell like he never blessed
Every day in pain, nothing less
Pills in, zoned out, right plan, wrong route
Opportunity present itself in the kitchen
Guarantee he shows what he's 'bout
Under pressure no slack
Fuck jail he ain't going back
Only way you leaving is a box
And you can tell everyone that's a fact
Had my back, on his pistol
Black clouds, black rain
To his head, where he aim
Feel the same now the bullet in his brainOh, don't recall all the tears, all along
Children of men, children of men
Oh, don't recall all the tears, all along
Children of men, children of men
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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