

# Kendrick Lamar, Hood Politics

K dot, pick up the phone, nigga. Every time I call, it's going to voice mail. Don't tell me they got you

I been A-1 since day one, you niggas bo bo  
Your home boy, your block that you're from, boo boo  
Lil hoes you went to school with, boo boo  
Baby mama and your new bitch, boo boo  
We was in the hood, 14 with the deuce deuce  
14 years later going hard, like we used to on the dead homies  
On the dead homies

I don't give a fuck about no politics in rap, my nigga  
My lil homie Stunna Deuce ain't never comin' back, my nigga  
So you better go hard every time you jump on wax, my nigga  
Fuck what they talkin' bout, your shit is where its at, my nigga  
Came in this game, you stuck your fangs in this game  
You wore no chain in this game your hood, your name in this game  
Now you double up, time to bubble up the bread and huddle up  
Stickin' to the scripts, now here if them benjamin's go cuddle up  
Skip, hop, drip, drop, flip, flop with the white tube sock  
It goes "Sherm Sticks, burn this"  
That's what the product smell like when the chemicals mix  
50 nigga salute, out the Compton zoo, with the extras  
El Cos, Monte Carlos, Road Kings and dressers  
Rip Ridaz, P-Funkers, Mexicans, they fuck with you  
Asians, they fuck with you, nobody can fuck with you

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Hopped out the caddy, just got my dick sucked  
The little homies called, they said, "The enemies done cliqued up"  
Oh yeah? Puto want to squabble with mi barrio?  
Oh, yeah? Tell 'em they can run it for the cardio  
Oh, yeah? Everythin' is everythin', it's scandalous  
Slow motion for the ambulance, the project filled with cameras  
The LAPD gamblin', scramblin', football numbers slanderin'  
Niggas name on paper, you snitched all summer  
Streets don't fail me now  
They tell me it's a new gang in town  
From Compton to Congress  
Set trippin' all around  
Ain't nothin' new but a flow of new DemoCrips and ReBloodlicans  
Red state versus a blue state, which one you governin'?  
They give us guns and drugs, call us thugs  
Make it they promise to fuck with you, No condom they fuck with you  
Obama say, "What it do?"  
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Everybody want to talk about who this and who that  
Who the realest and who wack, or who white or who black

Critics want to mention that they miss when hip hop was rappin'  
Motherfucker if you did, then Killer Mike'd be platinum  
Y'all priorities are fucked up, put energy in wrong shit  
Hennessy and Crown Vic, my memory been gone since  
Don't ask about no camera back at award shows  
No, don't ask about my bitch, no, don't ask about my foes  
'Less you askin' me about power, yeah, I got a lot of it  
I'm the only nigga next to Snoop that can push the button  
Had the Coast on standby  
"K. Dot, what up? I heard they opened up Pandora's box"  
I box 'em all in, by a landslide  
Nah homie we too sensitive, it spill out to the streets  
I make the call and get the coast involved then history repeats  
But I resolved inside that private hall while sitting down with Jay  
He said "it's funny how one verse could fuck up the game"

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I remember you was conflicted  
Misusing your influence  
Sometimes I did the same  
Abusing my power full of resentment  
Resentment that turned into a deep depression  
Found myself screaming in a hotel room  
I didn't want to self-destruct  
The evils of Lucy was all around me  
So I went running for answers  
Until I came home  
But that didn't stop survivors guilt  
Going back and forth  
Trying to convince my self the stripes I earned  
Or maybe how A-1 my foundation was  
But while my loved ones was fighting  
A continuous war back in the city  
I was entering a new one