

Kendrick Lamar, Momma

Oh shit! Oh,
I need that.
I need that sloppy.
That sloppy.
Like a Chevy in quicksand.
Yeah.
That sloppy

This feelin' is unmatched
This feelin' is brought to you by adrenaline and good rap
Black Pendleton ball cap
(West, west, west)
We don't share the same synonym, fall back
(West, west, west)
Been in it before internet had new acts
Mimicking radio's nemesis may be wack
My innocence limited the experience lacked
Ten of us with no tentative tactic that cracked
The mind of a literate writer, but I did it in fact
You admitted it once I submitted it wrapped in plastic
Remember scribblin' scratchin' dilligent sentences backwards
Visiting freestyle cyphers for your reaction
Now I can live in a stadium, pack it the fastest
Gamblin' Benjamin benefits, sinnin' in traffic
Spinnin' women in cartwheels, linen fabric on fashion
Winnin' in every decision
Kendrick is the master that mastered it
Isn't it lovely how menace has turned attraction?
Pivotin' rappers, finish your fraction while writing blue magic
Thank God for rap, I would say it got me a plaque
But what's better than that?
The fact it brought me back home

We been waitin' for you
Waitin' for you /3x

I know everything
I know everything, I know myself
I know morality, spirituality, good and bad health
I know fatality might haunt you
I know everything, I know Compton
I know street shit, I know shit that's conscious, I know everything
I know lawyers, advertisement and sponsors
I know wisdom, I know bad religion, I know good karma
I know everything, I know history
I know the universe works mentally
I know the perks of bullshit isn't meant for me
I know everything, I know cars, clothes, hoes and money
I know loyalty, I know respect, I know those that's ornery
I know everything, the highs to lows to groupies and junkies
I know if I'm generous at heart, I don't need recognition
The way I'm rewarded, well, that's God's decision
I know you know that lines from Compton School District
Just give it to the kids, don't gossip about how it was distributed
I know how people work
I know the price of life, I know how much it's worth
I know what I know and I know it well
Not to ever forget until I realized I didn't know shit
The day I came home

We been waitin' for you
Waitin' for you /3x

I met a little boy that resembled my features

Nappy afro, gap in his smile
Hand me down sneakers bounced through the crowd
Run a number on man and woman that crossed him
Sun beamin' on his beady beads exhausted
Tossin' footballs with his ashy black ankles
Breakin' new laws, mama passed on home trainin'
He looked at me and said, "Kendrick you do know my language
You just forgot because of what public schools had painted
Oh, I forgot, don't kill my vibe, that's right, you're famous
I used to watch on Channel 5, TV was tapin'
But never mind you're here right now don't you mistake it
It's just a new trip, take a glimpse at your family's ancestor
Make a new list, of everything you thought was progress
And that was bullshit, I mean your life is full of turmoil
You spoiled by fantasies of who you are, I feel bad for you
I can attempt to enlighten you without frightenin' you
If you resist, I'll back off, quick go catch a flight or two
But if you pick destiny over rest in peace
Than be an advocate, tell your homies especially
To come back home"

This is a world premiere /3x

I been lookin for you my whole life, an appetite
For the feeling I can barely describe, where you reside?
Is it in a woman, is it in money, or mankind?
Tell me something got me losing my mind, AH!
You make me wanna jump
(Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump
(Let's talk about love))
(Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump
(Let's talk about love))
I been lookin for you my whole life, an appetite
For the feeling I can barely describe, where you reside?
Is it in a woman, is it in money, or mankind?
Tell me something think I'm losing my mind, AH!
I say where you at, from the front to the back
I'm lookin' for you I react, only when you react
Ah, I thought I found you, back in the ghetto
When I was seventeen with the .38 special
Maybe you're in a dollar bill, maybe you're not real
Maybe only the wealthy get to know how you feel
Maybe I'm paranoid, ha, maybe I don't need you anyway
Don't lie to me I'm suicidal anyway
I can be your advocate
I can preach for you if you tell me what the matter is