

Kendrick Lamar, Rich Spirit

Takin' my baby to school, then I pray for her
'Cause you bitches ain't never been cool, writin' testament
Paintin' pictures, put me in the Louvre, that's a definite
Universal shift, I'm in a groove
And celebrity do not mean integrity, you fool
I'm a good man, shakin' hand, firm grip rule
Seventy-two ways, lost ten, ballin' with the flu
More than two hands, fo' sho', but add another two, hmm
Lil' man-man the big mans, the GT diamond flippin' the kick stand, ooh

Rich nigga, broke phone (Ah)
Tryna keep the balance, I'm stayin' strong (Ooh)
Stop playin' with me 'fore I turn you to a song (Yeah)
Stop playin' with me 'fore I turn you to a song (Ooh)
Ayy, bitch I'm attractive (Ah)
Can't fuck with you no more, I'm fastin', eugh (Ooh)
Bitch I'm attractive (Ah, ah, ah, ah)
Can't fuck with you no more, I'm fastin', eugh

The morality can wait
Feedback on low latency
I'm glitching from the face as my thoughts grow sacredly
I'm runnin' out of space, ask Whitney she okay
Never mind a hundred K, why you lyin' on Benjamin?
He turnin' in his grave
I'd be lyin' if I said I wouldn't give this shit away
The aloof Buddha, I'm Christ with a shooter
Praise to Muhammad, I might nigga news you
AP Michael Freeman, my friends cooler
Primary, so the resale value stupid
I would never live my life on the computer
IG'll get you life for a chikabooya
More power to ya, love 'em from a distance
Why you always in the mirror more than the bitches?
And my cousin tried to sue me like he got the privilege
But I didn't lose sleep 'cause I got the spirit, ayy (Ooh)

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Dun-duh, dun-duh, dun-duh, duh, dum
Dun-duh-duh, duh, duh
Dun-duh, dun-duh, dun-duh, dun-duh, dun

Frat brother, real nigga, that brother
We just left the score, give me dap, brother
Spirit medium, I don't rap, brother
We headed there now, are you strapped brother?
Ayy, peace maker, but I'm not naive, brother
Ayy, gotta watch your homies and police, brother
Ayy, clout chasing hell of a disease, brother
I'm fasting four days out the week, brother
I pray to God that you realize the entourage is dead
I pray to God that you not lackin' when you off the meds
I pray to God she know them Cabo trips don't last forever
Bet she argue with her momma, go and get them kids
I pray to God you actually pray when somebody dies
Thoughts and prayers, way better off timelines

False claimin' not cute, I'm moritified
The new Earth in hot pursuit, two-hundred lives

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