

# Kendrick Lamar, gnX (feat. Peysoh, Hitta J3, Youn...

Tell 'em Kendrick did it, ayy, who showed you how to run a blitz?  
Tell 'em Kendrick did it, who put the West back in front of shit?  
Tell 'em Kendrick did it, ayy, I'm trippin' and I'm lovin' it  
Tell 'em Kendrick did it, like, wha—  
Hi, have you ever been a joint and you know it?  
Have you ever had to flip your unemployment?  
On the dead guys, nigga, I ain't goin'

Ayy, on the dead ones  
We'll treat an enemigo like some bread crumbs  
All of my killers on go, like, who said somethin'?  
Redrum, all I think about when I see heads come  
Do my dance, hit the chop when I see opps go  
Let 'em claim it, we the ones who really pop, bro  
Don't televise it, we the ones who lettin' chops blow  
Opps know, let 'em piss him off and it's a flop show  
Murder man, singin' murder music off a murder van  
Beat the pussy up like I been celibate and I murder sound  
Who is him? One and only shotta, known as murder man  
Catch you doin' dirty, it's no other way but murder plans  
I broke her heart and you the type to go and fix it  
Don't wanna speak if you ain't talkin' 'bout no ticket  
I'm bougie with it, but I might just let you kiss it  
Hit that block with diamonds on me, you could tell 'em Peysoh did it

Tell 'em Peysoh did it, ayy, who showed you how to run a blitz?  
Tell 'em Peysoh did it, who put the West back in front of shit?  
Tell 'em Peysoh did it, ayy, I'm trippin' and I'm lovin' it  
Tell 'em Peysoh did it, like, wha—  
Hi, have you ever been a joint and you know it?  
Have you ever had to flip your unemployment?  
On the dead guys, nigga, I ain't goin'

Hop out suicide doors, it's the Hitta, man  
You don't wanna see them doors slidin' on the Caravan  
I know killers who was catchin' bodies and not one fade  
I was thirteen up at Avalon, poppin' chains  
Fourteen, ridin' minibikes with some dead friends  
Twenty-one, flag on my head like a Taliban  
Twenty-five, feelin' like the box, it was full of sand  
At the cemetery, fuck that, that's where I could've been  
142nd, I'm connected like I'm Rosecrans  
Kinda shit I seen, try and forget and I will pop a Xan'  
Uppin' scores, doin' files, sacrifices like a boxing ring  
Can't throw in the towel, pistol-packin' since a child  
Ayy, like it's Iraq, shooter name Hussein  
Ridin' with the dirty blicky, switchy, make a new flame  
She said I been a dog all my life, bae, can you change?  
True to my religion, Cuban links, more than two chains

Tell 'em Hitta did it, ayy, who showed you how to run a blitz?  
Tell 'em Hitta did it, who put the West back in front of shit?  
Tell 'em Hitta did it, ayy, I'm trippin' and I'm lovin' it

It's gettin' down to the wire  
Get on my Bob the Builder shit, get down with the pliers  
Been comin' back-to-back hits, how this nigga ain't tired?  
I'm with some rockstar bitches, they want Lizzie McGuire  
I'm switchin' gears, I pop the clutch, I'll send a nigga up  
A risk-taker, I'll call you niggas' bluff  
If they hangin' out for real, we come deduct, tuckin' tails, they out of luck  
When it's wartime, they hidin' in the cut  
Y'all had y'all chance, y'all couldn't do it  
I swear I'm comin' worse than y'all baby moms, I'm puttin' niggas through it

They hate to see me doin' it  
Meal ticket, I'm pursuin' it  
I'm in the field for real, UCLA Bruins  
They askin' how I do it, how a young nigga so fluent  
I kept my mouth closed and I ain't never leave no witness  
D.O.A. up on the scene, tell 'em YoungThreat did it, nigga