

Kendrick Lamar, Savior (Interlude)

If you derive your sense of identity from being a victim
Let's say, bad things went down to you when you were a child
And you develop a sense of self that is based on the bad things that happened to you

You ever seen your mama strung out while you studied the vision?
Your uncle ever stole from you, day after Christmas?
Seen both of those on the county jail's visits
The first and the fifteenth, the only religion
Noodles in the microwave, shark tank tidal wave
Grandma shootin' niggas, blood on the highway
Crosses on the dashboard, you just won a platform
I wanna take everything that I ask for
Catch me a body, I'll put that on anybody but my mama
She showin' a pattern for certain
I think it's white panties and minimal condoms
My uncle would tell me to shit in the movies, could only be magic
This year, I did forty-three shows and took it all home to buy him a casket
Jackable trades, got money out the way, put my heart in the faith, I'm good, love
Cousin in the courts, heard he jumped out the porch
Turn a brick to a Porsche, I'm good, love
Catch us, you know I'm gon' rack up
I need the advance and the equity to match up
The engineer dead if the drive don't back up
These words come of God, you could never outtrap us
Nowadays gotta walk cautious, ayy
Nowadays, I'm a new prophet, ayy
Game dead, no autopsy, ayy
City girl with they new hobby, ayy
Catch a body, put the product in the ta-da
Nigga 'boutta get some pussy, give me five
Gun dirty, got the thirty in the purse, purse
Tight bitch, put a perky in her salad
I gotta pay for the basic
I never seen my niggas bust down faces
Some niggas not tasteless
I only had one chance, I ain't even waste it
Been down on my luck
Been down on my luck when I fa-a-all
I gotta get up
I gotta get back up and ba-a-all
RIP, under my people, I'm proud of my people, I'm proud of my dawgs
My ex got a beamer, she want me to see it
I still ain't gon' see it, like, okay
I love when they ratchet, I don't do her Patek
I still do the watches the old way
She think I'm conceited, I'm thinkin' 'bout cheatin'
I don't do the flowers or roleplay
Now, how can I fall lookin' at twenty million
This money don't come with a probay
Mama, I said it'd be okay

I got this shit brackin' in four days
Four eyes, four eyes, two eyes
Switch sides, nigga be fresh, I'll
Suicide doors, I suicide, suicide
Lambo body, who gon' stop me?
Baby Keem is too, "Wow"
Function at the tempo
Jesus pieces in the luau
Mr. Morale