

R.O.T.C. (Interlude)

Kendrick Lamar

This is me thinking at 4:43 AM, June 6

Sometimes I wanna say fuck rapping, I need money now
like should I start trapping? If what I write down
don't connect this very moment, then I'm on it, no question
In the streets my niggas is well connected, let's see
Do I cop a pound of kush, Promethazine or push some E?
Oxycontin have laying on soft cotton when I sleep?
This is deep as the abyss, I'm not just rhyming on the beat
I be in spots chopping the rocks like flintstone feet
This is me frustrated, battling my own evils
Finna saddle up that work, across Ohio in a Geo
Or should I sell my music .zip to buy your zip
and hope one day it flourish to a kilo, track record of a hustler
Rather records on the needle, making music
Clocking fast bank like a shot from Patrick Ewing
My nigga, what you doing on these corners with me?
"I thought you had a show?" Well I guess my nigga, I didn't
I'm tryna get this dough and easy money sounds tempting
Especially when your homies pushing V8 hinges
Twenty-two on twenty-sixes, Range Rovers rolling up
Three-fifty for an ounce of fire, I hope I got enough
This industry calling my bluff, I need a new solution
Curve-serving, know I might be in your store boosting
two-elevens with MAC-11s like fuck Hip Hop
Don't wanna be Pun, don't wanna be B.I.G., don't wanna be 'Pac
Just give me your funds, A.K.A. everything that you got
or everything getting shot, for nothing
Leave you in shock, coughing up blood and mumbling
Watch, the plans of a young man sponsor
Moving grams like relocating your mom's momma
Then expand to the Hoover dam, water
Sherm, contraband, they yearn for the butt-naked
Fuck a verse, verses get let off in thirty minutes, six seconds
I disperse to the world of unruly, where I put the mic down
and pick up a sack and a toolie, if you knew me
you'll know I always had a passion for riddle when writing
But lately I've been thinking bout taking chances to brighten
my future financially, so please don't be mad at me
I gotta do what I gotta do, no shit
So I tell my nigga front me, let me put it on the strip
Then give it back when I think about the consequence, shit

There are times, when you need someone
I will be by your side
Oh darling, cause there is a light that shines
special for you, and me yeah
I-take-I-take-I-take my chances-chances-chances
before they pass, they pass, they pass
Pass me by, oh darling
You've got to look at the other side

R.O.T.C., or Right On Time Conscience