

# Ronald Reagan Era (His Evils)

Kendrick Lamar

We're far from good, not good from far  
Ninety miles per hour down Compton Boulevard  
with the top down screaming we don't give a fuck  
Drink my forty ounce of freedom while I roll my blunt  
cause the kids just ain't alright

Oh shit nigga, something bout to happen  
Nigga, this shit, nigga, this sound like thirty ki's under the Compton court  
building  
Hope the dogs don't smell it

Welcome to vigilante, eighties so don't you ask me  
I'm hungry, my body's antsy, I rip through your fucking pantry  
Peeling off like a Xanny, examine my orchestra  
Granny said when I'm old enough, I'll be sure to be all I can be  
You niggas Marcus Camby, washed up  
Pussy fix your panties, I'm Mr. Marcus, you getting fucked, uh  
You ain't heard nothing harder since Daddy Kane  
Take it in vain, Vicodins couldn't ease the pain  
Lightning bolts hit your body, you thought it rained  
Not a cloud in sight, just the shit that I write  
Strong enough to stand in front of a traveling freight train  
Are you trained, to go against Dracula?  
Dragging the record industry by my fangs  
AK clips, money clips and gold chains  
You walk around with a P-90 like it's the 90s  
Bullet to your temple, you're homicidal, remind me, that

Compton Crip niggas ain't nothing to fuck with  
Bompton Pirus ain't nothing to fuck with  
Compton eses ain't nothing to fuck with  
But they fuck with me, and bitch I love it  
Woop-de-woop, woop-de-woop-woop, woop-de-woop  
Woop-de-woop, woop-de-woop-woop (California dungeons)  
Woop-de-woop, woop-de-woop-woop, woop-de-woop  
Woop-de-woop, woop-de-woop-woop (California dungeons)

Let's hit the county building, gotta cash my check  
Spend it all on a forty-ounce to the neck  
And in retrospect I remember December being the hottest  
Squad cars, neighborhood wars and stolen Mazdas  
I tell you motherfuckers that life is full of hydraulics  
Up and down, get a six-four, better know how to drive it  
I'm driving on E with no license or registration  
Heart racing, racing past Johnny because he's racist  
1987, the children on Ronald Reagan  
raked the leaves off your front porch with a machine blowtorch  
(I'm really out here nigga) You blowing on stress hoping to ease the stress  
(Like, really out here) He copping some blow, hoping that he can stretch  
Newborn massacre, hopping out the passenger  
with calendars, cause your day coming  
Run him down and then he gun him down, I'm hoping that you fast enough  
Even the legs of Michael Johnson don't mean nothing, because

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Can't detour when you at war with your city, why run for it?  
Just ride with me, just die with me, that gun store right there  
When you fight don't fight fair, cause you'll never win  
(Right, I had the chopper and I tore they ass up)  
Can't detour when you at war with your city, why run for it?  
Just ride with me, just die with me, that gun store right there  
When you fight don't fight fair, cause you'll never win, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Whoa, whoa, whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa  
Whoa, whoa, whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa  
Whoa, whoa, whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa  
Whoa, whoa, whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa

We really out here my nigga, you niggas don't understand my nigga  
I'm off of pill and Remy Red my nigga, tripping my nigga