

# Black Friday

Kendrick Lamar

Dick hard like Rottweiler  
Can you handle it? Can you handle it? Woo woo, woo woo

The whole industry been in shambles  
Everybody fugazi, I'm just changing the channel  
Kendrick Lamar, the people's champion, I'm animal for analysts  
Career damaging verses, meditating with candles lit  
I like my raps extra prolific  
Since freestyling on lunch tables and park benches  
And I won't mention my ten thousand hours in training  
While juggling gang-banging, my balancing was tremendous  
And now we look at the competition as quick submission  
They tappin' out before we even get a chance to miss 'em  
What this about, is it money or skill?  
Maybe it's both and I got large amounts of it, it's real  
You see my oath is very unbreakable, my style is never mistakable  
I can see y'all incapable  
To be the God emcees, you know me well  
Ridiculous, venomous, hate in my heart, the sinister  
Run for cover, my lineage prove itself  
I'm rollin' deep in that paper like two Adeles  
Before scholars, I flowed tighter than virgin lips  
We had to shake the game up and you're flying through turbulence  
Everything is high stakes nowadays, that's how it played nowadays  
It's like an 8-ball to the face nowadays  
I'm laced nowadays, my gun is off the waist nowadays  
It's seven figures and retainer for the case nowadays, I'm talking  
Higher power, every other hour since Eddie Bauer  
Since stash boxes and lead showers, breaking the padlock  
And the dead coward dying a thousand deaths, entire lion  
Surround itself with bears, watch it nigga, you share a profit, ah!  
This is what they want, I'm the one  
This is vintage from nineteen-eighty-somethin'  
I'm the son of the pioneer that got you near the sun  
Play with him, bitch you better off voting for Donald Trump  
I'm yelling Mr. Kanye West for president  
He probably let me get some head inside the residence  
I'm in the White House going all out  
Bumping College Dropout, God-bless Americans  
Nothing more influential than rap music  
I merge jazz fusion with the trap music  
I mix black soul with some rock and roll  
They never box me in, I'm David Blaine-ing all you hoes  
Oh yea, let's go there, my DNA is DMT, I'm so rare  
My Juvenile was wilder than the Nolia  
A locomotive couldn't track me down in my career  
Runnin' this shit with four pair, son of my bitch, I might demolish  
A bitch right in front ya, chico, what have you done here?  
D-Bo, all of it one year, Mississippi to California  
It gets annoying, niggas wanna deploy him  
And bitches wanna adore him, but industry shit ain't for him  
Probably thinking it's for him, only one me  
Swallowed the key and kicking the door in, never leasing my foreign  
Mr. Valevictorian studied the game before them  
Listen to you with boredom, baby rappers, abort them  
To the grave I deport them, corporations extort them  
I'm snapping off my endorphins, I alien mighty morphin'

My radiance rather gorgeous, hundred bill to the doorman  
Hundred mil in my fortune, they call me back in the morning  
You're racing against the tortoise, pace myself it's important  
Lace myself with the wisdom my playerism enormous  
So pay the man for performance, saucy all of my garments  
Jimi Kendrix performing, this fucking studio haunted (Ah!)  
I tell a bitch don't sweat me (Don't sweat me)  
I kill this whole fuckin' beat if Cole let me (Please Cole)  
Ib should've never sent the instrumental  
Every time I start writing I get sentimental  
This shit is just not fair  
But why the fuck should I care?  
The story of your life here  
Two young stars was born and y'all gon' die here  
Oh Lord, gotta be the yams  
Billboard list need 2Pac, damn  
But number 9 makes sure he lives on, yeah  
Hoochie, coochie, pussies in a trance  
Every day a celebration, but even the valley peaking me  
Is not validation, nigga this TDE  
And my doggies be salivating, salaries, better ratings  
And casualties all around me, don't make me do demonstrations  
Whoa  
Murder my allegations and burning my finger traces  
Adjourning my power patience and earning royalty payments  
I'm sorry y'all not relating, this party is reservated  
I kill this whole muthafucking beat if J. Cole say it  
My nigga Ib chopped the instrumental, I gotta slay it  
I gotta lay it, gotta show you fuckers I'm not to play with  
The ruckus had been my favorite, King Kunta the fuckin' greatest  
Whoa  
Burnin' my leather-  
(Nah I'm just fuckin' wit cha)