Hood Politics

Kendrick Lamar

K dot, pick up the phone, nigga. Every time I call, it's going to voice mail Don't tell me they got you on some weirdo rap shit, nigga.

No socks and skinny jeans and shit. Call me on Shaniqua's phone

I been A-1 since day one, you niggas boo boo Your home boy, your block that you're from, boo boo Lil hoes you went to school with, boo boo Baby mama and your new bitch, boo boo We was in the hood, 14 with the deuce deuce 14 years later going hard, like we used to on the dead homies On the dead homies

I don't give a f**k about no politics in rap, my nigga My lil homie Stunna Deuce ain't never comin' back, my nigga So you better go hard every time you jump on wax, my nigga Fuck what they talkin' bout, your shit is where its at, my nigga Came in this game, you stuck your fangs in this game You wore no chain in this game your hood, your name in this game Now you double up, time to bubble up the bread and huddle up Stickin' to the scripts, now here if them benjamin's go cuddle up Skip, hop, trip, drop, flip, flop with the white tube sock It goes "Sherm Sticks, burn this" Thats what the product smells like when the chemicals mix 50 nigga salute, out the Compton zoo, with the extras El Cos, Monte Carlos, Road Kings and dressers Rip Ridaz, P-Funkers, Mexicans, they f**k with you Asians, they f**k with you, nobody can f**k with you

Hopped out the caddy, just got my dick sucked The little homies called, they said, "The enemies done cliqued up" Oh yeah? Puto want to squabble with mi barrio? Oh, yeah? Tell 'em they can run it for the cardio Oh, yeah? Everythin' is everythin', it's scandalous Slow motion for the ambulance, the project filled with cameras The LAPD gamblin', scramblin', football numbers slanderin' Niggas name on paper, you snitched all summer The streets don't fail me now, they tell me it's a new gang in town From Compton to Congress, it's set trippin' all around Ain't nothin' new but a flow of new DemoCrips and ReBloodlicans Red state versus a blue state, which one you governin'? They give us guns and drugs, call us thugs Make it they promise to f**k with you No condom they f**k with you, Obama say, "What it do?"

Everybody want to talk about who this and who that Who the realest and who wack, who white or who black Critics want to mention that they miss when hip hop was rappin' Motherfucker if you did, then Killer Mike'd be platinum Y'all priorities are fucked up, put energy in wrong shit Hennessy and Crown Vic, my memory been gone since Don't ask about no camera back at award shows No, don't ask about my bitch, no, don't ask about my foes 'Less you askin' me about power, yeah, I got a lot of it I'm the only nigga next to Snoop that can push the button Had the Coast on standby Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz