

# Institutionalized

Kendrick Lamar

What money got to do with it  
When I don't know the full definition of a rap image?  
I'm trapped inside the ghetto and I ain't proud to admit it  
Institutionalized, I keep runnin' back for a visit  
Hol' up  
Get it back  
I said I'm trapped inside the ghetto and I ain't proud to admit it  
Institutionalized, I could still kill me a nigga, so what?

If I was the president  
I'd pay my mama's rent  
Free my homies and them  
Bulletproof my Chevy doors  
Lay in the White House and get high, Lord  
Who ever thought?  
Master take the chains off me

Life can be like a box of chocolate  
Quid pro quo, somethin' for somethin', that's the obvious  
Oh shit, flow's so sick, don't you swallow it  
Bitin' my style, you're salmonella poison positive  
I can just alleviate the rap industry politics  
Milk the game up, never lactose intolerant  
The last remainder of real shit, you know the obvious  
Me scholarship? No, streets put me through colleges  
Be all you can be, true, but the problem is  
A dream's only a dream if work don't follow it  
Remind me of the homies that used to know me, now follow this  
I'll tell you my hypothesis, I'm probably just way too loyal  
K Dizzle would do it for you, my niggas think I'm a god  
Truthfully all of 'em spoiled, usually you're never charged  
But somethin' came over you once I took you to the fuckin' BET Awards  
You lookin' at artists like the harvests  
So many Rollies around you and you want all of them  
Somebody told me you thinkin' 'bout snatchin' jewelry  
I should've listened what my grandmama said to me

Shit don't change until you get up and wash your ass nigga  
Shit don't change until you get up and wash your ass  
Shit don't change until you get up and wash your ass nigga  
Oh now, slow down

And once upon a time in a city so divine  
Called West Side Compton, there stood a little nigga  
He was 5 foot something, God bless the kid  
Took his homie to the show and this is what they said

What I'm s'posed to do when I'm lookin' at walkin' licks?  
The convicts talk 'bout matchin', money and foreign whips  
The private jets and passports, presidential glass floor  
Gold bottles, gold models, sniffin' up the ass for  
Instagram flicks, suck a dick, fuck is this?  
One more suck away from wavin' flashy wrist  
My defense mechanism tell me to get him, quickly because he got it  
It's the recession, then why the fuck he in King of Diamonds?  
No more livin' poor, meet my .44  
When I see 'em, put the per diem on the floor

Now Kendrick, know they're your co-workers  
But it's gon' take a lot for this pistol go cold turkey  
Now I can watch his watch on the TV and be okay  
But see I'm on the clock once that watch landin' in LA  
Remember steal from the rich and givin' it back to the poor?  
Well that's me at these awards  
I guess my grandmama was warnin' a boy  
She said...

And once upon a time in a city so divine  
Called West Side Compton, there stood a little nigga  
He was 5 foot something, dazed and confused  
Talented but still under the neighborhood ruse  
You can take your boy out the hood but you can't take the hood out the homie  
Took his show money, stashed it in the mozey wozey  
Hollywood's nervous  
Fuck you, goodnight, thank you much for your service