

Is It Love

Kendrick Lamar

Sit still and close your eyes (smoke to it)
What's behind the other door? Oh-ohh
No more silence (no more silence)
Don't kill this thing we got called love (don't shoot)
Just searching for the perfect shot

When love comes calling, don't look back
When love comes calling, don't look away
When love comes calling, don't look back
When love comes calling, don't look away

I used to write rhymes all day and all night
When y'all was playing PlayStation, my pencil was erasing lines
My conscience only knew what's half-tight
At 3:14, it's time to get me a slice my nigga
This is a dog's fight my nigga
The soundtrack to life my nigga
Kendrick Lamar, his momma called him that
He watched House Party and ate Apple Jacks
He sold Sega games, his cousin sold crack
He pumped Reeboks, his uncles pumped packs
Punk fake, jump-shot, ball hit the back
Ball dreams of being point guard was off limits Jack
That's because these Compton streets was built not to win
You killed the nigga, I stole a bible, is that a sin?
Part of me though, I'm searching for answers (just searching for the perfect shot)
The good kid from the ugly city that's mad that he's had some
Where is the love?

When love comes calling, don't look back
When love comes calling, don't look away (where is the love?)
When love comes calling, don't look back
When love comes calling, don't look away

Give me rings, give me chains mayne
Give me a blue Benz, red Porsche, red Range
Give me black bitches, white hoes, new clothes
A mansion with marble floors and security codes
Then give me some landa, or maybe I'll land a
G5, clear port, say hello to the man
Give me awards, Grammys, and let the crowd applaud
my name till they strain the veins in they vocal chords
Give me fame and fortune, me and Trump on golf courses
With that being said, give me Tiger's sports endorsements
Give me billboards, whatever that people would kill for
Manhattan at 40/40, no forties but rose poured
Give me vanity, give me Kurt Cobain sanity
Give me a city where Channel 7 newscasters' cameras be
Give me horror like Amity, no, give me the charts (just searching for the perfect shot)
And if you ever renege, I'll still give you Kendrick Lamar
This is me, and that's love

When love comes calling, don't look back
When love comes calling, don't look away
When love comes calling, don't look back

When love comes calling, don't look away

Now everybody smoke to it
for this is, the celebration