

## m.A.A.d city

Kendrick Lamar

If Pirus and Crips all got along  
They'd probably gun me down by the end of this song  
Seem like the whole city go against me  
Every time I'm in the street I hear

"YAWK! YAWK! YAWK! YAWK!"

"Man down  
Where you from, nigga?"  
"Fuck who you know, where you from my nigga?"  
"Where your grandma stay, huh, my nigga?"  
This m.A.A.d city I run, my nigga

Brace yourself, I'll take you on a trip down memory  
lane  
This is not a rap on how I'm slingin crack or move  
cocaine  
This is cul-de-sac and plenty Cognac and major pain  
Not the drill sergeant, but the stress that weighing on  
your brain  
It was Me, O-Boog [?], and Yaya [?], YG Lucky ride down  
Rosecrans  
It got ugly, waving your hand out the window. Check yo  
self  
Uh, warriors and Conans  
Hope euphoria can slow dance with society  
The driver seat the first one to get killed  
Seen a light-skinned nigga with his brains blown out  
At the same burger stand, where hang out  
Now this is not a tape recorder saying that he did it  
But ever since that day, I was lookin at him different  
That was back when I was nine  
Joey packed the nine  
Pakistan on every porch is fine  
We adapt to crime, pack a van with four guns at a time  
With the sliding door, fuck is up?  
Fuck you shootin for if you ain't walkin up?  
You fuckin punk, pickin up the fuckin pump  
Pickin off you suckers, suck a dick or die or sucker  
punch  
Or warn the bullets comin from  
AK's, AR's, "aye y'all. Duck."  
That's what momma said when we was eatin the free lunch  
Aw man, God damn, all hell broke loose  
You killed my cousin back in '94. Fuck yo truce  
Now crawl yo head in that noose  
You wind up dead on the news  
Ain't no peace treaty, just pieces  
BG's up to pre-approve, bodies on top of bodies  
IV's on top of IV's  
Obviously the coroner between the sheets like the  
Isleys  
When you hop on that trolley  
Make sure your colors correct  
Make sure you're cornbread, or they'll be calling your  
mother collect  
They say the governor collect, all of our taxes except

When we in traffic and tragic happens, that shit ain't  
no threat  
You movin backwards if you suggest that you sleep wit a  
Tec  
Go buy a chopper and have a doctor on speed dial, I  
guess  
M.A.A.d city

"Man down  
Where you from, nigga?"  
"Fuck who you know, where you from my nigga?"  
"Where your grandma stay, huh, my nigga?"  
This m.A.A.d city like, "Run, my nigga."

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They'd probably gun me down by the end of this song  
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"YAWK! YAWK! YAWK!

Wake yo punk ass up!  
It ain't nothin but a Compton thang  
Chyea  
Real simple and plain  
I'mma teach you some lessons about the street  
It ain't nothin but a Compton thang  
Chyea  
How we do

Fresh outta school cause I was a high school grad  
Sleeping in the living room in my momma's pad  
Reality struck I seen the white car crash  
Hit the light pole two nigga's hopped out on foot and  
dashed  
My Pops said I needed a job I thought I believed him  
Security guard for a month and ended up leaving  
In fact I got fired because I was inspired by all of my  
friends  
To stage a robbery the third Saturday I clocked in  
Projects tore up, gang signs get thrown up  
Cocaine laced in marijuana  
And they wonder why I rarely smoke now  
Imagine if your first blunt had you foaming at the  
mouth  
I was straight tweaking the next weekend we broke even  
I made a legion then made a promise to see you bleeding  
You know the reasons but still won't ever know my life  
Kendrick AKA Compton's human sacrifice

Cocaine, weed  
Nigga's been mixing shit since the 80's loc  
Shine sticks, buck nakeds  
Make a nigga flip  
Cluck heads all up and down the block and shit  
One time's crooked and shit  
Block a nigga in  
Alondra, Rosecrans, Bullis  
I'm still in the hood  
Loc yeah that's cool  
The hood took me under so I follow the rules  
But yeah that's like me, I grew up in the hood where  
they bang

And niggas that rep colors is doing the same thing  
Pass it to the left so I can smoke on me  
A couple drive-bys in the hood lately  
Couple of IV's with the fucking spraycan  
Shots in the crowd then everybody ran  
Crew I'm finna slay, the street life I crave  
Shots hit the enemy, harsh turn brave  
Mount up regulators in the whip  
Down the boulevard with the pistol grip  
Trip, we in the hood still  
So loc, grab a strap cause yeah, it's so real  
Deal with the outcome, a strap in the hand  
And a bird and 10 grand's where motherfuckers stand

If I told you I killed a nigga at 16, would you believe  
me?  
Or see me to be innocent Kendrick that you seen in the  
street  
With a basketball and some Now & Later's to eat  
If I'm mashing all of my skeletons, would you jump in  
the seat?  
Would you say my intelligence now is great relief?  
And it's safe to say that our next generation maybe can  
sleep  
With dreams of being a lawyer or doctor  
Instead of boy with a chopper that hold the cul de sac  
hostage  
Kill them all if they gossip, the Children of the Corn  
They realizing the option of living a lie, drive they  
body with toxins  
Constantly drinking and drive, hit the powder then  
watch this flame  
That arrive in his eye; this a coward, the concept is  
aim and  
They bang it and slide out that bitch with the pies  
And the price on his head, the tots probably go to the  
projects  
I live inside the belly of the rough  
Compton, U.S.A. made Me an Angel on Angel Dust, what