

# Mortal Man

Kendrick Lamar

The ghost of Mandela, hope my flows they propel it  
Let these words be your earth and moon you consume every message  
As I lead this army make room for mistakes and depression  
And with that being said my nigga, let me ask this question:

When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?  
When shit hit the fan (one two, one two)  
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?  
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?

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When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?  
Want you look to your left and right, ask you friends  
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?

Do you believe in me? Are you deceiving me?  
Could I let you down easily, is your heart where it need to be?  
Is your smile on permanent? Is your vow on lifetime?  
Would you know where the sermon is if I died in this next line?  
If I'm tried in a court of law, if the industry cut me off  
If the government want me dead, plant cocaine in my car  
Would you judge me a drug kid or see me as K. Lamar  
Or question my character and degrade me on every blog  
Want you to love me like Nelson, want you to hug me like Nelson  
I freed you from being a slave in your mind, you're very welcome  
You tell me my song is more than a song, it's surely a blessing  
But a prophet ain't a prophet til they ask you this question:

When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?  
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?  
Want you look to your left and right, make sure you ask you friends  
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?

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And if you riding with me

Do you believe in me? How much you believe in her?  
You think she gon' stick around if them 25 years occur?  
You think he can hold you down when you down behind bars hurt?  
You think y'all on common ground if you promise to be the first?  
Can you be immortalised without your life being expired?  
Even though you share the same blood is it worth the time?  
Like who got your best interest? Like how much are you dependent?  
How clutch are the people that say they love you and who pretending?  
How tough is your skin when they turn you in, do you show forgiveness?  
What brush do you bend when dusting your shoulders from being offended  
What kind of den did they put you in when the lions start hissing  
What kind of bridge did they burn, revenge or your mind when it's mentioned?  
You wanna love like Nelson, you wanna be like Nelson  
You wanna walk in in his shoes but you peace-making seldom

You wanna be remembered that delivered the message  
That considered the blessing of everyone, this your lesson for everyone, say

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I been wrote off before, I got abandonment issues  
I hold grudges like bad judges, don't let me resent you  
That's not Nelson-like, want you to love me like Nelson  
I went to Robben's Island analysing, that's where his cell is  
So I could find clarity, like how much you cherish me  
Is this relationship a fake or real as the heavens be?  
See I got to question it all, family, friends, fans, cats, dogs  
Trees, plants, grass, how the wind blow  
Murphy's Law, generation X, will I ever be your ex?  
Floss off a baby step, mobbed by the mouth a bit  
Pause, put me under stress  
Crawled under rocks, ducking y'all, it's respect  
But then tomorrow, put my back against the wall  
How many leaders you said you needed then left 'em for dead?  
Is it Moses, is it Huey Newton or Detroit Red?  
Is it Martin Luther, JFK, shooter you assassin  
Is it Jackie, is it Jesse, oh I know, it's Michael Jackson, oh

When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?  
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?  
That nigga gave us Billie Jean, you say he touched those kids?  
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?

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Let my word be your earth and moon you consume every message  
As I lead this army make room for mistakes and depression  
And if you riding with me nigga, let me ask this question nigga

"I remember you was conflicted  
Misusing your influence  
Sometimes I did the same  
Abusing my power, full of resentment  
Resentment that turned into a deep depression  
Found myself screaming in the hotel room  
I didn't wanna self destruct  
The evils of Lucy was all around me  
So I went running for answers  
Until I came home  
But that didn't stop survivor's guilt  
Going back and forth trying to convince myself the stripes I earned  
Or maybe how A-1 my foundation was  
But while my loved ones was fighting the continuous war back in the city, I  
was entering a new one  
A war that was based on apartheid and discrimination  
Made me wanna go back to the city and tell the homies what I learned  
The word was respect  
Just because you wore a different gang colour than mines  
Doesn't mean I can't respect you as a black man  
Forgetting all the pain and hurt we caused each other in these streets  
If I respect you, we unify and stop the enemy from killing us

But I don't know, I'm no mortal man, maybe I'm just another nigga