Outrageous

Kendrick Lamar

Mic check, Ali
The mic don't sound right

Even the shooters can get shot, get shot quick
Even a shooter can get shot (Ali, get it right)
Even the shooters can get shot, get shot quick
Even a shooter can get shot

Uhh, tell 'em I got plenty arson to sell 'em
Heat by the fleet, displaying it very seldom-
ly, I write till I ignite my cerebellum
Close to the (pen) like I had three felons
Come from a city where niggas show no remorse
and a corpse is just another homi' taking it's course
Of course my dream was to play in the final four
till twelfth grade came and I was only five-four
So now I'm a graduate looking to get hired
My pops knew a security job, he inquired
But ignorance is bliss, that's what I was told
I stopped, dropped and rolled when somebody yelled fired
Now there goes another black boy unemployed
with a lot of free time, which means he's vulnerable
to run into a lot of crime, I wrote it in my rhymes
and when I left the porch this is what I realised

Even the shooters can get shot, get shot quick
Even a shooter can get shot {yeah, yeah, yeah}
Even the shooters can get shot, get shot quick
Even a shooter can get shot {yeah, yeah, yeah, so what's up?}
(These streets ain't none to play with
It could get outrageous
Got burners, .45s and gauges
That could really get outrageous)

So I'm thinking to myself, what's next?
My security job only got me like two checks
My pops disappointed, told me I'm fucking up
Irresponsible and I needed some growing up
I told him I would go back, knowing I wouldn't go back
Working a nine-to-five is something I couldn't stomach
Surrounded by the violence, all the goons and the goblins
With ninety-nine problems I still kept it one-hundred
These streets can be rather manipulating
Especially when you're black and just turned eighteen
So what's a kid to do, when you're fresh out of school
and the negatives of the world constantly following you?
Not to mention a local henchman, Compton sheriffs all like terrorists
Osama with badges that talk arrogant
That boy fifteen fifteen and he holding a .45
Thirty years apart, thirty years before he realised

Uhh, soon as the beat drop
I bet some heat pop, on a block close to you
Like a relative, you sipping Belvedere
while these niggas planning to rob Mr. Belvedere, yeah
I'm a good kid tryna stay righteous as Martin Luther

But it seems like all my friends eventually become shooters
And niggas banking on you is something that you'll get used to
You can either fight back or run home and grab your Ruger
Whatever you do, just make sure that you willing to do it
Being too indecisive can get you killed inside your Buick
cause you stopped at the light, five minutes from midnight
with no tinted windows, that nigga surely had shot through it
You tell me you listening, but you don't hear the music
Call you Billy Hoyle when turmoil was near
This is the realest right here, when I lost my very first job
My pops said "why?", I said I couldn't aim for the sky
Cause even shooters can get shot, get shot

These streets ain't none to play with
It could get outrageous
Got burners, .45s and gauges
That could really get outrageous

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