P&P 1.5

Kendrick Lamar

"Gina, baby, I don't have no money, and I don't have no ends
Gina, I'm ass-out"
"I'm going through something right now"
"I told you that"

Oh, what up hoe? Oh, what up?
I said, oh, what up hoe? Oh, what up?
I said, oh, what up hoe? Oh, what up?
Well alright

I'm going through something with life
where pussy and Patron make you feel alright
Pussy and Patron make you feel alright
Pussy and Patron, that's some great advice

Welcome to my diary, stressing got me gray hairs
Something to inspire me, rather than society's
woes, let me go, let me shine a lil' bit love
I want diamonds too, Ronnie on Player's Club
I used to have a nine-to-five, fresh out of school, that was '05
That bitch was racist, got me fired, they rushed us then, I had no job
Pushing in my mama van, stop for gas on Rosecrans
Trust me, these niggas rushed me for something my cousin probably did
Guilty by association, story of my life nigga!
You gon' make me flip, then split yo' shit, judge give me life nigga!
Pain since my grandma's death, uncle killed at Louie's Burgers
Hold my tears, I tried my best, let it go, trench my pullover
Cycles of a starving artist tryna go beyond the margin-margin
Maintaining my modest-modest as I dream
So while I go through all-this-all-this, bullshit what you call it
Life itself, I know it helps, let me scroll through my Blackberry ("hey
what's up daddy?")

"So what you wish me over here for?
How was your day?
Are you tipsy?"
Mhmm

All I need in this lifetime, pussy and Patron
Give me that, won't you give that? Once again it's on
Bitch I'm swagged up, hoes bopping when I'm off that Screw
Coming down clean, tell your baby mama what it do
Where your friends at? I got long dick, what it is
Go on poke it out, situate your little positives
How I live? Big shot, on my grind, all ready
I'ma lay it down like a carpenter when you let me
When you let me, when you let me...

Give me that funk, that sweet, that nasty
That good shit stuff
I can't get enough
If I offend you, blame it on the liquor babe
Give me that funk, that sweet, that nasty
That good shit stuff
I can't get enough
If I offend you...

Uh, I wrote this song when Dave drove home
and caught that flat in the flats
And it made me think when another car blinked
to change locations where we at
We often get lost in the ever-hard bottle
when attempt to ignore pain, problem and sorrow
Just for a minute, then back to the bullshit
Your car now due and you bout to get evicted
Two drugs surely, Patron, pussy, make it feel alright
But once it's empty and the bitch leave, then it's back to life
You can't run from it, gotta run to it nigga
The antidote wouldn't last and you knew it nigga
But still you proceed to dive deep, ask what's her zodiac sign

Okay, welcome to my diary, hmm, where should I begin?
Finna get a swisher and fill it with at least a gram
Crackers watch my every step, man I hate to work for them
One time I tried to work for me, but that shit didn't work for me
And here I am, stressing, questioning my direction man
What to do? Nothing's moving, traffic jam, wiggle through it
Pop the cork and take the fluid, bust that pussy open
Bust that pussy open, bust that pussy open
'Soul, balls deep, ya dig?
Retrieve relief, ya dig?
Let's kill a bottle of tequila
and lie butt-naked telling the truth, would ya?
What's up? I had a long day and I really want to fuck
Take a double shot to the face and forget about my whole day
cause all I've been thinking the whole day...

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