

## R.O.T.C. (Interlude)

Kendrick Lamar

This is me thinking at 4:43 AM, June 6

Sometimes I wanna say fuck rapping, I need money now  
like should I start trapping? If what I write down  
don't connect this very moment, then I'm on it, no question  
In the streets my niggas is well connected, let's see  
Do I cop a pound of kush, Promethazine or push some E?  
Oxycontin have laying on soft cotton when I sleep?  
This is deep as the abyss, I'm not just rhymin' on the beat  
I be in spots chopping the rocks like flintstone feet  
This is me frustrated, battling my own evils  
Finna saddle up that work, across Ohio in a Geo  
Or should I sell my music .zip to buy your zip  
and hope one day it flourish to a kilo, track record of a hustler  
Rather records on the needle, making music  
Clocking fast bank like a shot from Patrick Ewing  
My nigga, what you doing on these corners with me?  
"I thought you had a show?" Well I guess my nigga, I didn't  
I'm tryna get this dough and easy money sounds tempting  
Especially when your homies pushing V8 hinges  
Twenty-two on twenty-sixes, Range Rovers rolling up  
Three-fifty for an ounce of fire, I hope I got enough  
This industry calling my bluff, I need a new solution  
Curve-serving, know I might be in your store boosting  
two-elevens with MAC-11s like fuck Hip Hop  
Don't wanna be Pun, don't wanna be B.I.G., don't wanna be 'Pac  
Just give me your funds, A.K.A. everything that you got  
or everything getting shot, for nothing  
Leave you in shock, coughing up blood and mumbling  
Watch, the plans of a young man sponsor  
Moving grams like relocating your mom's momma  
Then expand to the Hoover dam, water  
Sherm, contraband, they yearn for the butt-naked  
Fuck a verse, verses get let off in thirty minutes, six seconds  
I disperse to the world of unruly, where I put the mic down  
and pick up a sack and a toolie, if you knew me  
you'll know I always had a passion for riddle when writing  
But lately I've been thinking bout taking chances to brighten  
my future financially, so please don't be mad at me  
I gotta do what I gotta do, no shit  
So I tell my nigga front me, let me put it on the strip  
Then give it back when I think about the consequence, shit

There are times, when you need someone  
I will be by your side  
Oh darling, cause there is a light that shines  
special for you, and me yeah  
I-take-I-take-I-take my chances-chances-chances  
before they pass, they pass, they pass  
Pass me by, oh darling  
You've got to look at the other side

R.O.T.C., or Right On Time Conscience