

# Real

Kendrick Lamar

I do what I wanna do  
I say what I wanna say  
When I feel, and I...  
Look in the mirror and know I'm there  
With my hands in the air  
I'm proud to say yea  
I'm real, I'm real, I'm really really real (4x)

I promise that I know you very well  
Your eyes never lie even if they tell  
Sweet lullabies that come with a smell  
Of a dozen roses flippin' down the green hill  
You living in a world that come with plan B  
Cause plan A never relay a guarantee  
And plan C never could say just what it was  
And your plans only can pan around love  
You love him, you love them, you love her  
You love so much, you love when love hurts  
You love red-bottom and gold they say queen  
You love hand-bag on the waist of your jean  
You love french tip and trip that pay for  
You love bank slip that tell you we paid more  
You love a good hand whenever the card dealt  
But what love got to do with it when you don't love  
yourself

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I promise that I know you very well  
Your eyes never lie even if they fell  
Out the sky and your optics? turn stale  
Where they mow that's green  
I can see you fit the bill  
Of living in a world that come with Plan B  
Cause Plan A only can make another mistake  
And you can't see success coming from plan C  
When it all breaks you, you still say you love me  
And love them and love when you love her  
You love so much, you love when love hurts  
You love fast cars and their present is old  
You love fast women  
You love keepin' control  
Of everything you love, you love beef  
You love streets, you love runnin', duckin' police  
You love your hood, might even love it to death  
But what love got to do with it when you don't love  
yourself?

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The reason why I know you very well  
Cause we have the same eyes can't you tell  
The days I tried to cover up and conceal  
My pride, it only made it harder for me to deal  
When living in a world that come with plan B  
A scapegoat cause plan A don't come for free  
And plan C just an excuse like because  
Or the word "but", but what if I got love  
I love them, I love when I love her  
I love so much, I love when love hurts  
I love first verse cause you're the girl I attract  
I love second verse cause your the homie they packed  
Burning like a stove top, they love cooking from  
scratch  
I love what the both of you have to offer  
In fact, I love it so much  
I don't love anything else  
But what love got to do with it when I don't love  
myself  
To the point I should hate everything I do love  
Should I hate living my life inside the club  
Should I hate her for watching me for that reason  
Should I hate him for telling me that I'm season  
Should I hate them for telling me ball out  
Should I hate street credibility I'm talkin' about  
Hatin' all money, power, respect in my will  
I'm hatin' the fact that none of that shit make me real

"... I ain't trippin' off that Dominos anymore, just  
calling, sorry to hear what happen to your homeboy, but  
don't learn the hard way like I did homie". "Any nigga  
can kill a man, that don't make you a real nigga".  
"Realness is responsibility, realness is taking care of  
your motherfucking family, realness is god, nigga"

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"Alright that's all I wanted to tell you, just make  
sure you call us back when you get this message. Here  
go your mom."

"Boy you better have my jaw on full all this time you  
done had my damn car, but look I ain't tripping. Look,  
the neighbors say they seen you and your little friends  
over there by the food for less, and they was preaching  
to you over there telling you about the good book  
because right about now that's what ya'll need. Oh, and  
Top Dawg called the house too. I guess they want you  
and Dave to come to the studio. But look, you take this  
music business serious, and put out something me and  
your dad can step to. Shit, you know we from Chicago  
you know that's what we do."

Sing my song, it's all for you (16x)

"If I don't hear from you, by tomorrow... I hope you come back, and learn from your mistakes. Come back a man, tell your story to these black and brown kids in Compton. Let 'em know you was just like them, but you still rose from that dark place of violence, becoming a positive person. But when you do make it, give back, with your words of encouragement, and that's the best way to give back. To your city... And I love you Kendrick, if I don't hear you knocking on the door you know where I usually leave the key. Alright? talk to you later, bye."