

Silent Hill

Kendrick Lamar

Hey, oh, yo
Why oh, why oh, why oh, why you keep fuckin' with me?
You gon' make me jump out my skin, believe me

Push these niggas off me like, "Huh"
Push these bitches off me like, "Huh"
Push these niggas off me like, "Huh"
Pushin' the snakes, I'm pushin' the fakes
I'm pushin' 'em all off me like, "Huh"
Pushin' 'em all off me like, "Huh" (Yeah)

Aha, I be immune to shit (Aha)
Tucking the broom and shit (Aha)
They want to assume and shit (Aha)
Know you a choke, my ancestor close
I howl at the moon and shit (Aha)
Know the results, the ballot is in, man, I'm 'bout to boom again (Aha)
You funny, dawg
Peek-a-boo, can't hide behind your money, dawg
A week or two, I meditate on runnin' lost
Swerve, swerve, swerve, shake the currents off, yeah

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Head up, chest out
Silence, I'm stressed out
Shh, be quiet, I'm stressed out
Stressed out, stressed out, stressed—

Pick my daughter up, she need all the love
I need all the love, I mean all of us
It's like six o'clock, bitch, you talk too much
You makin' it awkward, love
I mean, it's hard enough, I mean, it's—

They don't fuck with me even if they could
Pull out the stick, hit a bitch with the wood
First to park Rolls Royce, 'vert in the hood
Don't worry about us, over here we good
The AP Roman numeral, everywhere I go, I need pharmaceuticals
I ran my whole conglomerate, I was just mappin' shit out in the cubicle
Suicide coupe was a funeral, Trackhawk launch like a slingshot
Big ol' ruby diamond on my pinky finger, that bitch look like a Ring Pop
Money on my mind, money on your head
Can't ride three times while you comin' through the 'jects
Red Cross kept a nigga fed
In the studio with K. Dot fresh out the feds
Yeah, you niggas can't stand the rain, you niggas don't stand a chance
Yeah, Chevrolet candy paint, I spin the bend in the Benz
I caught a bale off a Google app
I'm the type to get my shooter whacked
I had to survive off a tuna pack

Five percent tint on the whip like, "Who was that?"
Coupe take off like it's mad
Beat the dope with a fork, I'm whippin' up Sudafed, I'm doin' scams in the lab
Every Thursday, girl's day, spendin' time with my daughter, make me go harder
Every Sunday's son's day, teach my boy to be a man, I ain't had no father
Fell in the love with the block, I ain't have no pop, just a sawed-off shotgun, Mossberg
We stackin' that money up proper, awkward diamonds, look like marbles
Audemars water, aqua, beatin' the block up 'til we spot 'em
I don't want your ice, boy, I want your life, but fuck it, I still might rob 'em

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