

## untitled 07 | 2014 - 2016

Kendrick Lamar

Pimp pimp! (hooray!)  
Pimp pimp! (hooray!)  
(Hooray!)  
Pimp pimp! (hooray!)  
(hooray!)

Love won't get you high as this  
Drugs won't get you high as this  
Fame won't get you high as this  
Chains won't get you high as this  
Juice won't get you high as this  
Crew won't get you high as this  
Hate won't get you high as this  
Levitate, levitate, levitate, levitate  
Love won't get you high as this  
Drugs won't get you high as this  
Fame won't get you high as this  
Chains won't get you high as this  
Juice won't get you high as this  
Levitate, levitate, levitate, levitate

Life won't get you high like this here, no  
He won't get you high like this here, no  
She won't get you high like this here, no  
"For Free?" won't get you high like this here, no  
Two keys won't get you high, no, no, no  
Bentleys won't get you high, like, no  
Levitate, levitate, levitate, levitate  
Life won't get you high, no, no, no  
He won't get you high, no, no, no  
She won't get you high, no, no, no  
"For Free?" won't get you high, no, no, no  
Two keys won't get you high, no, no, no  
Bentleys won't get you high, no, no, no  
Bars won't get you high, no, no, no  
Levitate, levitate, levitate, levitate

Shut your fuckin' mouth and get some cash, you bitch, you  
You be in your feelings, I be in my bag, you bitch, you  
Santa's reindeer better have some ass, you bitch, you  
Everything I'm working, gotta be the gas, you bitch, you  
(Don't fuck around, don't fuck around, don't fuck around, don't fuck a...)  
Shut your fuckin' mouth and get some cash, you bitch  
You be in your feelings, I be in my bag, you bitch  
Santa's reindeer better have some ass, you bitch  
Everything I'm working, gotta be the  
Levitate, levitate, levitate, levitate

Me don't want problems (me don't want problems)  
Me don't want tricks (me don't want tricks)  
Me do want dollars (me do want dollars)  
Me want it big (me do want dollars)  
Me don't want problems (we ride Impalas)  
Me don't want tricks (me don't want tricks)  
Me do want dollars (me don't want tricks)  
Levitate, levitate, levitate, levitate  
We don't want problems (we don't want problems)

We don't want tricks (we don't want tricks)  
We do want dollars (we do want dollars)  
We do it big (we don't want problems)  
We do it big (we don't want problems)  
We do it big (we don't want tricks)  
We don't want problems (we don't want problems)  
Levitate, levitate, levitate, levitate

Compton is where I'm from  
Is where I'm from, where is I'm from

Yeah, yeah  
Young Egypt  
Look, look  
I feel like Pacino in Godfather, I'm charged  
Our father who art in Heaven, Kendrick at large  
Came in the game with a plan of beatin' the odds  
What an accomplishment, broken promises  
Kept my focus anonymous till I dealt with the consequence  
The greatest and latest mogul, you know what time it is  
You niggas fear me like y'all fear God  
You sound frantic, I hear panic in your voice  
Just know the mechanics of making your choice and writin' your bars  
Before you poke out your chest, loosen your bra  
Before you step out of line and dance with the star  
I could never end a career if it never start  
The murderous capital, avenues lookin' like evil dead zombies  
With batteries to the head  
The flattery of watchin' my stock rise  
The salary, the compensation tripled my cock size  
I run through these stop signs with no brake fluid  
Just premium gas, do it for dolo  
Crash markets and prejudiced tags, look at my photo  
Black excellence, pessimist died countin' my coin  
Hope it's evident that I inspired a thousand emcees to do better  
I blew cheddar on youth centers, buildings and Bimmers and blue leather  
Forecasted my future, this is the future  
The mastermind until my next album, more power to you  
Gunshots

Part III

Come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on

This is a fifteen minute song  
We're just jammin' out, we on stage  
Taz, we just jammin' out  
Hundred thousand  
Hundred thousand, you gotta see it!  
Look, look, look, go back to the down note  
They all sing this shit, everybody

Now I don't let you down, and for  
You see, you see, you see, you see  
But I don't shake you down, dog for you, you, you, you  
They say the government ain't the truth, truth, truth, truth  
And the politicians always mislead the youth, youth, youth, youth

But head is the answer

Head is the future  
Don't second guess yourself  
Come on, give me some help  
Hey one more time, band, I need y'all to help me out right now  
Head is the answer  
Head is the future, it's the future, that nigga said  
Don't second guess yourself  
Come on, give me some help  
Say come on, come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, my background singer  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on

I said, girl you make me wanna uh  
The ho screaming now  
I said baby you make..  
You make me wanna just AHHH!  
Baby you got me speechless right now  
Laughs  
I gotta take it there, I ain't even playin' no more  
Said you just make me wanna Drake you down  
To the ground, to the ground ground  
Like bam, bam, bam, bam, bam  
You just make me wanna Drake you down  
Down, around like bam, bam, bam, bam, bam  
And baby if your mama's around, if your mama's around  
If your mama's around, if your mama's around  
Tell her, tell her  
No discrimination, she's young nigga chasin'  
And she can get this dick too!

I said come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on  
Yeah, nigga  
You gotta do it, man  
We gonna lay that shit  
We gonna lay that shit, and watch what it's gon' do