

# Wanna Be Heard

Kendrick Lamar

It's like I don't think you fully understand who I am, y'know?  
I'm just a good kid from Compton that wanna rap  
I don't represent no colors, I represent my lil' sisters and brothers  
I'm the oldest, nigga  
And if you can't respect that, your whole perspective is wack  
Check it out

I used to wanna rap like Jay-Z  
until I finally realised that Jay wasn't me  
I took my time to jot down every line that's a quotable  
Critics say I don't be killing this shit but I know I do  
because I used to practice early morning and then after school  
I'm working on my hooks my nigga, I ain't tryna battle you  
But even if I did, I guarantee I'd overshadow you  
Like a fucked up taper that turned to bowl cut  
I'ma close cut to Common and Gucci Mane  
Now that's a comparison that you probably wouldn't understand  
Because I can touch the people and still keep it ghetto  
as an '87 Regal with the tree air freshener on the rearview mirror  
I wear a heart on my shoulder  
'Member when we used to make the boost look like Motorola?  
Your cousin fucked up your room every time he came over  
Then went to jail when we got older  
That shit is a bad odor, but still I remain focussed  
In due time, I'll be able to swipe my card and it won't say decline  
That shit's embarrassing huh  
Hope no one pay you no mind  
But it's a bad bitch behind you while you standing in line  
Can you relate to my story? Can you follow my dreams  
and admirations that I had ever since I was thirteen?  
My momma believed in me, she let me use her van to go to the studio  
even though she know her tank is empty, that's who I do it fo'  
My pops got a different approach, yeah he believed  
But he always questioned when I'ma drop my debut CD  
How long this gon' take nigga? You still haven't ate nigga  
At twenty-two I had two cars and my own place nigga  
It's a sacrifice I try to tell him  
That's when he turn to BET and tell me that he jealous  
of all these niggas getting money and their shit don't sound like shit  
I ate tryna kill your confidence or forcing you to quit  
I just wanna hear you heard

Yep, yep, that's my word  
Make a statement with these nouns and verbs  
I represent the liquor that's poured out on the curb  
Listen to my nouns and verbs (man I wanna be heard)  
Like a cattle with sheep  
While y'all sleep I re-up, cooking up all day  
like a mad scientist in that laboratory  
Motherfuck what a critic got to say, I'ma be heard

What up Dasan? I ain't forgot nigga  
You developed me, telling me I was hot nigga  
You believed in me first, that's what's for sure  
At the church recording, at the garage, but it worked  
But me and Dave kind of felt you lost the passion  
A lot was going on in your life and you needed space

But still I should have came to you first to tell you what happened  
But I was seventeen and figured it's best I stay away  
And I wrong, I was young and couldn't look you in the eye for what I'd done  
But I'm telling you we ain't done  
Matter of fact, how's your sons? What they up to?  
Remember they used to run away while you had worked on ProTools?  
People I used to be in the booth till four in the morning  
with school in the morning, yawning, but I was on it  
Me, you and Dave was on it  
Buzzing like Charlotte Hornets when that tape dropped  
Where them beats nigga? It's been five years since we had rocked  
Time to be heard

So can you feel it?  
When you hear it do it pulsate your spirit?  
Does it make you wanna say motherfuck a gimmick?  
The truth can set you free if you Do the Right Thing  
Word to Spike Lee, don't he look like Sounwave?  
That's kinda random, but my humor sometimes strays, like a dog in the night  
Twenty-four hours in a day but only take five minutes  
to grab a pad and a pen, then send your dog a kite  
I spread love like a Hippy, but I'm a (Black) one  
with Jesus Christ passion, I swear on the bible  
Tabernacle to all my rivals, I ain't mad  
You hate a nigga for tryna help you, that's your bad  
because I figure I can make a way with these stanzas  
I probably can't heal cancer, but I can heal the city  
My niggas, tell me you with me  
And if you is won't you pop my CD in  
Open up your trunk, then let it bump, so I can be heard  
Yeah, uh huh

D-Dave, what up nigga?  
Matt Jeezy