

Westside, Right On Time

Kendrick Lamar

I woke up this morning with my dick on hard
Didn't know why til' I said fuck all y'all
Or fuck this world, or I'ma fuck that girl
Good Kid, m.A.A.d city watch my day unfurl
I put my life in these sentences
Fucking right it's either that or life sentences
I'm relatives with Benjamin
I used to give a fuck about my luck when I was innocent
Now what the fuck is up I'm at your neck like a pendleton
Nigga I need thought bitch I need thought
24 acres and a mule best believe that
They say he got smoked like where the weed at
And everything you hope bitch nigga we that
Pockets on Kelly Price back when it was '95
Buy a strap and then we cock it back when it's uncircumcised
Write a rap on how we just react when shot and hit the spine
Give you dap and then we slide through your hood 3 dozen times
So what's good I'm looking for a pedicure
Pink Pussy that Pop, preferably the kind that don't stink
Bomb ass head uh til' she can't blink
And her eyes get watery you gotta pardon me

I'm so damn turnt, when I'm in a two door with two hoes that follow me
And you know
Westside, right on time, tell em' hoes kudos
Eastside, right on time, they don't fuck with you though
In my hood, getting to the money, the pedal never broke
Came a long way from the ghetto dawg but
Westside, right on time, only thing fosho
Eastside, right on time, gunnin' through your door uhh

I woke up this morning like fuck the world
Been hustlin' since I was 12, man I've been through hell
Now these muthafuckers is tryna' tell me I don't care
Trying to tell y'all muthafuckas look y'all wasn't there
Turn posted up on the block, waiting for
For my niggas posted up in the county, praying for bail
You coulda cost your boy, aint mad it wasn't cheap
Coming for a nigga just don't sleep, shit for the week
Got on my Malcolm X frames, now I cop the check mane
Cause every time I speak you hear my Malcolm X pain
Now them doors go up on that Lamb' they like judo
Don't you like your bitches with an ass, I like you hoe
First them bitches see me, I'm gone, I'm like pluto
Plus I keep them choppers the same, they Mars Bruno
Brown bag full of cash babay, MCM
When they ask me my name I tell 'em MC him, straight up

All praise go to the most high
All phase turn into a drive-by
Part ways from the streets, after fucking with the police guaranteed
Last nigga did that died, don't you, don't you, don't you
Wanna live with the AK, go for only 8k
Minus 6 racks, minus one on top of that
Maylay, snub him out then drag him out mouth like he date raped
Daytonas bending every corner while they say

All I ever wanted was a dollar bill and hundreds
And my teachers asked my woman, when she smiled I stick my tongue in
Plus some cartoons and some cereal
Snoop Doggy on my stereo
Some British nights or LA kids when glowing nights
Or Perry Ellis jacket, I would love a swapmeet full of
Chevrolets and candy paint, that's wet with Tammy on the bumper
Can I hump her? Poppa tell me yes
EBGC concert and a DJ Quik on cassette
Twenty years later, hi hater, I'm the fucking best