

Worldwide Steppers

Kendrick Lamar

Kodak Black, Okloma
Eckhart Tolle
And this here is the big stepper

I'm a killer, he's a killer, she's a killer, bitch
We some killers, walkin' zombies, tryna scratch that itch
Germophobic, hetero and-

I am not for the faint of heart
My genetic build can build multi-universes, the man of God
Playin' "Baby Shark" with my daughter
Watchin' for sharks outside at the same time
Life as a protective father, I'd kill for her
My son Enoch is the part two
When I expire, my children'll make higher valleys
In this present moment, I saw that through
Ask Whitney about my lust addiction
Text messagin' bitches got my thumbs hurt
Set precedent for a new sacrilegion
Writer's block for two years, nothin' moved me
Asked God to speak through me, that's what you hearin' now
The voice of yours truly
Teleport out my own body for comfort
I don't pass judgment, past life regressions keep me in question
Where did I come from? I don't think like I used to
No, I don't blink like I used to
Awkward stares at everybody, see the flesh of man
But still, this man compared to nobody
Yesterday, I prayed to the flowers and trees
Gratification to the powers that be
Synchronization with my energy chakras, the ghost of Dr. Sebi
Paid it forward, cleaned out my toxins, bacteria heavy
Sciatica nerve pinch, I don't know how to feel
Like the first time I fucked a white bitch

The first time I fucked a white bitch
I was sixteen at the Palisades
Fumblin' my grades, I traveled with the team
The Apache life, Centennial was like
When Mrs. Baker screamed at Doughboy
Mixed that with Purple Rain
They interchanged the scenes
Happy just to be out the hood
With all the wealthy kids
Credit cards and family plans
She drove her daddy's Benz
I found out that he was a sheriff
That was a win-win
Because he had locked up Uncle Perry
She paid her daddy's sins
Next time I fucked a white bitch
Was out in Copenhagen
Good kid, m.A.A.d city tour
I flourished on them stages
Whitney asked did I have a problem
I said, "I might be racist"
Ancestors watchin' me fuck was like retaliation

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Germophobic, hetero and homophobic
Photoshoppin' lies and motives
Hide your eyes, then pose for the pic

What the—

Eight billion people on Earth, silent murderers
Non-profits, preachers and church, crooks and burglars (Woo)
Hollywood corporate in school, teachin' philosophies
You either gon' be dead or in jail, killer psychology
Silent murderer, what's your body count? Who your sponsorship?
Objectified so many bitches, I killed their confidence (What the—)
The media's the new religion, you killed the consciousness
(What the fuck?)
Your jealousy is way too pretentious, you killed accomplishments (What the fuck?)
Niggas killed freedom of speech, everyone sensitive (What the fuck?)
If your opinion fuck 'round and leak, might as well send your will (What the —)
The industry has killed the creators, I'll be the first to say (What the fuck?)
To each exec', "I'm saving your children"—We can't negotiate (What the—)
I caught a couple of bodies myself, slid my community
My last Christmas toy drive in Compton handed out eulogies
Not because the rags in the park had red gradient
But because the high blood pressure flooded the caterin'
So what's the difference 'tween your life when hiding motives?
More fatalities and reality bring you closure
The noble person that goes to work and pray like they 'posed to?
Slaughter people too, your murder's just a bit slower

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