

# Worldwide Steppers

Kendrick Lamar

Kodak Black, Oklama  
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 f  
uck?)  
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 fuc  
k?)  
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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