

# You Ain't Gotta Lie (Momma Said)

Kendrick Lamar

Study long, study wrong, nigga  
Hey, y'all close that front door, ya'll let flies in this motherf\*cker  
Close that door!  
My OG up in this motherf\*cker right now  
My pops man with the bottle in his hand, actin' a fool  
Hey, hey, babe check it out, Imma tell you what my mama had said, she like:

I could spot you a mile away  
I could see your insecurities written all on your face  
So predictable your words, I know what you gonna say  
Who you foolin'? Oh, you assuming you can just come and hang  
With the homies but your level of realness ain't the same  
Circus acts only attract those that entertain  
Small talk, we know that it's all talk  
We live in the Laugh Factory every time they mention your name

Askin', "where the hoes at?" to impress me  
Askin', "where the moneybags?" to impress me  
Say you got to burn your stash to impress me  
It's all in your head, homie  
Askin' "where the plug at?" to impress me  
Askin' "where the juug at?" to impress me  
Askin' "where it's at?" only upsets me  
You sound like the feds, homie

You ain't gotta lie to kick it, my nigga  
You ain't gotta lie, you ain't gotta lie  
You ain't gotta lie to kick it, my nigga

You ain't gotta try so hard

And the world don't respect you and the culture don't accept you  
But you think it's all love  
And the girls gon' neglect you once your parody is done  
Reputation can't protect you if you never had one  
Jealousy (complex), emotional (complex)  
Self-pity (complex), under oath (complex)  
The loudest one in the room, nigga, that's a complex  
Let me put it back in proper context

What do you got to offer?  
Tell me before you we off ya, put you deep in the coffin  
Been allergic to talkin', been aversion to bullshit  
Instead of dreamin' the auction, tell me just who your boss is  
Niggas be fugazie, bitches be fugazie  
This is for fugazie niggas and bitches who make habitual line babies, bless  
them little hearts  
You can never persuade me  
You can never relate me to him, to her, or that to them  
Or you, the truth you love to bend  
In the back, in the bed, on the floor, that's your ho  
On the couch, in the mouth, I'll be out, really though  
So loud, rich niggas got low money  
And loud, broke niggas got no money  
The irony behind it is so funny  
And I seen it all this past year  
Pass on some advice we feel: