

Thanksgiving

¡Mayday!

Welcome to the story of my life, Miseducation of Kendrick
Stressin', Hennessy shots, throw 'em back like it's vintage
Wondering "can I live?" Where is the generosity?
Something just gotta give, tryna stay positive
My mode is to be a mogul
Searching for a dollar without compromising my vocals
Really I'm just a noble
Kid from the west side of Compton
My cousins was selling crack, while I played Sonic
You say that you grinding, you niggas is full of shit
And might need a Heimlich
Maneuver to throw up what you consume
My shine is bright enough to make a dead flower bloom
In a room full of curtains
I'm for certain that I'm certainly popping a pistol verbally
And never will I get shot, ya aim is all fucked up
As if a Sidekick dropped
I'm nice with it, bro-bro
My peeps depending on me, we be where the stove go
Let's eat

British [...] lay 'em down, thanks for the fuckin' bank
William Wallace Malatov blonde shank to sprank
You cold in the D well I'm like Frank and Dank
But when the whiskey's all free ima break the tank
I speak an amazing maze
To make a mason maybe need a matron
Hey, my sonics bless ya drums like a patron saint
In Section 80 they all talking like you reppin crazy
Blood Type O positively, yeah my record's rabies

"Been there, done that," ain't got the scars to match
Beware, these boys shoot flares and pull masks
Got gas, spread the mustard on the custard
Vanilla muthafuckers up and droppin' by the numbers
She jackin' up my lumber, I ain't even say I love her
Piss blood on these bitches tryna keep me ground under
Hunger games with lames, now I drive in my own lane
Ever since supporters started tatting the frames, MAYDAY

YEAH... yo
So many try to Dr. Jekyll and hide
And try to cover the side
That I could show you in pride
They try smoking the line, then try sniffin' the joint
If rap is about the money these niggas missin' the point
I can't, stand bias from people who never stand by us
I got a feeling for killing innocent stand-byers
I give a fuck if we could float ya boat
It's Blood Type, nigga cut ya throat
I'm done, BAH... Chiefer

I said be grateful and give some thanks
And he said "man, for what?"
I been outta my luck cause I been stuck
And plus I'm broke as fuck
So shut up and pack it up or take it elsewhere

Get a nigga off this welfare, with some healthcare
Can you help there?
He thought he deserved and had the nerve to kick the blame to me
But strange to see how it came to be
This game just ain't the same to me
And I ain't gon' sympathize or look in his eyes
And tell no lies
So I said "Fuck what you heard
The truth burns, better recognize"

We have yet to see...
Where these roads will lead
So we take what we want
And give thanks when we receive
We have yet to see
Tomorrow may not be
So we take what we want
And give thanks when we receive