

# One Run

Skeme

Rest in peace, Dolla

Yeah, (Uh) still hustle for a dinner plate (No)  
You ain't know how to be hard then lemme demonstrate (Ah) (Woo)  
Pardon me while I ventilate (Hey)  
It's money in the floor, but it's more money in the safe (Yeah)  
I got it on me, homie-nah, I ain't finna play (Nah)  
Shots fly while my brother played get-away (No)  
I'm still talkin' 'bout guns and bitches  
Like that ain't the reason that I done lost half of my niggas (Yeah)  
Uh, I'm doin' my due diligence (Ah)  
Tryna see millions, (Ah) I perform billions (Ah)  
Dick, and resilient; (Ah) women screamin', schemin'  
Say they love my music-oh, they never seen me on the TV, huh? (Aha)  
Inglewood, what it's lookin' like? (Ah)  
My nigga gone-made me take a different look at life (Yeah)  
Yeah, feet planted on the curb  
Screamin', "Fuck a bitch nigga!" Both hands punk a bird (Fuck 'em)  
Lookin' like Pac, (Ah) tryna be sutn similar (Yeah)  
Cut they hands off if them niggas ain't feelin' 'em (Ah)  
Execution flow-every bar, bitch, I'm killin' 'em (Uh)  
Fans, I be stealin' 'em; ain't nobody real as him (No)  
Whether owe a third or you dog or you crew (What up?)  
If you hustlin' by nature then this song's for you (What up?)  
I don't give a fuck what they say is wrong to do  
All of my motherfuckin' future don't belong to you (Yeah)  
Fuck is wrong witchu? Do you know me, boy? (No)  
Fuck the car-bitch, I keep a pistol on me, boy (Aha)  
I'm the fuckin' main target, (Hey) no decoy  
Ride out 'til I'm gone; I will not deploy (Aha)  
Inglewood D-boy; (Yeah) you nothin' like me, boy (Nah)  
Trap (Nah) to the rat, (Nah) hustlers (Nah) turned B-boy (Aha)  
Uh, I say you nothin' like me, boy (Yeah)  
Trap to the rat, (It's DUBB) hustlers turned B-boy (Go)

South Central nigga grew up wit' no chips (Uh)  
Now, I got money out the ass-no shit (Ha)  
Link DUBB or Skeme, hit the studio to get it (It's DUBB)  
Oh, they say he the biggest thing in Inglewood since before me? (Yeah)  
I'm the king of my city, you a pawn  
Bad bitches throw they thongs (Uh) off the songs I perform (Uh)  
Look, my buzz lightyears ahead of ya  
So I'ma run this shit to infinity and beyond-gone!  
I'm outta this world, on my own planet (Yeah)  
Quarterback gun, throwin' bullets like Peyton Manning  
'Nother call it Eli-now, they hate to see why (What else?)  
Got my own pilot, 'cause a nigga be fly  
I don't need a chauffeur-I'm always in the air  
Life's a bitch, but I don't care, so I'm goin' in the bear  
Never step foot into a prison, but it convict (Yeah)  
Yeah, that's yo' girl, but that girl be on my dick  
That ho was a car then that ho'd have mileage (Haha)  
Money over bitches over her where money piles is (Yeah)  
In the spot where the bricks is and the pounds is  
I'm a dog tryn' stay away from the pound, bitch  
[?] finest; 2010 Dogg Pound, bitch (Uh)  
Kill the mainstream, I done killed the underground shit (Already)

Mixtape after mixtape-shit, wait  
Labels passed me by—that was a mistake  
Put it all on the line, give my all all the time (Uh)  
Went from sittin' on the pine—now, I'm on the snortin'-line: up  
Wack rappers, know ya time's up (Bad)  
Lil' dude, but they can't seem to size up (Nah)  
I'm a giant, (What?) rap Kobe Bryant (Yeah)  
Punchline flow—it weren't rap, I'd start a riot (Uh)  
Yeah, now, I'm onto the next shit  
I done went in—now, it's time for me to exit (Go)

Dikembe or Tetris  
We on ya block, nigga—call the cops  
Or preparate for ya death wish  
This ain't a genie—this is premitated murder wit' a burner and a beam  
Black hoodie on like I'm Omarion  
Remember B2K?  
Open up the trunk, I bet it be two Ks—that's light work  
That's caretakers and respirators at Kaiser  
Oh, I forgot I 'pposed to keep the peace  
But most of y'all keep showin' me mark of the beast  
Aimin' for my halo, tryna peel it off  
I'm peelin' backwards; pop a shot then kiss the cross  
Hail Mary two times, [?], tabernacle  
Lay 'em down sweet-peach cobbler, caramel apple  
You ain't on beat, fallin' off—let me catch you  
Then take you back to the cliff and let the edge have you  
Shit, I'm on some other shit  
I know they got a covenant to make me fall—a legend  
Y'all'll get killed by the government; burner copy  
They pay me a dub just for dubbin' it; chuck the deuce and start Dougie-in'  
Holla! Watch me pop my collar like Fonsworth  
Sink my teeth in the neck of Rottweilers  
Pitbull, I drool—they call me Mad Dog  
Stomach full off weed brownies and Mad Dawg  
Who a hipster? I grew up 'round Pirus and Cripsters  
Genocide stigma  
So much hate, we couldn't even criticize Hitler  
Visualize angry guys lightin' up the block until that motherfucker Christmas  
Fuck a mistletoe  
We lettin' off the missles, yo—better pay attention  
Yeah, see, it's all copastetic  
I'm good in my city—get you killed on credit  
My name hold leverage, a long-term affair  
I'ma always be here; you can stay bald-headed  
Amber Rose's white powder under ya noses  
Guppies and goldfish, the shark is patrollin'  
Just think of us bowlin', and stay in ya lane  
And when you try to keep it gutter, I'ma keep it the same  
You dig me? Me and Skeme schemin' on you bitches  
How y'all the shit when y'all ain't even got a pot to piss in?

Hahaha!  
Kendrick Lamar  
Top Dawg