



Kendrick Lamar Lyrics

『ケンドリック・ラマー・リリック帳 -合唱編- 』



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good kid, m.A.A.d city

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Bitch, Don't Kill My Vibe

[Hook]

I am a sinner who's probably gonna sin again

Lord forgive me, Lord forgive me

Things I don't understand

Sometimes I need to be alone

Bitch don't kill my vibe, bitch don't kill my vibe

I can feel your energy from two planets away

I got my drink, I got my music

I would share it but today I'm yelling

Bitch don't kill my vibe, bitch don't kill my vibe

Bitch don't kill my vibe, bitch don't kill my vibe

[Verse 1]

Look inside of my soul and you can find gold and maybe get rich

Look inside of your soul and you can find out it never exist

I can feel the changes , I can feel a new life

I always knew life can be dangerous

I can say that I like a challenge and you to me is painless

You don't know what pain is

How can I paint this picture when the color blind is hanging with you

Fell on my face and I woke with a scar

Another mistake living deep in my heart

Wear it on top of my sleeve in a flick

I can admit that it did look like yours

Why you resent every making of this

Tell me your purpose is petty again

But even a small lighter can burn a bridge

Even a small lighter can burn a bridge

[Bridge]

I can feel the changes

I can feel the new people around me just want to be famous

You can see that my city found me then put me on stages

To me that's amazing

To you that's a quick check with all disrespect let me say this

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

I'm trying to keep it alive and not compromise the feeling we love
You're trying to keep it deprived and only co-sign what radio does
And I'm looking right past you
We live in a world, we live in a world on two different axles
You live in a world, you living behind the mirror
I know what you scared of, the feeling of feeling emotions inferior
This shit is vital, I know you had to
This shit is vital, I know you had to
Die in a pitiful vain, tell me a watch and a chain
Is way more believable, give me a feasible gain
Rather a seasonal name, I'll let the people know this is something you can blame
On yourselves you can remain stuck in a box
I'm a break out and then hide every lock
I'm a break out and then hide every lock

[Bridge] + [Hook]

[Outro]

You ain't heard a chorus like this in a long time
Don't you see that long line
And they waiting on Kendrick like the first and the fifteenth
Threes in the air I can see you are, in sync
Hide your feelings, hide your feelings now what you better do
I'll take your girlfriend and put that pussy on a pedestal
Bitch don't kill my vibe, bitch don't kill my vibe
Walk out the door and they scream it's alive
My New Year's resolution is to stop all the pollution
Talk too motherfucking much, I got my drink I got my music
I say bitch don't kill my vibe, bitch don't kill my vibe
Bitch don't kill my vibe, bitch don't kill my vibe

Backseat Freestyle

[Intro/Outro]

Martin had a dream

Martin had a dream

Kendrick have a dream

[Hook]

All my life I want money and power

Respect my mind or die from lead shower

I pray my dick get big as the Eiffel Tower

So I can fuck the world for seventy two hours

[Verse 1]

Goddamn I feel amazing, damn I'm in the matrix

My mind is living on cloud 9 and this nine is never on vacation

Start up that Maserati and VROOM VROOM I'm racing

Poppin pills in the lobby and I pray they don't find her naked

And I pray you niggas is hating, shooters go after Judas

Jesus Christ if I live life on my knees, ain't no need to do this

Park it in front of Lueders, next to that Church's Chicken

All you pussies is losers, all my niggas is winners, screaming

[Hook]

[Bridge]

Goddamn I got bitches, damn I got bitches

Damn I got bitches, wifey, girlfriend and mistress

All my life I want money and power

Respect my mind or die from lead showers

[Verse 2]

I've got twenty-five lighters on my dresser, yes sir

Put fire to that ass, body cast on a stretcher

And her body got that ass that a ruler couldn't measure

And it make me cum fast but I never get embarrassed

And I recognize you have what I've been wanting since that record

That Adina Howard had pop it fast to impress her

She rolling I'm holding my scrotum and posing

This voice here is golden so fuck y'all I goes in and

[Hook]

[Bridge]

Damn I got bitches, damn I got bitches

Damn I got bitches, wifey, girlfriend and mistress

All my life I want money and power

Respect my mind or nigga

[Verse 3]

It's go time

I roll in dough with a good grind

And I run at ho with a baton

That's a relay race with a bouquet

They say, "K, you going marry mines

Beeotch no way, beeotch no way

Beeotch no way, beeotch

Okay, I'm never living life confined, it's a failure

Even if I'm blind I can tell ya who what when where how

To sell your game right on time

Beeotch go play, beeotch go play

Beeotch go play, beeotch

I look like OJ, killing everything from pussy to a mothafucking Hit-Boy beat

She pussy popping and I got options like an audible, I be

C-O-M-P-T-O-N, I win then ball at your defeat

C-O-M-P-T-O-N, my city mobbing in the street, yellin'

[Hook and Bridge]

Money Trees Lyrics

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

Me and my niggas trying to get it, ya bish
Hit the house lick tell me is you with it, ya bish
Home invasion was persuasive
From nine to five I know it's vacant, ya bish
Dreams of living life like rappers do
Back when condom wrappers wasn't cool
I fucked Sherane then went to tell my bros
Then Usher Raymond Let it Burn came on
Hot sauce all in our Top Ramen, ya bish
Park the car then we start rhyming, ya bish
The only thing we had to free our mind
Then freeze that verse when we see dollar signs
You looking like an easy come up, ya bish
A silver spoon I know you come from, ya bish
And that's a lifestyle that we never knew
Go at a reverend for the revenue

[Hook]

It go Halle Berry or hallelujah
Pick your poison tell me what you doing
Everybody gon' respect the shooter
But the one in front of the gun lives forever
And I been hustling all day, this a way, that a way
Through canals and alleyways, just to say
Money trees is the perfect place for shade and that's just how I feel
A dollar might just fuck your main bitch that's just how I feel
A dollar might say fuck them niggas that you came with that's just how I feel
A dollar might just make that lane switch that's just how I feel
A dollar might turn to a million and we all rich that's just how I feel

[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]

Dreams of living life like rappers do
Bump that new E-40 after school
You know big balling with my homies
Earl Stevens had us thinking rational
Back to reality we poor, ya bish

Another casualty at war, ya bish
Two bullets in my Uncle Tony head
He said one day I'd be on tour, ya bish
That Louis Burger never be the same
A Louis belt will never ease that pain
But I'mma purchase when that day is jerking
Pull off at Church's with Pirelli's skirting
Gang signs out the window, ya bish
Hoping all of em offend you, ya bish
They say your hood is a pot of gold
And we gone crash it when nobody's home

[Hook]

[Bridge x2: Anna Wise]

Be the last one out to get this dough, no way
Love one of you bucket headed hoes, no way
Hit the streets, then we break the code, no way
Hit the brakes, when they on patrol, no way

Poetic Justice Lyrics

[Intro]

Every second, every minute, man I swear that she can get it

Say if you a bad bitch put your hands up high, hands up high, hands up high

Tell 'em dim the lights down right now, put me in the mood

I'm talking 'bout **dark room, perfume**

Go, go!

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

I recognize your fragrance (hol' up!)

You ain't never gotta say shit (woo!)

And I know your taste is

A little bit (mmm) high maintenance (ooh)

Everybody else basic

You live life on an everyday basis

With poetic justice, **poetic justice**

If I told you that a flower bloomed in a dark room, would you trust it?

I mean I write poems in these songs dedicated to you when

You're in the mood for empathy, there's blood in my pen

Better yet, where your friends and them?

I really wanna know you all

I really wanna show you off

Fuck that, pour up plenty of champagne

Cold nights when you curse this name

You called up your girlfriends and

Y'all curled in that little bitty Range I heard that

She wanna go and party, **she wanna go and party**

Nigga, don't approach her with that Atari

Nigga, that ain't good game, homie, sorry

They say conversation rule a nation, I can tell

But I could never right my wrongs

'less I write it down for real, P.S

[Hook x2: Kendrick Lamar]

You can get it, you can get it

You can get it, you can get it

And I know just, know just, know just, know just, know just what you want

Poetic justice, put it in a song

M.A.A.d City

[Intro/Bridge]

If Pirus and Crips all got along

They'd probably gun me down by the end of this song

Seem like the whole city go against me

Every time I'm in the street I hear

[ScHoolBoy Q]

"YAWK! YAWK! YAWK! YAWK!"

[Hook: Kendrick Lamar]

"Man down

Where you from, nigga?"

"Fuck who you know, where you from, my nigga?"

"Where your grandma stay, huh, my nigga?"

"This m.A.A.d city I run, my nigga"

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

Brace yourself, I'll take you on a trip down memory lane

This is not a rap on how I'm slingin crack or move cocaine

This is cul-de-sac and plenty Cognac and major pain

Not the drill sergeant, but the stress that weighin' on your brain

It was Me, O-Boog, and Yaya, YG Lucky ride down Rosecrans

It got ugly, waving your hand out the window. Check yo self

Uh, warriors and Conans

Hope euphoria can slow dance with society

The driver seat the first one to get killed

Seen a light-skinned nigga with his brains blown out

At the same burger stand where – hang out

Now this is not a tape recorder saying that he did it

But ever since that day, I was lookin at him different

That was back when I was nine

Joey packed the nine

Pakistan on every porch is fine

We adapt to crime, pack a van with four guns at a time

With the sliding door, fuck is up?

Fuck you shootin' for if you ain't walkin' up you fuckin' punk?

Pickin' up the fuckin' pump

Pickin' off you suckers, suck a dick or die or sucker punch

A wall of bullets comin from

AK's, AR's, "Aye y'all. Duck."

That's what momma said when we was eatin' the free lunch

Aw man, God damn, all hell broke loose

You killed my cousin back in '94. Fuck yo truce

Now crawl yo head in that noose

You wind up dead on the news

Ain't no peace treaty, just pieces

BG's up to pre-approve, bodies on top of bodies

IV's on top of IV's

Obviously the coroner between the sheets like the Isleys

When you hop on that trolley

Make sure your colors correct

Make sure you're corporate, or they'll be calling your mother collect

They say the governor collect, all of our taxes except

When we in traffic and tragic happens, that shit ain't no threat

You movin backwards if you suggest that you sleep with a Tec

Go buy a chopper and have a doctor on speed dial, I guess

M.A.A.d city

[Hook]

[Intro/Bridge]

[ScHoolBoy Q]

"YAWK! YAWK! YAWK!"

Swimming Pools (Drank)

[Bridge]

Pour up drank, head shot drank

Sit down drank, stand up drank

Pass out drank, wake up drank

Faded drank, faded drank

[Verse 1]

Now I done grew up

Round some people living their lifes in bottles

Granddaddy had the golden flask

Back stroke every day in Chicago

Some people like the way it feels

Some people wanna kill their sorrows

Some people wanna fit in with the popular

That was my problem

I was in the dark room

Loud tunes, looking to make a vow soon

That I'mma get fucked up, filling up my cup

I see the crowd mood

Changing by the minute and the record on repeat

Took a sip then another sip then somebody said to me

[Hook]

Nigga why you babysitting only two or three shots

I'mma show you how to turn it up a notch

First you get a swimming pool full of liquor then you dive in it

Pool full of liquor then you dive in it

I wave a few bottles then I watch em all flock

All the girls wanna play Baywatch

I got a swimming pool full of liquor and they dive in it

Pool full of liquor I'mma dive in it

[Bridge]

[Verse 2 (Kendrick's conscience)]

(Okay, now open your mind up and listen to me Kendrick

I am your conscience, if you do not hear me

Then you will be history Kendrick
I know that you're nauseous right now
And I'm hoping to lead you to victory Kendrick)
If I take another one down
I'mma drown in some poison abusing my limit
I think that I'm feeling the vibe
I see the love in her eyes, I see the feeling
The freedom is granted as soon as the damage of vodka arrived
This how you capitalize
This is parental advice
Then apparently I'm over influenced by what you are doing
I thought I was doing the most til someone said to me

[Hook and bridge]

I ride you ride bang
One chopper, one hundred shots bang
Hop out, do you bang
Two chopper, two hundred shots bang
I ride, you ride bang
One chopper, one hundred shots bang
Hop out, do you bang
Two chopper, two hundred shots bang

The Recipe

Smoking weed with you
Cause you taught me to

[Verse 1: Dr. Dre]

Every morning when I wake up, **uh**, money on my mind
Good times to get caked up, **uh**, sunshine coming through my blinds
I'm living but, really though, it's never enough
10 milli on, that's a must, living in California
Everybody wanna visit for (**Women, weed and weather**)
They come for (**Women, weed and weather**)
(**For the women, weed and weather**)
From all around the world for the (**Women, weed and weather**)
These niggas'll kill for that, put it in your grill for that
Still everybody gotta build for that, me? I make mills off that
How the fuck y'all can't see I ride, when I drive, down the block and
You look outside, H-A-T-E in your eyes, I enter big money for the enterprise
It's a beautiful day I guess for a bitch to roll with Andre I guess
Roll it up, baby come lift that dress then roll it up for me when I'm stressed

[Hook]

You might catch me in Atlanta looking like a boss
New Orleans and then Miami, party in New York
Texas I be screwed up, Chi town I be really pimping
But nothing like my hometown I'm forever living
Women, weed and weather
(They come for) women, weed and weather
For the women, weed and weather
(From all around the world for the) women, weed and weather
Got that women, weed and weather
Don't it sound clever, come and play
What more can I say? **Welcome to LA**

[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]

My nigga said he wanna fly out to get him
Some, three W's only for a three day **run**, bitch
Take them motherfuckin' panties off, you ain't no **nun**, shit
I be living in the sky everytime I ride by them hoes

Ribbon in the sky on the radio cause Stevie know I control
Let it breathe, I control, California living 'til I am old
You want to be on, to peak on the chart
So the peons can be gone and pee on their hearts
She in the coupe, she in the Neon cause she on the BS before we can start
Fuck with a nigga, ride with a nigga, let 'em know the priority order me
Hennessey and for my niggas OG Killa, call it Jason Voorhees
Boy he's on his job, boy he sure be having the marks on they mark
Pretty bitches and tire marks let 'em inhale them pipe exhausts
Let 'em reveal how much it cost for this life controlling my vice
No way hell no, uh uh, if I'm wrong I don't wanna be right
We want to be on, to peak on the chart
So the peons can be gone and pee on their hearts
Women, weed, weather, it's not my fault
That it's 82 degrees and my top peeled off

[Hook]

Fuck Your Ethnicity

[Intro]

Gather 'round

I'm glad everybody came out tonight

As we stand on our neighborhood corner

Know that this fire that's burning represents the passion you have

Listen

Keisha, Tammy, come up front

I recognize all of you

Every creed and color

With that being said

FUCK your ethnicity

You understand that?

We gon' talk about a lot of shit that concerns you

All of you

(Now everybody, throw your hands up high)

If you don't give a fuck, throw your hands up high

Now everybody, throw your hands up high

If you don't give a fuck, throw your hands up high)

[Hook]

Now I don't give a fuck if you

Black, White, Asian, Hispanic, goddammit

That don't mean shit to me

Fuck your ethnicity, nigga

[Verse 1]

Fire burning inside my eyes

This the music that saved my life

Y'all be calling it hip-hop

I be calling it hypnotize

Yeah, hypnotize

Trapped my body but freed my mind

What the fuck is you fighting for?

Ain't nobody gonna win that war

My details be retail

Man, I got so much in store

Racism is still alive

Yellow tape and colored lines
Fuck that, nigga look at that line
It's so diverse, they getting off work
And they wanna see Kendrick
Everybody can't drive Benz's, and I been there
So it make it my business
To give them my full attention, 10-hut!
Man, I gotta get my wind up
Man, gotta get down with God cause I got my sins up
Matter of fact, don't mistake me for no fucking rapper
They sit backstage and hide, behind the fucking cameras
I mosh pit, had a microphone and I tossed it
Had a brain, then I lost it, I'm out of my mind, so don't
You mind how much the cost is
Penny for my thoughts, everybody, please hold up your wallets
Yeah man, I'm the mailman, can't you tell, man?
Going postal, never freeze up, when I approach you
That's star struck and roast you, oh my...
HiiiPower

[Hook]

Hol' Up

[Verse 1]

I wrote this record while 30 thousand feet in the **air**
Stewardess complimenting me on my nappy **hair**
If I can fuck her in front of all of these passengers
They'll probably think I'm a terrorist
Eat my asparagus, then I'm asking her
Thoughts of a young nigga, fast money and freedom
A crash dummy for dollars, I know you dyin' to meet 'em
I'll prob'ly die in a minute
Just bury me with 20 bitches, 20 million, and a **Comptown fitted**

[Hook]

Hol' up (Hol' up)
Hol' up (Hol' up)
Hol' up (Hol' up)
Hol' up (Hol' up)

Yeah, big shit poppin'
Section 80

[Verse 2]

Back in this bitch in the back of that bitch
With my back against the wall and your bitch on the edge of my dick

Jump-off

I call a bitch a bitch, a ho a ho, a woman a woman
I never did nothing but break the ground on top of the asphalt
Tire mark gave you evidence that
I'm easily peddling with the speed of a lightning bolt
As a kid I killed two adults, I'm too advanced
I lived my 20's at two years old, the wiser man
Truth be told, I'm like '87
Wicked as 80 reverends in a pool of fire with devils holding hands
From the distance, don't know which one is a Christian.. damn
Who can I trust in 2012? There's no one not even myself
A Gemini screaming for help, somebody

[Hook]

Yeah, big shit poppin', everybody watchin'

When you do it like this, nigga, losin' ain't a option

[Hook]

Yeah, big shit poppin'

Ay, Ay, kick her out the studio, Ali

[Verse 3]

24/7 nigga, workin' his ass for it, she poppin' that ass for it

The King of Diamonds wit' diamonds I never do ask for

They checkin' my passport, I'm too accustomed with Customs

She call in the task force, I killed it, somebody cuff 'em

They want me to fast-forward the game, and why you complain

When you niggas is past poor, you'll never hop in my lane

When you pushin' a RAV4, you wreckin' my Jaguar

You play like a bad sport, her feet on the dashboard

[Hook]

Yeah, big shit poppin', everybody watchin'

When you do it like this, nigga, losin' ain't a option

[Hook]

Yeah, big shit poppin', everybody watchin'

When you do it like this, nigga

A.D.H.D

[Hook]

8 doobies to the face

Fuck that

12 bottles in the case

Nigga, fuck that

2 pills and a half weight

Nigga, fuck that

Got a high tolerance

When your age don't exist

[Verse 1]

Man, I swear

My nigga trippin off that shit again

Pick him up, then I set him in

Cold water, then I order someone to bring him Vicodin

Hope to take the pain away

From the feeling that he feel today

You know when you part of Section 80

Feel like no one can relate

Cause you are, you are

A loner, loner

Marijuana, endorphins

Make you stronger, stronger

I'm in the house party trippin off

My generation sippin cough syrup like it's water

Never no pancakes in the kitchen

Man, no wonder our lives is caught up

In the daily superstition

That the world is bout to end

Who gives a fuck? We never do listen

Unless it comes with an 808

A melody and some hoes

Playstation and some drank

Technology bought my soul

Looking around and all I see

Is a big crowd, that's product of me

And they probably relatives

Relevant for a rebel's dream
Yep, her president is black
She black too
Purple label on her back
But that tab
Is light blue, she take it straight to the head
Then she look at me
She got AD-HD

[Hook]

[Bridge]

Like woah oh oh woah (x4)

(Don't got a limit just gimme some more with it)
(Don't got a limit just gimme some more with it)
(They always told me ADHD did it)

[Verse 2]

And then she started
And then she started
Feeling herself like no one else in this apartment
Beg your pardon
Oh I rap baby, how old are you?
She say 22, I say 23
Ok then we all crack babies
Damn, why you say that?
She said where my drink at?
I'mma tell you later, just tell your neighbors
Have the police relax
I stood up, shut the blinds
Closed the screen, jumbotron
Made it to the back, where she reside
Then she said, read between the lines
Yep, hope that I get close enough
When the lights turn down
And the fact that she just might open up
When the new four start to drown
Her body and I, know the both of us really deep in the move now
It's nothing we can do now

Somebody walked in with a pound
Of that Bay Area kush
She looked at me then looked
At it, then she grabbed it
Then she said, get it understood
You know why we crack babies
Because we born in the 80's
That ADHD crazy

[Hook]

[Bridge]

[Outro]

You can have all my shine

I'll give you the light

Double cup, deuce, four, six

Just mix it in Sprite

Ecstasy, shrooms, blow, dro, hoes

Whatever you like

You can have all my shine

I'll give you the light

Tammy's Song (Her Evils)

Don't judge me.

[Verse 1]

I know this girl
She a real good girl
And she be low-key
Looking like a star
With a real nice car
A Mercedes key
She got a nigga
And she love this nigga
Well, at least I think
Everytime we bark
She pay us no mind
In the middle of the street
She be like:

[Hook 1]

Fuck them other niggas cause
I'm down for my nigga
Fuck them other niggas cause
I'm down for my nigga
Fuck them other niggas
I'll ride for my nigga
I'll die for my nigga
Fuck them other...

[Verse 2]

Until one day he wasn't acting right
In the middle of the night
She checked his phone, Erica, right
When he plead the fifth, man, it was on
Matter of fact she gone
Matter of fact Tyrone
Was on speed dial, so when she got home
It was going down, she go:

Chapter Six

Riding with them boys and girls and we're high

All we want to do is have a good time (time)

Young wild and reckless is how we live life (life)

Pray that we make it to twenty one (one, one, one)

Whooooaa, whooooo

We make it to twenty one (one, one, one)

Whooo-aa-aa-oh, aa-aa-oh

Riding with them boys and girls and we're high (high)

All we want to do is have a good time (time)

Young wild and reckless is how we live life (life)

Pray that we make it to twenty one (one, one, one)

Whooooaa, whooooo

We make it to twenty one (one, one, one)

Whooo-aa-aa-oh, aa-aa-oh

I'm glad we were able to talk about her vice and her evils. There's a more important topic I'd like to discuss

The dysfunctional bastards of the Ronald Reagan Era. Young men that learned to do everything spiteful

This is your generation. Live fast and die young. Who's willing to explain this story?

Riding with them boys and girls and we're high (high)

All we want to do is have a good time (time)

Young wild and reckless is how we live life (life)

Pray that we make it to twenty one (one, one, one)

Whooooaa, whooooo

We make it to twenty one (one, one, one)

Whooo-aa-aa-oh, aa-aa-oh

Blow My High (Members Only)

[Hook]

Smoking out, pouring up, keep that lean up in my cup

All my car got leather and wood in my hood we call it buck

Everybody wanna ball, holla at broads at the mall

If he up, watch him fall, I can't fuck with y'all

(Pussy ass ho niggas) I can't fuck with y'all

(Bitches all up in my business) I can't fuck with y'all

(Industry of counterfeits) I can't fuck with y'all

[Verse 1]

Taking off when you landing

Bitch niggas wanna throw tantrums

And I'm dancing on them stars

The galaxy ain't got room for y'all

Ain't nothing gonna happen soon for y'all

While I'm here and every day I hear

Your bullshit, self-pity

Reason why you never dealt with me

Reason why your girl dealt with me

Hands up, in the building we get busy and say

R.I.P. Aaliyah, R.I.P., yep, R.I.P. Aaliyah, R.I.P., yep

That's exactly what this sound like

A to the A to the L-I-Y-A-H, give it up 2 times

Then give it right back, don't blow my high

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Look at my life then look at yours

Get some ambition, why you bored?

Time'll never wait on no man

Society will never hold your hand

Niggas like the gossip, like bitches

Got me thinking you don't like bitches

Wonder what's behind them Ray Bans

Eyes of a coward, I understand

Niggas like the gossip, like bitches

Sip Don Perignon, when we finish, we say

R.I.P. Aaliyah, R.I.P., yep, R.I.P. Aaliyah, R.I.P., yep

That's exactly what this sound like

But never will I ever forget Left Eye

Roll up, put a ribbon in the sky

And a button on your lips, don't blow my high

[Hook]

Now everybody singing this shit

(Computerized Aaliyah)

I'm sending him sending him a four-page letter, and I enclosed with a kiss

And when I write him he better get it on time

(Kendrick Lamar)

Look at my life, and look at yours

Get some ambition while you bored

HiiiPower

[Intro]

Everybody put three fingers in the air
The sky is falling, the wind is calling
Stand for something or die in the morning
Section 80, HiiiPower

[Verse 1]

Visions of Martin Luther staring at me
Malcolm X put a hex on my future, someone catch me
I'm falling victim to a revolutionary song
The Serengeti's clone, back to put you backstabbers
Back on your spinal bone, you slipped your disc
When I slid you my disc, you wanted to diss but jumped on my dick
Grown men never should bite their tongue
Unless you eatin' pussy that smell like it's a stale plum
I got my finger on the mothafuckin' pistol
Aiming it at a pig, Charlotte's web is going to miss you
My issue isn't televised and you ain't gotta tell the wise
How to stay on beat, because our life's an instrumental
This is physical and mental, I won't sugar coat it
You'd die from diabetes if these other niggas wrote it
And everything on TV just a figment of imagination
I don't want plastic nation, dread that like a Haitian
While you mothafuckas waiting, I be off the slave ship
Building pyramids, writing my own hieroglyphs

[Hook]

Just call the shit HiiiPower
Nigga nothing less than HiiiPower
Five-star dishes, food for thought bitches
I mean the shit is, Huey Newton going stupid
You can't resist his HiiiPower
Throw your hands up for HiiiPower

P&P 1.5

[Intro]

(Skit)

"Gina, baby, I don't have no money

And I don't have no ends

Gina, I'm ass-out."

"I'm going through something right now!"

"I done told you that."

[Kendrick Lamar Intro]

Oh, what up ho?

Oh, what up?

I said, oh, what up ho?

Oh, what up?

I said, oh, what up ho?

Oh, what up?

Well alright...

[Hook: Kendrick Lamar]

I'm going through something with life

But pussy and patron make you **feel alright**

Pussy and Patron make you feel alright

Pussy and Patron, that's some **great advice**

(2x)

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

Welcome to my diary, stressin' got me gray hairs

Something to inspire me, rather than society's

Woes, let me go, let me shine a lil' bit love

I want diamonds too, Ronnie on Player's Club

I used to have a 9 to 5, fresh out of school that was 05

That bitch was racist, got me fired

Ever since then, I had no job

Pushin' in my mama van, stop for gas on Rosecrans

Trust me these niggas rushed me for something my cousin probably did

Guilty by association story of my **life, NIGGA!**

You gon make me flip and split yo shit just give me **life, NIGGA!**

Pain since my grandma's death, Uncle killed at Louie's Burgers
Hold my tears I tried my best
Let it go, drenched my pullover
Cycles of a starvin' artist tryna go beyond the margin margin
Maintainin' my modest modest as I dream
So while I go through all this all this bullshit what you call it
Life itself I know it helps let me scroll through my Blackberry
("hey what's up daddy?")

[Hook: Kendrick Lamar]

I'm going through something with life
But pussy and patron make you **feel alright**
Pussy and Patron make you **feel alright**
Pussy and Patron, that's some **great advice**
(2x)

(beat switches up)

(skit)

"So what'd you rush me out here for?

How was your day?

Are you tipsy?"

Mhmm!

[Kendrick Lamar] (Bridge)

All I need in this lifetime: Pussy and Patron
Give me that, once you give me that, once again it's on
Bitch I'm swagged up, hoes bopping when I'm off that screw
Coming down clean, tell your baby mama what it do?
Where your friends at? I got long dick, what it is?
Go on poke it out, situate your little positives
How I live? Big shot, on my grind, all ready
I'mma lay it down like a carpenter, when you let me
When you let me, when you let me
W-when you let me, when you let me...

Alien Girl (Today With Her)

She looks better than Beyonce, Alicia Keys

Halle Berry, Miss Jolie, where's she from? No I.D

That girl's an alien and if I die before I wake

I pray that I'm in outer space, UFO fly away

So let's go-go-go-go, let's go-go-go-go

Let's go-go-go-go, let's go, let's go

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

She got me going, I'm all in, fifty stories, I'm falling

Where you been? Is it planet Mars? Far beyond the stars?

Are you a Martian? You're unfamiliar but still I feel ya

Energy sending me towards the ceiling, I'm high now, are you up there?

If you was, I would climb every other stair, I gotta stare

I mean wow and I'm wowed, no one compares, you must have won

You must have won every pageant in America when you was young

Lips, hips, hair drips down her back, crazy, body frame, crazy

Insane, crazy, the only girl that can make time then make me stop

Michael Jordan

I used to want to be like Michael Jordan
Figure I would make the NBA and make me a fortune

[Hook]

Uh, every time I'm in my city, I be acting like my shit don't stink
Used to clean my Rolie chain with alcohol in the sink
Riding around with niggas that I grew up with since McNair
Bumping me against the world, **hello world, Kendrick here**
And I'm too much for these niggas, **I'm three much for these hoes**
I'm too much for these niggas, **I'm three much for these hoes**
I'm too much for these niggas, **I'm three much for these hoes**
Wayne told me that and that's just how it goes

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

Michael Jordan, bounce-bounce ho, bounce-bounce
This shit make a nigga wanna get some bread or bust a head
Or fuck my enemies bitch, acting bad and getting rich
Pull up on these 26's, I'm a vanity slave
I'm a sinner, Jesus Christ, please forgive me for my ways
I don't know why your bitch want to fuck me
And I don't know why you fuck niggas can't see
I'm a Comp-town representer, a concrete back-flipper A.K.A that nigga
Don't worry, I don't know why your bitch want to fuck me
And I don't know why you fuck niggas can't see
This is Hiii-power since the Eddie Bauer, I've been popular
I'm popping now, every other hour, paparazzi come
You jocking the let her be a ho, why you stopping though?
We stopping the traffic, what you know about them hockey pucks?
Skating on 'em, why you hating on 'em? You should learn from 'em
Seen too many of y'all getting money, **know my turn coming**
I don't know why your bitch want to fuck me
I don't know why...hey, wait a minute motherfucker

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]

Man, the game chose me, **what am I to do?**

The only thing I did wrong was make it possible
I diddy bop and make them fitties pop
Out there on my bumper like a city cop
Walking out the Fred Segal, put my girl on it
Ass so fat, probably sit the world on it
Aye, pussy crazy, pussy crazy, you fuck niggas, you pussies crazy
Man, I know I can't tell you about the world homie
But I know I can tell you about your girl homie
Her pussy's crazy, her pussy crazy, I fuck nigga, I know you hate me
I know they pay me too much of attention
Bring my name up, it gotta be mentioned
I need me an engine that go real fast, call it hall/haul of fame once it haul ass
Give me tall glass, Coconut Ciroc, please, no soda pop
I make my soda pop, life's a bitch, her pussy crazy but I make that pussy pay me

[Hook]

[Bridge]

Michael Jordan bitch, Michael Jordan bitch, Michael Jordan bitch
Michael Jordan bitch, that means I'm too much for these niggas
I'm three much for these hoes, Wayne told me that...

H.O.C.

[Intro]

H.O.C, H.O.C

All the real smokers get me H.O.C

All the real smokers get me H.O.C

H.O.C, H.O.C

All the real smokers get me H.O.C

H.O.C

[Verse 1]

Everybody know I spit that other shit

Shit that make you duck for cover shit

Shit that make you hop out your seat and slap your mother shit

Especially when Drop drop the beat

I drop jewels like my nuts dropped out of my briefs

Jump in the booth and shatter every rapper's dream

They jump in a sauna because I killed their self esteem

That's a jab, you should bob and weave

Like Pam when Martin pulled jokes out his sleeve

I go in studio sessions and feel like a nerd

Cuz I'm the only nigga there not smokin' no herb

You tellin' me the kush make you think on level 4?

I'm on 5. You sayin' that I can level more?

In high school my teachers thought I was smokin' stress

Didn't know my eyes low cuz of genetic defects

I stimulate my mind every time I think about the end of time, creation of man and
Columbine

[Hook]

Bet you think that this some high shit that I wrote

Probably think I'm off the kush or hydro

I don't even smoke (x3)

I really appreciate that you share your indo

But a sip of Henny is the farthest I would go

I don't even smoke (x3)

Cut You Off (To Grow Closer)

[Intro: Kendrick Lamar]

Ali, you thirsty on Twitter!

You boo-boo, you T'd, you turned down, you thirsty, you boo-boo!

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

Uh, I'm tryna learn something new

I'm tryna find myself, I'm searchin deep for Kendrick Lamar

I read about Napoleon Hill and try to know God

They say He the key to my blessings

And if I speak the good into existence, that instant my dreams will unlock

Money flow like water, I'll just wait at the dock

And by the way I'mma start

Finding more light to shed

Like a small garage in your backyard

I'm back chillin with a friend of mine

She mighty fine but I notice that her heart resides next to bitterness

Always hollering who she don't like, and who she kick it with

Who she wanna fight, who wearin a weave, who Dooney & Bourke bag is fake, who holdin' the keys to the car she drove last year

Or who f*ckin' on who, need a pap smear

Gettin on my nerves, but before yo negative energy curve, b*tch I'mma cut you off

[Hook: Kendrick Lamar]

Cause everytime you come around

You be hollerin' that "Whoop-de-whoop, blah-zay-blah

He say, she say." Oh my God

Shut the fuck up!

.. ho

Everytime you come around

You be hollerin' that "Whoop-de-whoop, blah-zay-blah, he say, she say."

[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]

Unh

I'm tryna learn somethin new

I'm tryna surround myself with people that inspire me

Or at least inquire similar desires

To do what it T-A-K-E just to reach the T-O-P

I'm talkin ideas , motivation
It's more than making, enemies, my n*gga
Oh that's not your Memo ?
Then tell me why you constantly stressin on how you well connected like centipedes, my
nigga ?
I function with you and you flaunt your pistol
Every second tell me how you pressed em at the Monte Crystal
Where so&so from , and what neighborhoods beefin
Who baby momma's a rat, and who got killed last weekend
That shit is mad depressin, bringin me down
Speak on somethin with some substance that can get us both paid rather than tellin me
how these niggas jockin yo style
Or his rims ain't bigga

Pussy, nigga

I'mma cut you off

[Hook: Kendrick Lamar]

Cause everytime you come around

You be hollerin that whoop de whooop, blah ze blaaaah

He say, she say, oh my God

Shut the f* up !

.. scary ass !

Everytime you come around

You be hollerin that whoop de whooop, blah ze blaaah, he say/she say...

She Needs Me

One time, reporting live, Compton, California

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

She go to work, she go to school, her body smooth, no tattoos
Type of girl that'll make your mother feel comfortable
My pops love her too, she's compatible, she's independent
She handle her business, she believe in God and no other religions
She's never in competition, when it comes to her friends, she's dependable
She set her own trends, a confidant, a mediator, so sweet, every flavor
Just a conversation with her doing you a favor, look at her hips, I want to be her pager
Conservative, affirmative, actually she relaxing in sweats and bobby pins
The beauty of her, a blind man can see, a true queen and she needs me

She needs me, she needs me, she needs me, she needs me

The beauty of her, swear to God, a blind man can see, a true queen and she needs me

[Hook: Javonte]

That girl is smoking, and can you believe that I'm her focus?

It ain't hard to see she got me open, and together we are rollercoasting on

[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]

Five years later, an accounting major, work at a firm
Abundance of paper, she got a career, she look in the rear
-view mirror of a Mercedes that she can steer
Call her boss, executive meetings, consecutive trips, vacational weekends
Dior reeking through her Prada dress, probably the only product of a pure success
Got a promotion, now she own the building
Headed to the top like she on the building, real estate, property
She order tender steak, only one mouth to feed, funded a youth center
Invested in some stock, doubled what she put in, then bought a restaurant
Oh what a girl, how great life can be, and though she got the world, she needs me
She needs me, she needs me, she needs me, she needs me
Oh what a girl, I wonder how her life can be, and though she got the world, she needs me

[Hook]

ASAP Rocky - Fuckin' Problems

[Hook: 2 Chainz, Drake, and A\$AP Rocky]

I love bad bitches, that's my **fucking problem**

And yeah I like to fuck, I got a **fucking problem**

I love bad bitches, that's my **fucking problem**

And yeah I like to fuck I got a **fucking problem**

I love bad bitches, that's my **fucking problem**

And yeah I like to fuck, I got a **fucking problem**

If finding somebody real is your **fucking problem**

Bring your girls to the crib maybe we can solve it

[Verse 3: Kendrick Lamar]

Yeah ho, this the **finale**

My pep talk turn into a **pep rally**

Say she from the hood but she live inside in the valley now

Vaca'd in Atlanta, then she goin' back to Cali, mmm

Got your girl on my line, world on my line

The irony, I fuck em at the same damn time

She eyeing me like a nigga don't exist

Girl, I know you want this di-

Girl, I'm Kendrick Lamar

AKA Benz is to me just a car

That mean your friends-es need be up to par

See my standards are pampered by threesomes tomorrow, mmm

Kill em all dead bodies in the hallway

Don't get involved, listen what the crystal ball say

Halle Berry, hallelujah

Holla back I'll do ya, beast

Look Out For Detox

Tire marks, tire marks
Finish line with the tire marks
When the relay starts I'm a runaway slave
Ugh, walking on water and running on waves
God MC Oh my God you gotta see
There's never no I's in me
Of an Odyssey, I'm a block away
Fire marshal's moving in
Marshmallows inside my pen
Sweet sixteens
Got a sweet sixteen and they deadlier than sin
I'm so appalled
I'm the prototype with a godly protocol
You an amateur, they wanna pro to call
I damage ya on camera, in Compton, in Canada
I don't care where ya are
Just blink twice and I'm there where you are
Like a shadow in the dark, you a paddle in the boat
In an ocean full of sharks bout to come up short
Water in the pot, flow crack rock like Bam Bam nigga
Have two grams nigga pay up or blam blam nigga
Had a black Camry, bumpin' Dipset, Killa Cam nigga
I had been around niggas, killas, pimps
You ain't been around shit but your momma and your bitch
Jumped off the porch when I was like six
Uncle Bobby got the house raided back in 9-6
Kick in the door
K9's all in the kitchen way before I even heard of Mike Vick
Momma in the bathroom poppa at work
Happened on Sunday we shoulda went to Church
Look at my shirt, Polo on it
It's gon' sell if my logo on it
I fear no opponent
A demon come near and I might throw a spear at the omen
You looking at the 2010 Romans
Empire, Hiiipower HP, in ya face like HD
And I spit like a HK

I'mma shot like a H3, H-U-B-C-I-T-Y, A-B and Y-G
Problem and Hootie nigga
Tell the government come shoot me, nigga
Cause I'm going out with a fist raised
And a fist full of money give it to a fifth grade
Drink a fifth of Hennessy and then take another fade
With a democratic politician from CA
They don't wanna see a B-L-A-C-K
Making some scratch like a hall of fame DJ
Give us some free J's put us in PJ's
Now we in the county jail calling for a three-way
God-Damn, y'all cold
Mark of the beast wear your god damn bar-code
Stuck in the street where it's dark like Harpo
Black man tell me where your God-Damn heart go
Although I'm in the land of milk and honey
Nobody never gave me shit, when I got my first chain
All the niggas tried to take it from me
I had to fight back and shit
Get it back and shit
And you rap niggas looking funny tryna talk back and shit
Like he back that shit
Acting like you real or something
Nigga ain't popped no steel, ain't popped no Calico
Go pop some pills or something
You trying real hard to appeal to someone
I'm being myself, my BFF is a BM-dub
With your BM in it and your stash box glove
And a medicine a doctor gave a nigga won't help
I'm at the limit where I be amazing myself
I bet I finish on a level with a Black belt
I bet I hit it where every rapper get killed, like
Bla bla bla bla where the knife at?
Cut cut cut where your life at?
Your careers over, he's slumped over
And if I'm off beat know I'm un-sober

Westside, Right on Time

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

I woke up this morning with my dick on hard
Didn't know why 'til I said fuck all y'all
Or fuck this world, or I'mma fuck that girl
Good Kid, m.A.A.d city watch my day unfurl
I put my life in these sentences
Fucking right it's either that or life sentences
I'm relatives with Benjamin
I used to give a fuck about my luck when I was innocent
Now what the fuck is up I'm at your neck like a pendleton
Nigga I need that bitch I need that
24 acres & a mule best believe that
They say he got smoked like where the weed at
And everything you hope bitch nigga we that
Pockets on Kelly Price back when it was '95
Buy a strap and then we cock it back when it's uncircumcised
Write a rap on how we just react when shotty hit the spine
Give you dap and then we slide through your hood 3 dozen times
So what's good I'm looking for a pedicure
Pink pussy that pop, preferably the kind that don't stink
Uhh, Bomb ass head uhh 'til she can't blink
And her eyes get watery you gotta pardon me

[Hook: Kendrick Lamar]

I'm so damn turnt, wheelin' in a two door with two hoes that follow me
And you know Westside, right on time, tell 'em hoes kudos
Eastside, right on time, they don't fuck with you though
When my hood, getting to the money, the pedal never broke
Came a long way from the ghetto dawg but
Westside, right on time, only thing fosho
Eastside, right on time, gunnin' through your door uhh

Cartoon & Cereal

[Intro]

I wanna hit line drives...

Wanna lose weight and keep eating...

For you...

Hey, whats up doc?

[Bridge]

Now I was raised in a sandbox, next to you and her

You was holding the handgun, she was giving birth

To a baby boy to be just like you, I wonder what's that worth

I-I wonder if you ever knew that you was a role model to me first

The next day I-I woke up in the morning, seen you on the news

Looked in the mirror, then realized I-I-I had something to prove

You told me "Don't be like me, just finish watching cartoons"

Which is funny now cause all I see is Wile E. Coyotes in the room

[Hook: Kendrick Lamar and Gunplay]

And I run it, (Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow!), and I run it, (Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow!)

And I run it, (Yeah! Blow!), and I run it, (Yeah! Blow!)

That's ironic, (Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow!), I run it, (Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow!)

That's ironic, (Y-Yeah! Blow!), I run it, (Yeah! Blow! Yeah!)

Salt all in my wounds

Hear my tears all in my tunes

Let my life loose in this booth

Just for you, mothafucka, hope y'all amused

And I run it, (Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow!), and I run it, (Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow!)

And I run it, (Y-Yeah! Blow!), and I run it (Yeah! Blow!) That's ironic

[Interlude]

Liberation...leader...

Popular pie plant pictured here...

Wile E. Coyote! Wile E. Coyote!

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

This shit make a nigga just wanna write

Reminisce when I had the morning appetite

Apple Jacks and after that I hit the TV Guide

Animaniac the only thing that gave me peace of mind
I'm a maniac when aiming at the enemy that lied
Tell a story that I'll never glory 25
Not to worry, every warrior will come and see euphoria
And that's a covenant I put on every tribe
Ain't nobody gon' **tie your shoe**
Nobody gon' abide **by your rule**
Nobody holding your gun, how come your tongue say killa then **kill my mood**
Light speed living in the world you know
Little old me, feeling like a live wire
Bet I put some new tires on a lightning bolt
'Til I wreck into a pole, like a right to vote
I'm from the bottom of the jungle
Living in the bottom of the food chain
When you get a new chain, nigga take it from you
A new name, want stripes, and you a zebra look-alike
Hope another homicide don't numb you and none do
Things we will never learn soon
In the era where we wanna earn soon
That's a error, you can smell it in the air and everybody really doomed
That's why I'm backdooring you motherfuckas
All y'all can suck my dick
All them days at the county building
Now I'm 'bout to make my mama rich
Cartoons and (cereal!) I ain't felt this good since
Scrooge McDuck, (here we go!) Elementary hood shit

[コメント]

- ※ 赤字の部分は、オーディエンスが確実に合唱している部分です。
- ※ 枠で囲ってある部分は、状況によってオーディエンスが合唱している部分です。
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info@yapparihiphop.com