For the Homies

Kendrick Lamar

[Intro]
And this is for the homies
I'm talking bout the swap meets, Rollie
Chain-wearing niggas with the white tee
Baby tell the truth, yeah you know we...[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]
Somebody get ready to pass me the hit of that endo, I'm tryna get blown
I'm tryna get turned up like the fifteens in my Cadillac brown
Looking for E.T. to phone home
Tadow, the flavor I kick reminisce the good days
Thinking back when we used to run in the swap meet for the Rollie chains
Pro Club t-shirts, whiter than Anglo-Saxons
Make it a 1X-Tall, crispy with the cotton fashion
That's fashion if you come where I'm from
Compton California, One love to the murder capital under the sun
Young niggas running around the street with heat bigger than me
But I don't trip, I still dip like salsa to a chip
Rolling down Rosecrans to scoop up my man, A-Mack
He talking about some foolishness on how we can pick up on some hoes, believe that
And so I scooped him round 3:30, Telling me it's all good
Tiger Woods, Now we looking for the birdy birdies
Stopped at the sto' to get some rubbers
Pulled up on the breezies, Well what do you know? I think they love us[Hook]
And this is for the homies
I'm talking bout the swap meets, Rollie
Chain-wearing niggas with the white tee
Baby tell the truth, yeah you know we got it going on
And if you feel good (hey)
Raise your hands high and throw up your hood (hey)
Represent the city like you know you should (hey)
I want to make sure that you understood we got it going on
(Is that right? Is that right?) We got it going on
(Is that right? Is that right?) We got it going on
(Is that right? Is that right?) We got it going on
(Is that right? Is that right?) We got it going on[Verse 2]
As I continue my day, quite copacetic
Headed to my momma's house to see what them greens are talking bout, hungry as hell
Had the right grub, I bail, need some gas
ARCO station on Avalon, a relative hit me up as he rolled past
We used to stand in line for Jordans, excited we got 'em

Rocking platinum FUBU jeans with rubber bands tied to the bottom
Throwback jerseys, Chamberlain and James Worthy was two of my favorites
I might pull out the green Larry Bird on special occasions
But anyway I'm steady coasting, smoking on that Hiroshima
Ashtray got a million roaches, I'm focussed but feeling good
The homies hanging on the sixties and Monte Carlos
Impalas and Tahoes, shoot something nigga, break that fifty
I'm grabbing the city like I'm supposed to
Making my presence felt like Christmas day, what can I say?
Every vocal is spoken with the wisdom of a G
If you can't relate then please have a seat[Hook][Verse 3]
So, wherever you located, won't you let it be known
And put on for the soil of which you was grown
I put on like brand new Chuck Taylors
While giving you cuts like fresh tapers
I'm such a fool with it, go nuts
You bullshitting like Tuck, the bounce then untuck
The bounce then throw up, a rare jewel, you duck
Take 'em to school I must, this for the cool in us
This ain't for you, so what?!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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