

DUCKWORTH.

Kendrick Lamar

It was always me versus the world
Until I found it's me versus me
Why, why, why, why?
Why, why, why, why?
Just remember what happens on earth stays on earth!
We gon' put it in reverse Darling I told you many times
And I am telling you once again
Just to remind you sweetheart that myâ€™Oh Lamar, Hail Mary and marijuana, times is hard
Pray with the hooligans, shadows all in the dark
Fellowship with demons and relatives, I'm a star
Life is one funny mothafucka
A true comedian, you gotta love him, you gotta trust him
I might be buggin', infomercials and no sleep
Introverted by my thoughts
Children listen, it gets deep
See once upon a time inside the Nickerson Garden projects
The object was to process and digest poverty's dialect
Adaptation inevitable, gun violence, crack spot
Federal policies raid buildings and drug professionals
Anthony was the oldest of seven
Well respected, calm and collected
Laughin' and joking made life easier
Hard times, momma on crack
A four-year-old telling his nanny he needed her
His family history pimpin' and bangin'
He was meant to be dangerous
Clocked him a grip and start slangin'
Fifteen scrapin' up his jeans with quarter pieces
Even got some head from a smoker last weekend
Dodged a policeman workin' for his big homie
Small time hustler, graduated to a brick on him
Ten thousand dollars out of a project housing
That's on the daily, seen his first mil twenty years old
Had a couple of babies, had a couple of shooters
Caught a murder case, fingerprints on the gun
They assumin', but witnesses couldn't prove it
That was back when he turned his back
And they killed his cousin
He beat the case and went back to hustlin'

Bird shufflin', Anthony rang
The first in the projects with the two-tone Mustang
That 5.0 thing, they say 5-0 came
Circlin' parkin' lots and parking spots
And hoppin' out while harrasing the corner blocks
Crooked cops told Anthony he should kick it
He brushed them off and walked back
To the Kentucky Fried Chicken
See at this chicken spot
There was a light-skinned nigga that talked a lot
With a curly top and a gap in his teeth
He worked the window, his name was Ducky
He came from the streets the Robert Taylor Homes
Southside Projects, Chiraq, the Terror Dome
Drove to California with a woman on him and 500 dollars
They had a son hoping that he'd see college
Hustlin' on the side with a nine to five to freak it
Cadillac Seville, he'd ride his son around on weekends
Three-piece special with his name on the shirt pocket
'Cross the street from the projects
Anthony planned to rob it
Stuck up the place before back in '84
That's when affiliation was really eight gears of war
So many relatives telling us, selling us devilish works
Killing us crime, intelligent, felonious
Prevalent proposition with nines
Ducky was well aware, they robbed the manager
And shot a customer last year
He figured he'd get on these niggas good sides
Free chicken every time Anthony posted in line
Two extra biscuits, Anthony liked him and then let him slide
They didn't kill him, in fact it look like
They're the last to survive
Pay attention, that one decision changed both of they lives
One curse at a time, reverse the manifest
And good karma and I'll tell you why
You take two strangers
And put 'em in random predicaments
Give 'em a soul so they can
Make their own choices and live with it
Twenty years later them same strangers
You make 'em meet again
Inside recording studios where they reaping their benefits
Then you start reminding them 'bout that chicken incident
Whoever thought the greatest rapper

Would be from coincidence
Because if Anthony killed Ducky
Top Dawg could be servin' life
While I grew up without a father and die in a gunfight
So I was taking a walk the other day

Songwriters

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DOUTHIT

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