

# Good Kid

## Kendrick Lamar

[Chorus]

Mass hallucination baby  
Ill education baby  
Want to reconnect with your elations  
This is your station baby Look inside these walls and you see them having withdrawals  
Of a prisoner on his way  
Trapped inside your desire  
To fire bullets that stray  
Track a tire just tell you I'm tired and ran away  
I should ask a choir what do you require  
To sing a song that acquire me to have faith  
As the record spin I should pray  
For the record I recognize that I'm easily prey  
I got ate alive yesterday  
I got animosity building  
It's probably big as a building  
Me jumping off of the roof  
Is just me playing it safe  
But what am I supposed to do  
When the topic is red or blue  
And you understand that I ain't  
But know I'm accustomed to  
Just a couple that look for trouble  
And live in the street with rank  
No better picture to paint than me walking from bible study  
And called his homies because he had said he noticed my face  
From a function that taken place  
They was wondering if I bang  
Step on my neck and get blood on your Nike checks  
I don't mind because one day you'll respect  
The good kid, m.A.A.d. city [Chorus] All I see is strobe lights  
Blinding me in my hindsight  
Finding me by myself  
Promise me you can help  
In all honesty I got time to be copacetic until  
You had finally made decision to hold me against my will  
It was like a head on collision that folded me standing still  
I can never pick out the difference  
And grade a cop on the bill

Every time you clock in the morning  
I feel you just want to kill  
All my innocence while ignoring my purpose  
To persevere as a better person  
I know you heard this and probably in fear  
But what am I supposed to do  
With the blinking of red and blue  
Flash from the top of your roof  
And your dog has to say roof  
And you ask, "Lift up your shirt"  
Cause you wonder if a tattoo  
Of affiliation can make it a pleasure to put me through  
Gang files, but that don't matter because the matter is racial profile  
I heard them chatter: "He's probably young but I know that he's down"  
Step on his neck as hard as your bullet proof vest  
He don't mind, he know he'll never respect  
The good kid, m.A.A.d. city[Chorus]All I see in this room  
20 Xanies and these 'shrooms  
Grown-up candy for pain  
Can we live in the same society  
It's entirely stressful upon my brain  
You hired me as a victim  
I quietly hope for change  
When violence is the rhythm  
Inspired me to obtain  
The silence in this room  
With 20 Xanies and 'shrooms  
Some grown-up candy I lost it  
I feel it's nothing to lose  
The streets sure to release the worst side of my best  
Don't mind, 'cause now you ever in debt  
To good kid, m.A.A.d. city[Chorus]

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