

Real (Feat. Anna Wise Of Sonnymoon)

Kendrick Lamar

I do what I wanna do
I say what I wanna say
When I feel, and I
Look in the mirror and know I'm there
With my hands in the air
I'm proud to say yea
I'm real, I'm real, I'm really really realI promise that I know you very well
Your eyes never lie even if they tell
Sweet lullabies that come with a smell
Of a dozen roses flippin' down the green hill
You living in a world that come with plan B
'Cause plan A never relay a guarantee
And plan C never could say just what it was
And your plans only can pan around love
You love him, you love them, you love her
You love so much, you love when love hurts
You love red-bottom and gold they say queen
You love hand-bag on the waist of your jean
You love french tip and trip that pay for
You love bank slip that tell you we paid more
You love a good hand whenever the card dealt
But what love got to do with it when you don't love yourselfI do what I wanna do
I say what I wanna say
When I feel, and I
Look in the mirror and know I'm there
With my hands in the air
I'm proud to say yea
I'm real, I'm real, I'm really really realI promise that I know you very well
Your eyes never lie even if they fell
Out the sky and your optics? turn stale
Where they mow that's green
I can see you fit the bill
Of living in a world that come with Plan B
Cause Plan A only can make another mistake
And you can't see success coming from plan C
When it all breaks you, you still say you're lovely
And love them and love when you love her
You love so much, you love when love hurts
You love fast cars and dead presidents old

You love fast women
 You love keepin' control
 Of everything you love, you love beef
 You love streets, you love runnin', duckin' police
 You love your hood, might even love it to death
 But what love got to do with it when you don't love yourself? I do what I wanna do
 I say what I wanna say
 When I feel, and I
 Look in the mirror and know I'm there
 With my hands in the air
 I'm proud to say yea
 I'm real, I'm real, I'm really really real The reason why I know you very well
 Cause we have the same eyes can't you tell
 The days I tried to cover up and conceal
 My pride, it only made it harder for me to deal
 When living in a that come with plan B
 A scapegoat cause plan A don't come for free
 And plan C just an excuse like because
 Or the word "but", but what if I got love
 I love them, I love when I love her
 I love so much, I love when love hurts
 I love first verse cause you're the girl I attract
 I love second verse cause your the homie they packed
 Burning like a stove top, they love cooking from scratch
 I love what the both of you have to offer
 In fact, I love it so much
 I don't love anything else
 But what love got to do with it when I don't love myself
 To the point I should hate everything I do love
 Should I hate living my life inside the club
 Should I hate her for watching me for that reason
 Should I hate him for telling me that I'm season
 Should I hate them for telling me ball out
 Should I hate street credibility I'm talkin' about
 Hatin' all money, power, respect in my will
 I'm hatin' the fact that none of that shit make me real I do what I wanna do
 I say what I wanna say
 When I feel, and I
 Look in the mirror and know I'm there
 With my hands in the air
 I'm proud to say yea
 I'm real, I'm real, I'm really really real Sing my song, it's all for you

Songwriters

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