U.O.E.N.O.

Black Hippy

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]
I fucked up the rap game and you ain't even know it
I just fucked what's her name and you ain't even know it
She got a *censored* tattoo and you ain't even know it
We about to form a little groupie and you ain't even know it, let's get it
Stuck in a rock and a hard place
Eminem, Pac and where God stay
Timberlands pop that jaw bone
Now bitch nigga tell me how that tar taste
And even Tarzan can get swung on,
I never hung out with the loud mouth
You got a foul mouth
And that dead body gon' smell foul when it fouls out
She filed my nails in the Bahamas
We found ourselves in the Bahamas
She found God, meditation and peace
I found myself without a condom
You know everybody having them babies
It's a beautiful thing it ain't crazy
If a rapper monogamous, you know what the problem is?
Too many bitches got rabies
And I hate a ho hoppin' woman
Stank pussy-poppin' woman
You fuckin' fool don't know about you
But my dick need 70 years on it
Anything after that is just a bonus
And I been in the lab with my opponents
And since Sway done swayed that list
He got a flatscreen the next morning
Tell 'em I need my credit when it's due
Tell 'em I need my lettuce when it's new
Tell 'em I got a fetish for fine fabric Franklins and saying, "Fuck you"
Tell 'em it's TDE 'til I'm DDT'd in that grave
And Top Dawg is proof
'til my nigga Whoo Kid get free, ain't shit comin' for free
I'm 'bout to rape you niggas 'til you recoup[Verse 2: ScHoolboy Q]
It's a groovy nigga, that's all day, Backwood hold, three grams
Got a six-shooter, that revolver spinning, shell stuck inside, but won't jam
This hoody here about two stacks, hell yeah that bitch could gon' go ham

Molly in her drink, but she asked me to and oh yeah I got this on cam
Gangsta nigga, no trap beats, bet I still sound like that new shit
Originality in my blueprint, still Figg side, Figuero pimp
Her big ass where my palm hit, pull my dick out, she gon' balm it
Swag surfin' all through the world, slide through the sea on a comet
O-X-Y for these morons, that be that new shit I'm pushin'
Raise off of them pockets, bring more of them coffins
These niggas ain't popping, tell them old niggas to move on
Aw damn I done said it, all them can beheaded[Verse 3: Ab-Soul]
She ain't single but she solo, you ain't even know it
Unsigned with sold out shows, you ain't even know it
My lips black but they ain't chapped, she ain't even know that
Let's have sex, she said, "Yes", you know she ain't "no" that
Seed of life on my chest, my head next to her breast
My mind all in the clouds, just bought an ounce of the best
No talking when I'm off that loud
I came quick so she pissed
You know I'm good for another round
But it's hard when everybody on your dick
Know real niggas that's crips, I know real niggas that's bloods
Know real niggas that's thugging like you ain't know what's up
Got codeine in my cup, got a couple checks that need cashing
And you could take that to the bank, what's life without a balance?
You ain't even know it, nigga I be everywhere you ain't even going
I thought it was snowing, but I'm just the coldest nigga out here flowin'
Sick of all that bullshit y'all been promoting, but
Carson in the motherfucking house
Del Amo, watch your motherfucking mouth
I took the game by storm, just to X men out
I'm crazy out my mind, I put my life on the line
The tortoise only makes progress when his neck sticks out
Just a little token of gold if you ain't know it, though[Verse 4: Jay Rock]
Respect, I get the utmost
I'm so dope I'm a walking kilo
36 Os, you don't even know I'm gettin' cheese like Cheetos
You mad that we BMFing, bitch-ass niggas steady PMSing
I never show my hands, can't know my plans
Gotta keep them guessing
Rock, I was off the scene
Now a nigga back like a four and a half
Shooting up the set like Spielberg
See the big picture when them hammers flash
I don't post a lot on Instagram
That's the quickest way they'll get you man
Leave that shit for the bitches man

Alphabet boys, they'll get your ass
IRS, they was on a nigga
Cashed them out, not I'm scot-free
Got my passport in my JanSport, now I'm overseas
You don't even know it
Rock been killin' this shit, no gloves, no mask on me
Just 100 thousand cash on me
Back then, I was doing bad, homie
All my bitches bad now
My old hoes try to keep tabs on me
Safe to say I'm the man now
Fuck ass nigga just stand down
'Fore the shots go up and it's man down
Hands down, still popping
No prescription, I'm flexing
Suplex a pussy, I've been off the edge
Too late to push me, nigga I ain't fell off
Used to move Frosted Flakes like Kellogg's
Pull up to the bank, count paper like tellers
Top Dawg, Money Gang, bitch, we've been on
Clothesline the beat, nigga, John Cena
Been having stripes, can't walk in my Adidas
Kicked in the door, hand on the Nina
Black Hippy shit, rock gon' bleed 'em

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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/