

Average Joe

Kendrick Lamar

The hardest thing for me to do
Is to get you, to know me, within sixteen bars
That's the hardest thing

Who is K. Dot? A young nigga from Compton
On the curb writing raps next to a gun shot
On the corners where the gangsters and the killers dwell
The fraudulent tender scars that get unveiled
Everyone I knew was either crip or piru
Cousins in elementary, relatives in high school
With that being said, each one of their rivals
Was aiming something at my head, I needed survival
Got jumped, got jacked, shot at, shot back
And I don't even push a line, I'm just tryna push these rhymes
In the midst of staying neutral and discrete
My momma said you're judged by the company you keep
But what you can consider, that if it goes down
They'll kill you if you kill me, it gets deep nigga
So if you ask what I'm doing
I'm tryna duck the influence of my city that's blue-and, real talk, and

[Chorus]

This is why they fuck with me (real talk nigga, believe it)
This is why they fuck with me (do what I do, y'know?)
I'm no gangster, no killer, I'm just your average Joe (know that)
But one thing you should consider, I'm the realest you know

I was walking from Centennial
When an unidentified vehicle rolled up, and I was like hol' up
Where you from? "I don't bang"
Where you stay? "Westside", that's a piru gang to be exact
Well aware they had blue across they hat
Dropped backpack and ran inside of the cul-de-sac
Shots rang out, hoping to God I wasn't wet
Crossed to cross Rosecrans and ran inside of the yet
Chirped the homies on the I-95, they said they already knew
What happened, and meet 'em outside the garage
Never seen that many guns in my life
I was paranoid like a fiend in the night, but needed revenge

Grabbed the nine-ball, opened up the door, then got in
Somebody said fall back, we gon' make these niggas suffer
You my brother like a frat, and that's just to remind you
Thought about that so long I had failed my finals, fuck, but

[Chorus]

I don't do black music, I don't do white music
I do everyday life music
Give 'em cuts like a nigga pierced a knife through it
You say you through, but I've been through it, now that's cold
And this is for my county building children
In Hub City on hubcaps, no power-steering
I use perseverance in this mad city
Where the niggas drink Remy and hold semis for cutthroats
Bernie Mac died, it's no joke
Don't ask why if you don't know about these killers and thieves
Seven grams of weed, you smoke that, but I'm high off life
I could fall out the sky like twice
And land in the land of the AKs
And the minivans where the fan never on
Cause it's hotter than a lunatic's underarms in a straitjacket
In other words, we get it cracking, but I keep it cool, y'know?

[Chorus]

So there you have it
But I'mma leave you with this
An O.G. once told me
A real gangster is either dead or in jail
Or behind the scenes getting real money
I'm gone

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