Cross Trainers

Kendrick Lamar

I got my cross-trainers on, motherfucker, I run shit
All I do is rap, make dough for the dumb shit
The return of that 808 trunk hit
Cash in my palm, I'mma pass the baton, go!
Cross trainers on my motherfuckin' feet (go!)
Cross trainers on my motherfuckin' feet (go!)
Cross trainers on my motherfuckin' feet
Cash in my palm, I'mma pass the batonYou be on that fuck shit, I'm tryin' to make bucks quick
Don't talk to me if money ain't the subject
93's laced up, we about to run shit
Mibbs right beside me, BeYoung got the blunt lit
Shawn on the cut, Swiff D on the drum kits
Standin' on your table with a bottle and a drunk bitch
Fallin' all over spillin' drinks, tryin' to tongue kiss
Money over hoes, so you know I ain't the one, Miss
Take her home, make her moan, and when I get done: (switch!)
Pass her off like a basketball
Stay with dimes, I'm like Nash to y'all
My living room look like a casting call
Don't be bringing hoes with Noassatall
A sweet talkin' nigga, ask your mom
My nigga, that's your squad?
We treat line-ups like that's Lebron
Push backwards like the bush whackers
We ain't just kush rappers - we max it out like FootAction
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Cash in my palm, I'mma pass the batonNigga hand over fist, bring some cash in this bitch
Y'all niggas picture near puttin' swag in your spliffs
My niggas cop the 7 just to laugh at the 6
Like "nigga, do you know how much ass I'mma get?"
Wrote a plan out, let's dip, we can market and sing
Put that cash in a stash, save that part for the rent
Only way niggas swingin' is to target the fence

That's why everything we're singing hit the target like Prince, man
I'm talkin' vanity and "Can it be?"'s
Stickin' to the strategy, how simple can it be?
Niggas comin' home we gon' put them on the salary
Niggas think they cold 'til we push our shit to Calgary
Yea, you're who-blah and your shoe rot
You're too shy to be Rah Rah, your due ska
You're new job from Calgary to the new spot
Threw that Tupac on, but couldn't ride like we used 'ta
Used up, you're new guy's shoe size
Drew ties, never move pies move lines
She do lines why we shoot rhymes, shoo fly
Don't bother the father, just let me do mineI got my cross-trainers on, motherfucker, I run shit
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Cash in my palm, I'mma pass the batonIt's notorious, peep it
Y'all niggas is Victoria's Secret
Soft as Mom's lingerie
It's a man's world boy, put the pom-poms away
It's only right we got our palms on LA
Cause if Pac was alive, you'd get bombed on today
Bombs bombs away, like 'Bron 'Bron and Wade
We been had next, now it's our time to play, niggaYour false prophets will never jump in my pockets
You're poppin' your gums and I'm poppin' your optics
Optimus Prime when I'm done
And the topic of music is me
And the logic is usually
You should stop in and grab a degree
In the science of how to emcee
And I'm watchin' the critics critique
When I'm climbing the valleys and peaks
And aligning myself
While I'm riding Orion's belt
In the street and defiling this beat
As a dead bitch that lay at my feet
This is King shitI got my cross-trainers on, motherfucker, I run shit
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Cash in my palm, I'mma pass the baton
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