

# Mortal Man

## Kendrick Lamar

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

The ghost of Mandela, hope my flows they propel it  
Let these words be your earth and moon you consume every message  
As I lead this army make room for mistakes and depression  
And with that being said my nigga, let me ask this question When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?  
When shit hit the fan (one two, one two)  
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?  
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan? The ghost of Mandela, hope my flows they propel it  
Let these words be your earth and moon you consume every message  
As I lead this army make room for mistakes and depression  
And with that being said my nigga, let me ask this question When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?  
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?  
Want you look to your left and right, make sure you ask your friends  
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan? Do you believe in me? Are you deceiving me?  
Could I let you down easily, is your heart where it need to be?  
Is your smile on permanent? Is your vow on lifetime?  
Would you know where the sermon is if I died in this next line?  
If I'm tried in a court of law, if the industry cut me off  
If the government want me dead, plant cocaine in my car  
Would you judge me a drug kid or see me as K. Lamar  
Or question my character and degrade me on every blog  
Want you to love me like Nelson, want you to hug me like Nelson  
I freed you from being a slave in your mind, you're very welcome  
You tell me my song is more than a song, it's surely a blessing  
But a prophet ain't a prophet til they ask you this question: When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?  
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?  
Want you look to your left and right, make sure you ask you friends  
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan? The ghost of Mandela, hope my flows they propel it  
Let these words be your earth and moon you consume every message  
As I lead this army make room for mistakes and depression  
And with that Do you believe in me? How much you believe in her?  
You think she gon' stick around if them 25 years occur?  
You think he can hold you down when you down behind bars hurt?

You think y'all on common ground if you promise to be the first?  
Can you be immortalized without your life being expired?  
Even though you share the same blood is it worth the time?  
Like who got your best interest? Like how much are you dependent?  
How clutch are the people that say they love you and who pretending?  
How tough is your skin when they turn you in, do you show forgiveness?  
What brush do you bend when dusting your shoulders from being offended  
What kind of den did they put you in when the lions start hissing  
What kind of bridge did they burn, revenge or your mind when it's mentioned?  
You wanna love like Nelson, you wanna be like Nelson  
You wanna walk in in his shoes but you peace-making seldom  
You wanna be remembered that delivered the message  
That considered the blessing of everyone, this your lesson for everyone, say When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?

When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?  
Want you look to your left and right, make sure you ask you friends  
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan? The voice of Mandela, hope these flows they propel it  
Let my word be your earth and moon you consume every message  
As I lead this army make room for mistakes and depression  
And if you ridin' with me nigga I been wrote off before, I got abandonment issues  
I hold grudges like bad judges, don't let me resent you  
That's not Nelson-like, want you to love me like Nelson  
I went to Robben's Island analyzing, that's where his cell is  
So I could find clarity, like how much you cherish me  
Is this relationship a fake or real as the heavens be?  
See I got to question it all, family, friends, fans, cats, dogs  
Trees, plants, grass, how the wind blow  
Murphy's Law, generation X, will I ever be your ex?  
Floss off a baby step, mobbed by the mouth a bit  
Pause, put me under stress  
Crawled under rocks, ducking y'all, it's respect  
But then tomorrow, put my back against the wall  
How many leaders you said you needed then left 'em for dead?  
Is it Moses, is it Huey Newton or Detroit Red?  
Is it Martin Luther, JFK, shooter you assassin  
Is it Jackie, is it Jesse, oh I know, it's Michael Jackson, oh When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?  
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?  
That nigga gave us Billie Jean, you say he touched those kids?  
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan? The ghost of Mandela, hope my flows they propel it  
Let my word be your earth and moon you consume every message  
As I lead this army make room for mistakes and depression  
And if you riding with me nigga, let me ask this question nigga I remember you was conflicted  
Misusing your influence  
Sometimes I did the same  
Abusing my power, full of resentment

Resentment that turned into a deep depression  
Found myself screaming in the hotel room  
I didn't wanna self destruct  
The evils of Lucy was all around me  
So I went running for answers  
Until I came home  
But that didn't stop survivor's guilt  
Going back and forth trying to convince myself the stripes I earned  
Or maybe how A-1 my foundation was  
But while my loved ones was fighting the continuous war back in the city  
I was entering a new one  
A war that was based on apartheid and discrimination  
Made me wanna go back to the city and tell the homies what I learned  
The word was respect  
Just because you wore a different gang color than mines  
Doesn't mean I can't respect you as a black man  
Forgetting all the pain and hurt we caused each other in these streets  
If I respect you, we unify and stop the enemy from killing us  
But I don't know, I'm no mortal man, maybe I'm just another niggaShit and that's all I wrote  
I was gonna call another nigga but, it ain't really a poem,  
I just felt like it's something you probably could relate to.  
Other than that, now that I finally got a chance to holla at you,  
I always wanted to ask you about a certain situa  
About a metaphor actually, you spoke on the ground.  
What you mean 'bout that, what the ground represent?The ground is gonna open up and swallow the evil.  
That's how I see it, my word is bond.  
I see and the ground is the symbol for the poor people,  
The poor people is gonna open up this whole world  
And swallow up the rich people.  
'Cause the rich people gonna be so fat, they gonna be so appetizing,  
You know what I'm saying, wealthy, appetizing.  
The poor gonna be so poor and hungry  
You know what I'm saying it's gonna be like  
There might be some cannibalism out this mutha, they might eat the richAight so let me ask you this then,  
Do you see yourself as somebody that's rich  
Or somebody that made the best of their own opportunities?I see myself as a natural born hustler,  
A true hustler in every sense of the word. I took nothin'  
I took the opportunities, I worked at the most menial and degrading job  
And built myself up so I could get it to where I owned it.  
I went from having somebody manage me  
To me hiring the person that works my management company.  
I changed everything I realized my destiny in a matter of five years  
You know what I'm saying I made myself a millionaire.  
I made millions for a lot of people now it's time to make millions for myself,  
You know what I'm saying.

I made millions for the record companies,  
I made millions for these movie companies, now I make millions for us  
And through your different avenues of  
success  
How would you say you managed to keep a level of sanity?  
By my faith in God, by my faith in the game,  
And by my faith in all good things come to those that stay true.  
You know what I'm saying, and it was happening to me for a reason  
You know what I'm saying, I was noticing,  
I was punching the right buttons and it was happening.  
So it's no problem, you know I mean it's a problem but I'm not finna let them know.  
I'm finna go straight through  
Would you consider yourself a fighter at heart  
Or somebody that only reacts when they back is against the wall?  
I like to think that at every opportunity  
I've ever been threatened with resistance it's been met with resistance.  
And not only me but it goes down my family tree.  
You know what I'm saying, it's in my veins to fight back  
Aight well, how long you think it take before niggas be  
like,  
We fighting a war, I'm fighting a war I can't win and I wanna lay it all down  
In this country a black man only  
have like 5 years we can exhibit maximum strength  
And that's right now while you a teenager  
While you still strong or while you still wanna lift weights,  
While you still wanna shoot back.  
'Cause once you turn 30 it's like they take the heart and soul out of a man  
Out of a black man in this country.  
And you don't wanna fight no more.  
And if you don't believe me you can look around,  
You don't see no loud mouth 30-year old muthafuckas  
That's crazy, because me being one of your offspring of  
the legacy you left behind  
I can truly tell you that there's nothing but turmoil goin' on  
So I wanted to ask you what you think is the future for me and my generation today?  
I think that niggas is tired-a  
grabbin' shit out the stores  
And next time it's a riot there's gonna be bloodshed for real  
I don't think America can know that  
I think American think we was just playing and it's gonna be some more playing  
But it ain't gonna be no playing.  
It's gonna be murder, you know what I'm saying,  
It's gonna be like Nat Turner, 1831, up in this muthafucka.  
You know what I'm saying, it's gonna happen  
That's crazy man. In my opinion only hope that we kinda have left  
Is music and vibrations  
Lotta people don't understand how important it is.  
Sometimes I be like, get behind a mic  
And I don't know what type of energy I'mma push out,  
Or where it comes from. Trip me out sometimes  
Because the spirits, we ain't really rappin'  
We just letting our dead homies tell stories for us  
Damn  
I wanted to read one last thing to you.  
It's actually something a good friend had wrote describing my world.  
It says "The caterpillar is a prisoner to the streets that conceived it

Its only job is to eat or consume everything around it, in order to protect itself from this mad city  
While consuming its environment the caterpillar begins to notice ways to survive  
One thing it noticed is how much the world shuns him, but praises the butterfly  
The butterfly represents the talent, the thoughtfulness, and the beauty within the caterpillar  
But having a harsh outlook on life the caterpillar sees the butterfly as weak  
And figures out a way to pimp it to his own benefits  
Already surrounded by this mad city  
The caterpillar goes to work on the cocoon which institutionalizes him  
He can no longer see past his own thoughts  
He's trapped  
When trapped inside these walls certain ideas start to take roots  
Such as going home, and bringing back new concepts to this mad city  
The result?  
Wings begin to emerge, breaking the cycle of feeling stagnant  
Finally free, the butterfly sheds light on situations  
That the caterpillar never considered, ending the eternal struggle  
Although the butterfly and caterpillar are completely different  
They are one and the same."What's your perspective on that?  
Pac, Pac, Pac

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