

Sex With Society

Kendrick Lamar

(This, this, this)
(Should be played at high volume)
(Preferably in a residential...)
Life's a bitch, life's a bitch
But I'ma keep the pussy wet (Yep)
I'ma keep the pussy wet (Yep)
I'ma keep the pussy wet
I'ma keep the pussy wet
My dick hard, her pussy wet

[Kendrick Lamar - Verse 1] And I'm born with my dick in the earth, you can tell me how much am I worth

I'ma die with my heart on my sleeve, many die on their hands and their knees

And I'm takin' whatever I need, and I'm rapin' the government fees

And you're wastin' your time, and I'm speakin' my mind on whatever I think

And I think that I'm Richard Pryor with priors of 32 fiends

And that means that I here fly higher, tell me why are you starin' at me?

Matta fact, man, your eyes is wired, you inspired by Kendrick the king

Maybe it's 'cause I'm livin' my dream, man, I sing what I'm livin' about

And the words that come out of my mouth, they requires a random routine

Of being organic granite, then my access is granted

To represent the shit that I conceive, and I guarantee that I'ma bring

My mind, body, soul and I sold all these records off bein' myself

And I wish you can do the same thing, man, it's easier than a stripper

Or tyin' a baby shoestring, you stringing along

And really why you writing a song? Your passion for music is never in sync

No secret societies guided me to the world of unseen

And they tell me life is a bitch, who gives a shit? You can believe

I'ma keep the pussy wet (Yep)

I'ma keep the pussy wet (Yep)

My-my dick hard, her pussy wet

I'ma keep the pussy wet (Yep)

(Hi, ho!) I came

(Bye, ho!) I went (We-we-went-went)

(Hi, ho!) I ca-came

(Bye, ho!) I went

(Hi, ho!) I came

(Bye, ho!) I went

(Bitch-bitch-bitch-bitch-bitch-bitch-bitch-bitch-bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch)

[Kendrick Lamar - Verse 2] And I see that you envy of me, enemy ghosts don't prosper

Better yet, they do die eventually, if I'm at the event you will leave
'Cause you know and I know that I go ham even if Muslims is seen
In my rearview I'm near you, but I don't hear you, can you hear this breathe?
Wit' an oxygen mask, and the masses keep sayin' I'm speakin' for them
And if you can imagine my madness, then you can see where I've been
And the places the Louis has been, and I swear I been doin' this when
You was in pajamas, watchin' B-B-Barney a-and Friends
And you couldn't harm me even with ten, weapons of your choice ridin' in
Army tanks, you shot blanks, and I shot back, make your duplex bend
What the fuck you think? If I don't think, then I'm right back where the city sin
What the fuck you drink? Thinkin' I can't write these raps in the Lions' Den
When I hear that you lyin', then? It's murder, she wrote, ain't no hope
You go downhill, man, where's your slope? Get thrown downhill tied to a rope
Told the world to put intervals, man, I swear this the Hannibal
And they tell me that life is a bitch, who gives a shit when you know?
[Hook]And I see that you envy of me-me-me-me-me
Don't prosper, better yet, they do die eventually-ly-ly
'Cause you know and I know that I go ham even if Muslims is seen
In my rearview I'm near you...

(Hi, ho!)

(Bye, ho!)

(Hi, ho!)

(Bye, ho!)

(Hi, ho!)

(Bye, ho!)

(Hi, ho!)

(Bye, ho!)

(Hi, ho!)

(Hi, ho!)

(Hi, ho!)

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