

# Ronald Reagan Era (feat. RZA X Ab-Soul)

## Kendrick Lamar

We're far from good  
Not good from far  
90 miles per hour down Compton Boulevard  
With the top down, screaming we don't give a fuck  
Drink my 40 ounce of freedom while I roll my blunt  
Cause the kids just aint alright Oh shit nigga  
Somethin' bout to happen  
Nigga this shit, nigga this sound like 30 keys under the compton court building  
Hope the dogs don't smell it Welcome to vigilante  
802s so don't you ask me  
I'm hungry my body's antsy  
I'll rip through your fucking pantry  
Peeling off like a? examine my orchestra  
Granny said when I'm old enough  
I'll be sure to be all I can be  
You niggas Marcus Camby, washed up  
Pussy fix ya panties  
I'm Mr. Marcus, you gettin' fucked, ugh  
You ain't heard nothing harder since Daddy Kane  
Take it vain, Vicodins couldn't ease the pain  
Lightening bolts hit ya body, you thought it rained  
Not a cloud in sight, just the shit that I write strong enough  
To stand in front of a traveling freight train  
Are you trained, to go against Dracula  
Dragging the record industry by my fangs  
AK clips, money clips and gold chains  
You walk around with a P90 like it's the 90's  
Bullet to your temple your homicide'll remind me Them Compton crip niggas aint nothing to fuck with  
Bompton Piru's aint nothing to fuck with  
Compton es?'s aint nothin' to fuck with  
But they fuck with me and bitch I love it Whopty whoop, woopy woop woop  
Whopty whoop, woopy woop woopy woop woop  
(California dungeons)  
Whopty whoop, woopy woop woop  
Whopty whoop, woopy woop woopy woop woop  
(California dungeons) Lets hit the county building gotta catch my check  
Spend it all to a 40 ounce to the neck  
And in retrospect I remember December being the hottest  
Squad cars, neighborhood wars and stolen monsters

I tell you mothafuckers that life is full of hydraulics  
Up and down, get 64 better know how to drive it  
I'm driving on E with no license or registration  
Heart racin' racing past johnny because he's racist  
1987, the children of Ronald Reagan raped the leaves off your front porch  
With a machine blow torch

He blowing on sess, hoping to ease the stress  
He copping some blow hoping that it can stretch  
New born massacre, hoppin' out the passenger  
With calendars cause your date coming  
Run 'em down them he gun em down  
I'm hoping that you fast enough

Even the legs of Michael Johnson don't mean nothin' because Them Compton cripp niggas aint nothing to fuck  
with

Bompton Piru's aint nothing to fuck with  
Compton es?'s aint nothin' to fuck with

But they fuck with me and bitch I love it Whopty whoop, wopty woop woop  
Whopty whoop, wopty woop wopty woop woop  
(California dungeons)

Whopty whoop, wopty woop woop  
Whopty whoop, wopty woop wopty woop woop  
(California dungeons) Can't detour when you at war with your city

Why run for?

Just ride with me, just die with me  
That gun store, right there

When you fight, don't fight fair

Cause you'll never win Can't detour when you at war with your city

Why run for?

Just ride with me, just die with me  
That gun store, right there

When you fight, don't fight fair

Cause you'll never win

Yeah yeah yeah Woah woah wo-wo-wo-woah

Woah woah wo-wo-wo-woah

Songwriters

DANTE PERKINS, DONTE PERKINS, KENDRICK LAMAR Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents  
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>