

# Real (ft. Anna Wise)

## Kendrick Lamar

I do what I wanna do  
I say what I wanna say  
When I feel, and I  
Look in the mirror and know I'm there  
With my hands in the air  
I'm proud to say yea  
I'm real, I'm real, I'm really really realI promise that I know you very well  
Your eyes never lie even if they tell  
Sweet lullabies that come with a smell  
Of a dozen roses flippin' down the green hill  
You living in a world that come with plan B  
'Cause plan A never relay a guarantee  
And plan C never could say just what it was  
And your plans only can pan around love  
You love him, you love them, you love her  
You love so much, you love when love hurts  
You love red-bottom and gold they say queen  
You love hand-bag on the waist of your jean  
You love french tip and trip that pay for  
You love bank slip that tell you we paid more  
You love a good hand whenever the card dealt  
But what love got to do with it when you don't love yourselfI do what I wanna do  
I say what I wanna say  
When I feel, and I  
Look in the mirror and know I'm there  
With my hands in the air  
I'm proud to say yea  
I'm real, I'm real, I'm really really realI promise that I know you very well  
Your eyes never lie even if they fell  
Out the sky and your optics? turn stale  
Where they mow that's green  
I can see you fit the bill  
Of living in a world that come with Plan B  
Cause Plan A only can make another mistake  
And you can't see success coming from plan C  
When it all breaks you, you still say you're lovely  
And love them and love when you love her  
You love so much, you love when love hurts  
You love fast cars and dead presidents old

You love fast women  
    You love keepin' control  
    Of everything you love, you love beef  
    You love streets, you love runnin', duckin' police  
    You love your hood, might even love it to death  
But what love got to do with it when you don't love yourself? I do what I wanna do  
    I say what I wanna say  
    When I feel, and I  
    Look in the mirror and know I'm there  
    With my hands in the air  
    I'm proud to say yea  
I'm real, I'm real, I'm really really real The reason why I know you very well  
    Cause we have the same eyes can't you tell  
    The days I tried to cover up and conceal  
    My pride, it only made it harder for me to deal  
    When living in a that come with plan B  
    A scapegoat cause plan A don't come for free  
    And plan C just an excuse like because  
    Or the word "but", but what if I got love  
        I love them, I love when I love her  
        I love so much, I love when love hurts  
        I love first verse cause you're the girl I attract  
        I love second verse cause your the homie they packed  
    Burning like a stove top, they love cooking from scratch  
        I love what the both of you have to offer  
        In fact, I love it so much  
        I don't love anything else  
But what love got to do with it when I don't love myself  
    To the point I should hate everything I do love  
    Should I hate living my life inside the club  
    Should I hate her for watching me for that reason  
    Should I hate him for telling me that I'm season  
    Should I hate them for telling me ball out  
    Should I hate street credibility I'm talkin' about  
        Hatin' all money, power, respect in my will  
I'm hatin' the fact that none of that shit make me real I do what I wanna do  
    I say what I wanna say  
    When I feel, and I  
    Look in the mirror and know I'm there  
    With my hands in the air  
    I'm proud to say yea  
I'm real, I'm real, I'm really really real Sing my song, it's all for you

Songwriters

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