

A.D.H.D. (Slow Mix)

Kendrick Lamar

Fuck that, eight doobies to the face
Fuck that nigga twelve bottles in the case nigga, fuck that
Two pills and a half, wait nigga, fuck that
Got a high tolerance when your age don't exist
Man, I swear my nigga trippin off that shit again
Pick him up, then I set him in
Cold water, then I order someone to bring him Vicodin
Hope to take the pain away
From the feeling that he feel today
You know when you part of section 80
And you feeling like no one can relate
'Cause you are, you are
A loner, loner
Marijuana, endorphins make you stronger, stronger
I'm in the house party trippin' off
My generation sippin' cough syrup like its water
Never no pancakes in the kitchen
Man, no wonder our lives is caught up in the daily superstition
That the world is bout to end who gives a fuck? we never do listen
Unless it comes with an 808, a melody and some hoes
Playstation and some drank, technology bumping soul
Looking around and all I see is a big crowd, that's product of me
And they probably relatives relevant for a rebel's dream
Yep, the president is black
She black too purple label on her back but that dap
is light blue, she take it straight to the head
Then she look at me, she got ADHDEight doobies to the face
Fuck that nigga twelve bottles in the case nigga, fuck that
Two pills and a half, wait nigga, fuck that
Got a high tolerance when your age don't exist like whoa
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoaAnd then she started
And then she started feeling herself like no on else in this apartment
Beg you pardon oh I rap baby, how old are you?
She say 22, I say 23 OK then we all crack babies
Damn, why you say that?
She said where my drink at?
I'mma tell you later, just tell your neighbors have the police relax
I stood up, shut the blinds closed the screen, Jumbotron
Made it to the back, where she reside
Then she said, read between the lines

Yep, hope that I get close enough when the lights turn down
And the fact that she just might open up when the new flow start to drown
Her body and I, know the both of us really deep in the move now
It's nothing we can do now
Somebody walked in with a pound
Of that Bay Area kush
She looked at me then looked
At it, then she grabbed it then she said, get it understood
You know why we crack babies
Because we born in the 80s that ADHD crazyEight doobies to the face
Fuck that nigga twelve bottles in the case nigga, fuck that
Two pills and a half, wait nigga, fuck that
Got a high tolerance when your age don't exist like whoa
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoaYou can have all my shine
I'll give you the light
Double cup, deuce, four, six
Just mix it in Sprite
Ecstasy, shrooms, blow, dro, hoes
Whatever you like
You can have all my shine
I'll give you the light

Songwriters

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