

The Heart Part 4

Kendrick Lamar

Don't tell a lie on me
I won't tell the truth 'bout you
Don't tell a lie on me
I won't tell the truth 'bout you 30 millions later, my future favors
The legendary status of a hip-hop rhyme savior
Travel round the atlas in this spaceship candy-coated
My day shift's been devoted to fuckin' up bundles of paper
Pi equals 3.14
The devil's pie is big enough to justify the whole thing
Wait up
Lampin' in Jamaica, the cloud's turnin', my thought's turnin'
Burnin' castor oil, I been determined to make an earnin'
This seed in this soil is classified
I'm satisfied when I strategize my kid's future
I ain't sanctified enough to say that I won't shoot ya
I done vandalized the industry full circuit
The earthiest slash thirstiest nigga you know versus this
Scum of a land that transcend two surfaces
The richer the poorer, the bigger the picture
The more blood pours, but Don't tell a lie on me
I won't tell the truth 'bout you
Don't tell a lie on me
I won't tell the truth 'bout you My fans can't wait for me to son ya punk ass and crush your whole lil shit
I'll Big Pun ya punk ass, you a scared little bitch
Tiptoein' around my name, nigga, ya lame
And when I get at you, homie, don't you just tell me you was just playin'
Oh I was just playin' with you K-Dot, c'mon
You know a nigga rock with you, bro
Shut the fuck up, you sound like the last nigga I know
Might end up like the last nigga I know
Oh, you don't wanna clash? Nigga, I know
I put my foot on the gas, head on the floor
Hoppin' out before the vehicle crash, I'm on a roll
Yellin', "One, two, three, four, five
I am the greatest rapper alive"
So damn great, motherfucker, I've died
What you hearin' now is a paranormal vibe
House on the hill, house on the beach, nigga (facts)
A condo in Compton, I'm still in reach, nigga (facts)

I'm fresh out the water I'm 'bout to breach, nigga
The five-foot giant woke up out of his sleep, nigga
Oh yeah, oh yeah, more cars, more leers
More bars, no peers, no scars, no fear, fuck y'all, sincere
I heard the whispers, I curved the whispers, you know what the risk is
Earth indigenous, ya body reverting to stiffness
The whole world goin' mad
Bodies is adding up, market's about to crash
Niggas is fake rich, bitches is fake bad
Blacks that act white, whites that do the dab
Donald Trump is a chump, know how we feel, punk
Tell 'em that God comin'
And Russia need a replay button, y'all up to somethin'
Electorial votes look like memorial votes
But America's truth ain't ignorin' the votes
It's blasphemy, how many gon' blast for me?
I prophesied on my last song, you laughed at me
Oh, when the shit get brackin', don't you ask for me
How many leaders gon' tell you the truth after me?
G Malone big bro, kudos to him
I was 2 Os from a M, tryna be big as Em
30 millions later my future favors
The legendary status of a hip-hop rhyme savior
Salmon and capers, fame and lawsuits
You looking at me in Chucks, I'm looking at y'all suits
Me and Top Dawg playing rock-paper-scissors in court
And real hustler lose money just to go get some more
I said it's like that, drop one classic, came right back
'Nother classic, right back
My next album, the whole industry on the ice pack
With TOC
You see the flames and my E-Y-E's
It's not a game and the whole world is going mad, daddy
It's sad, daddy
My only advice? Go and get you a bag, daddy
Lee Baca, on trial tryna portray a boxer
Beatin' up on my niggas while the COs watch 'em
Tables turned, lesson learned, my best look
You jumped sides on me, now you 'bout to meet Westbrook
Go celebrate with your team and let victory vouch you
Just know the next game played, I might slap the shit out you
Technical foul, I'm flagrant, I'm foul
They throwin' me out, you throw in the towel
Look at the crowd, they (Nah, I don't like that)
Look at my smile, I'm smirking

Calm but urgent (That ain't the style, fuck)
So many verses, you live in denial (Fuck)
So many verses, I never run out, what?
You making him nervous, the music is loud
Hoe, Jay Z Hall of Fame, sit your punk ass down (Sit yo' punk ass down)
So that means you ain't bigger than rapping (What else?)
So that means no more playing the backseats (What else?)
My spot is solidified if you ask me (What else?)
My name is identified as "that king"
I'll let y'all worry about a list, I'm on some other shit
A difference between accomplishments and astonishments
You know what time it is, ante up, this is in forever
Y'all got 'til April the 7th to get ya'll shit together

Songwriters

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