

Black Boy Fly (Prod. Dawaun Parker & Rakhi)

Kendrick Lamar

So I'm saying "What up what up. Nigga you made it."
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So I'm saying "What up what up. Nigga you made it."
So I'm saying "What up what up. Nigga I hate it."
So I'm saying "What up what up. Nigga I hate it." Frustrated and I'm riding down the back streets
Making my conscious ask me
"Would I survive to make it up out this hole in time?"
Black boy fly
Black boy fly
Black-black boy fly
Black boy fly I used to be jealous of Aaron Afflalo
I used to be jealous of Aaron Afflalo
He was the one to follow
He was the only leader foreseeing brighter tomorrows
He would live in the gym
We was living in sorrow
Total envy of him
He made his dream become a reality
Actually making it possible to swim
His way out of Compton with further more to accomplish
Graduate with honors, a sponsor of basketball scholars
It's 2004 and I'm watching him score thirty
Remember vividly how them victory points had hurt me
'Cause every basket was a reaction or a reminder
That we was just moving backwards
The bungalow where you find us
The art of us ditching classes heading nowhere fast
Stick my head inside the study hall, he focused on math
Determination ambition, plus dedication and wisdom
Qualities he was given was the shit we didn't have
Dug inside of his book bag and Coach Palmer asked for his finals
He had his back like a spinal meanwhile
We singing the same old song spinning the vinyl
Eleven graders gone wrong
He focused on the NBA we focused on some Patron
Now watch that black boy fly Black boy fly
Watch that black boy fly
Black boy fly
Watch that black boy fly

Black boy fly
Watch that black boy fly
Black boy I used to jealous of Jayceon
I used to jealous of Jayceon, Taylor when I was young
Taylor made a career out of music from writing songs
A Buick had driven past bumping him when I mowed the lawn
Money laundering hustling, homies pondering up against
Schemes to make a million even if doing you harm
War's the case and just in case you wasn't alarmed
The city had fought with firearms and many had died before dawn

Its 2004 and I'm hearing the people roar
For the name of The Game they line in front of the store
Swap meets selling our mixtapes I'm like oh shit, wait
Don't wanna be another nigga stuck regretting mistakes
Mixed feelings was my opinion I was defending my insecurities
Chillin' my conscience next to a villain
Compton made you believe success wasn't real
Be honest, none of us knew of a record deal
So as I peel through these lottery tickets

I see a Harley Davidson truck visit the same plaza we shopped
A tall nigga hopped out with Jordan's and a white tank top
He was top of the rap game, we was the top of the block
So watch that black boy flyBlack boy fly

Watch that black boy fly
Black boy fly
Watch that black boy fly
Black boy fly
Watch that black boy fly
Black boy fly
Watch that black boy fly
Black boy fly
Like most of the winners call it

Black boyMy mama didn't raise me up to be jealous hearted
Regardless of where you stay, hold your head and continue marching
That's what she said but in my head I wanted to be like Jordan
A boy touring the country with money from mic recording
The only way out the ghetto, you know the stereotype
Shooting hoops or live on the stereo like top forty
And shortly, I got discouraged

Like every time I walked to the corner had them guns bursting
Nigga, I was rehearsing in repetition the phrase
Only one in a million will ever see better days
Especially when the crime waves was bigger than tsunamis
Break your boogie boards to pieces you just a typical homie
All these niggas facetious and they all standing beside me
They all will buy me a chopper if any one of you try me
What am I to do when every neighborhood is an obstacle
When two niggas making it out had never sounded logical

Three niggas making it out, that's mission impossible
So I never believed the type of performance that I can do
I wasn't jealous 'cause of the talents they got
I was terrified they'll be the last black boys to fly
Out of ComptonThank God
Black boy fly, watch that black boy fly

Songwriters

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