Ronald Reagan Era (his Evils)

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 niggas
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 aint 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 travelling 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 902s
Bullet to your temple your homocide'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

Whoopty whoop, woopty woop woop
Whoopty whoop, woopty woop woopty woop woop

(California dungeons)
Whoopty whoop, woopty woop woop
Whoopty whoop, woopty woop woopty 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, neighbourhood 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 stress, 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

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(California dungeons)
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(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

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