

Wesley's Theory

Kendrick Lamar

When the four corners of this cocoon collide
You'll slip through the cracks hoping that you'll survive
Gather your wind, take a deep look inside
Are you really who they idolize?
To pimp a butterfly
At first, I did love you
But now I just wanna fuck
Late night thinkin' of you
Until I got my nut
Tossed and turned, lesson learned
You was my first girlfriend
Bridges burned, all across the board
Destroyed, but what for?
When I get signed, homie I'mma act a fool
Hit the dance floor, strobe lights in the room
Snatch your little secretary bitch for the homies
Blue eyed devil with a fat ass smokey
I'mma buy a brand new Caddy on fours
Trunk the hood up, two times, deuce four
Platinum on everything, platinum on wedding ring
Married to the game, made a bad bitch yours
When I get signed homie I'mma buy a strap
Straight from the CIA, set it on my lap
Take a few M-16s to the hood
Pass 'em all out on the block, what's good?
I'mma put the Compton swap meet by the White House
Republican, run up, get socked out
Hit the press with a Cuban link on my neck
Uneducated but I got a million dollar check, like that
We should never gave, we should never gave
Niggas money go back home, money go back home
We should never gave, we should never gave
Niggas money go back home, money go back home
At first, I did love you
But now I just wanna fuck
Late night thinkin' of you
Until I got my nut
Tossed and turned, lesson learned
You was my first girlfriend
Bridges burned, all across the board
Destroyed, but what for?
Yo what's up? It's Dre
Remember the first time you came out to the house?
You said you wanted a spot like mine

But remember, anybody can get it
The hard part is keeping it, motherfucker
What you want you? A house or a car?
Forty acres and a mule, a piano, a guitar?
Anything, see, my name is Uncle Sam on your dollar
Motherfucker you can live at the mall
I know your kind (That's why I'm kind)
Don't have receipts (Oh man, that's fine)
Pay me later, wear those gators
Cliche and say, fuck your haters
I can see the borrow in you
I can see the dollar in you
Little white lies with a snow white collar in you
But it's whatever though because I'm still followin' you
Because you make me feel forever baby, count it all together baby
Then hit the register and make me feel better baby
Your horoscope is a gemini, two sides
So you better cop everything two times
Two coupes, two chains, two c-notes
Too much and enough both we know
Christmas, tell 'em what's on your wish list
Get it all, you deserve it Kendrick
And when you get the White House, do you
But remember, you ain't pass economics in school
And everything you buy, taxes will deny
I'll Wesley Snipe your ass before thirty-five
Lookin' down is quite a drop (It's quite a drop, drop)
Lookin' good when you're on top (When you're on top you got it)
A lot of metaphors, leavin' miracles metaphysically in a state of euphoria
Look both ways before you cross my mind
We should never gave, we should never gave
Niggas money go back home, money go back home
We should never gave, we should never gave
Niggas money go back home, money go back home
Tax man comin'

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