H.O.C

Kendrick Lamar

H.O.C, H.O.C
All the real smokers give me H.O.C
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H.O.C, H.O.C
All the real smokers give me H.O.C
H.O.C

Everybody know I spit that other shit
Shit that make you duck for cover shit
Shit that make you hop out your seat and slap your mother shit
Especially when Drop drop the beat
I drop jewels like my nuts dropped out of my briefs
Jump in the booth and shatter every rapper's dream
They jump in a sauna because I killed their self esteem
That's a jab, you should bob and weave
Like Pam when Martin pulled jokes out his sleeve
I go in studio sessions and feel like a nerd
Cuz I'm the only nigga there not smokin' no herb
You tellin' me the kush make you think on level 4?
I'm on 5. You sayin' that I can level more?
In high school my teachers thought I was smokin' stress
Didn't know my eyes low cuz of genetic defects
I stimulate my mind every time I think about the end of time, creation of man and Columbine

[Chorus]
Bet you think that this some high shit that I wrote
Probably think I'm off the kush or hydro
I don't even smoke (x3)
I really appreciate that you share your indo
But a sip of Henny is the farthest I would go
I don't even smoke (x3)

Look, nowadays everybody think they're big chiefers
Just cuz they heard that new tape from Wiz Khalifa
Knowing damn well they can't hit the sour
They're new booties, they probably need baby powder
My skill shower over your city for 40 days
40 nights - off the chain like freedom of slaves
Before you get it twisted like 40 gays

My flow worth the earth, that's not to be appraised
Those the type of lines that I'm talkin' bout
You know the type of rhymes you don't talk about
Copy my session on a disc when the session ends
So my momma can have it and play it for her friends
Brag on me like my son's about to win
Somehow some day and I don't care when
I might hit the gin once a month
I'll let you inhale, like an atheist

Uhh, I'll take you back to the 9th grade
When Dough Boy had me high for 4 days
That's my nigga he a street nigga
Probably in your hood fuckin' up your street, nigga
But anyway I think it was some purple
Told me don't hit it hard because it'll hurt you
I didn't listen
I was floatin' like the Rose Parade, swear to god a nigga seem some flying fishes
That was the Vegas trip, Hooters sponsored
The same time I start writing like a fuckin' monster
I'm Frankenstein every time this motherfucker ponders
Just underline every letter capital K-D-O-T layin' it flat out
Like a tire with slow leaks now what you bout?
Nothing huh
Am I a square cause I don't puff a square?
Are my raps too blunt to hit the blunt?
Yeah

[Chorus]

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