

Real (Feat. Anna Wise)

Kendrick Lamar

I do what I wanna do
I say what I wanna say
When I feel, and I
Look in the mirror and know I'm there
With my hands in the air
I'm proud to say yea
I'm real, I'm real, I'm really really realI promise that I know you very well
Your eyes never lie even if they tell
Sweet lullabies that come with a smell
Of a dozen roses flippin' down the green hill
You living in a world that come with plan B
'Cause plan A never relay a guarantee
And plan C never could say just what it was
And your plans only can pan around love
You love him, you love them, you love her
You love so much, you love when love hurts
You love red-bottom and gold they say queen
You love hand-bag on the waist of your jean
You love french tip and trip that pay for
You love bank slip that tell you we paid more
You love a good hand whenever the card dealt
But what love got to do with it when you don't love yourselfI do what I wanna do
I say what I wanna say
When I feel, and I
Look in the mirror and know I'm there
With my hands in the air
I'm proud to say yea
I'm real, I'm real, I'm really really realI promise that I know you very well
Your eyes never lie even if they fell
Out the sky and your optics? turn stale
Where they mow that's green
I can see you fit the bill
Of living in a world that come with Plan B
Cause Plan A only can make another mistake
And you can't see success coming from plan C
When it all breaks you, you still say you're lovely
And love them and love when you love her
You love so much, you love when love hurts
You love fast cars and dead presidents old

You love fast women
You love keepin' control
Of everything you love, you love beef
You love streets, you love runnin', duckin' police
You love your hood, might even love it to death
But what love got to do with it when you don't love yourself? I do what I wanna do
I say what I wanna say
When I feel, and I
Look in the mirror and know I'm there
With my hands in the air
I'm proud to say yea
I'm real, I'm real, I'm really really real The reason why I know you very well
Cause we have the same eyes can't you tell
The days I tried to cover up and conceal
My pride, it only made it harder for me to deal
When living in a that come with plan B
A scapegoat cause plan A don't come for free
And plan C just an excuse like because
Or the word "but", but what if I got love
I love them, I love when I love her
I love so much, I love when love hurts
I love first verse cause you're the girl I attract
I love second verse cause your the homie they packed
Burning like a stove top, they love cooking from scratch
I love what the both of you have to offer
In fact, I love it so much
I don't love anything else
But what love got to do with it when I don't love myself
To the point I should hate everything I do love
Should I hate living my life inside the club
Should I hate her for watching me for that reason
Should I hate him for telling me that I'm season
Should I hate them for telling me ball out
Should I hate street credibility I'm talkin' about
Hatin' all money, power, respect in my will
I'm hatin' the fact that none of that shit make me real I do what I wanna do
I say what I wanna say
When I feel, and I
Look in the mirror and know I'm there
With my hands in the air
I'm proud to say yea
I'm real, I'm real, I'm really really real Sing my song, it's all for you

Songwriters

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