

The Relevant

Kendrick Lamar

Reporting live, Compton California
The good kid I'm tired of doing it
the same way, gotta flip it before I ruin it
Make it all make sense 'fore you put your two in it
Opinions get thrown out the window with Ron Browz
So turn me up loud so the world can hear
And when your favorite rapper rapping you should cover your ears
and go death, go death I said
Go death and stay dead, a shot to the forehead to kill 'em
But I ain't here for no ignorance
I'm militant as Martin Luther King and a penalty
Aiming for my dreams till a bullet bounce off
one of my deep thoughts and hit a nigga in the spleen
I've got in it my genes, you probably think I'm talking bout a pistol
but I'm talking bout the blood of a warrior
My nigga, what you worry for? I ain't tryna jock your swag
I'm tryna better my craft and stay relevant, yeah
As time flies, hope that I'm soaring
Far from the boring, I'ma
tell you why, it's important
I'm not the boring, I'ma
If I think and act like you do
the world will die from not seeing something new
And if I don't speak on how I feel
the world will lose out on what's really real
And if I should die before I wake
I pray my music could take my place
in the world... The Relevant
I'd rather you call me that
than a typical artist you call wack
on a YouTube blog holding ARs and stacks
of ones, but never could be the one
to rally communities or lead a crowd of blacks
Passion is too strong, I'm pissed off
So there's a chance you get pissed on, R. Kelly was in the wrong
But that don't make you an exempt
That don't make you a no-go from hitting the fence
You ain't a blood and damn sure you ain't a cripp
The crowd yell "hoe" but I ain't a pimp

I'm me, I'm free as a five-finger discount
See you on the flip side right after I dismount
If I ever feel like I ain't pushing myself
I'll find a cliff, then push myself off the edge
like a barber at the tip of your head
That's how I settle it, life or death if I ain't relevant, nigga
So feel free to not mind me
if you're used to boosters, drug dealers and shooters on wax
Cause most of y'all niggas fabricate facts anyway
I could easily cheat and let the four-four play like a two-on-two orgy
But I've been there and it bores me
Got to the point where it did nothing for me
At forty I want to afford not to record bullshit in my story
And I'm mad young, so I'd rather do it now before my career's done
This is pain plus glory, victory is here
If I cried, you could see strength and pride in my tears
I do it for the kids
I do it for the twenty-three hour lockdowns doing time in the pen
And my pen is the only thing I got for Hip Hop to change the game
and they'll remember my name as The Relevant
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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