

# Average Joe

## Kendrick Lamar

The hardest thing for me to do  
Is to get you, to know me, within sixteen bars  
That's the hardest thing

Who is K. Dot? A young nigga from Compton  
On the curb writing raps next to a gun shot  
On the corners where the gangsters and the killers dwell  
The fraudulent tender scars that get unveiled  
Everyone I knew was either crip or piru  
Cousins in elementary, relatives in high school  
With that being said, each one of their rivals  
Was aiming something at my head, I needed survival  
Got jumped, got jacked, shot at, shot back  
And I don't even push a line, I'm just tryna push these rhymes  
In the midst of staying neutral and discrete  
My momma said you're judged by the company you keep  
But what you can consider, that if it goes down  
They'll kill you if you kill me, it gets deep nigga  
So if you ask what I'm doing  
I'm tryna duck the influence of my city that's blue-and,... real talk, and

[Chorus:]

This is why they fuck with me (real talk nigga, believe it)  
This is why they fuck with me (do what I do, y'know?)  
I'm no gangster, no killer, I'm just your average Joe (know that)  
But one thing you should consider, I'm the realest you know

I was walking from Centennial  
When an unidentified vehicle rolled up, and I was like hold up  
Where you from? "How-bang"  
Where you stay? "Westside", that's a piru gang to be exact  
Well aware they had blue across they hat  
Dropped backpack and ran inside of the cul-de-sac  
Shots rang out, hoping to God I wasn't wet  
Crossed to cross Rosecrans and ran inside of the yet  
Chirped the homies on the hot ninety-five, they said they already knew  
What happened, and meet 'em outside the garage  
Never seen that many guns in my life  
I was paranoid like a fiend in the night, but needed revenge

Grabbed the nine-ball, opened up the door, then got in  
Somebody said fall back, we gon' make these niggas suffer  
You my brother like a frat, and that's just to remind you  
Thought about that so long I had failed my finals, fuck, but

[Chorus:]

This is why they fuck with me (I told you nigga)  
This is why they fuck with me (you fake nigga)  
I'm no gangster, no killer, I'm just your average Joe (you fake)  
But one thing you should consider, I'm the realest you know

I don't do black music, I don't do white music  
I do everyday life music  
Give 'em cuts like a nigga pierced a knife through it  
You say you through, but I've been through it, now that's cold  
And this is for my county building children  
In Hub City on hubcaps, no power-steering  
I use perseverance in this mad city  
Where the niggas drink Remy and hold semis for cutthroats  
Bernie Mac died, it's no joke  
Don't ask why if you don't know about these killers and thieves  
Seven grams of weed, you smoke that, but I'm high off life  
I could fall out the sky like twice  
And land in the land of the AKs  
And the minivans where the fan never on  
Cause it's hotter than a lunatic's underarms in a straitjacket  
In other words, we get it cracking, but I keep it cool, y'know?

[Chorus:]

This is why they fuck with me [laughs]  
This is why they fuck with me (real talk)  
I'm no gangster, no killer, I'm just your average Joe (come on)  
But one thing you should consider, I'm the realest you know

So there you have it  
But I'm a leave you with this  
An OG once told me  
A real gangster is either dead or in jail  
Or behind the scenes getting real money  
I'm gone

---

Lyrics submitted by Thomas Sinagugs.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>