

Poetic Justice (Clefco RMX)

Kendrick Lamar

Every second, every minute, man I swear that she can get it
Say if you a bad bitch put your hands up high, hands up high, hands up high
Tell 'em dim the lights down right now, put me in the mood
I'm talking 'bout dark room, perfume
Go, go! I recognize your fragrance (hol' up!)
You ain't never gotta say shit (woo!)
And I know your taste is
A little bit (mmm) high maintenance (ooh)
Everybody else basic
You live life on an everyday basis
With poetic justice, poetic justice
If I told you that a flower bloomed in a dark room, would you trust it?
I mean I write poems in these songs dedicated to you
When you're in the mood for empathy, theres blood in my pen
Better yet where your friends and them?
I really wanna know you all
I really wanna show you off
Fuck that, pour up plenty of champagne
Cold nights when you curse this name
You called up your girlfriends and
Y'all curled in that little bitty Range I heard that
She wanna go and party, she wanna go and party
Nigga don't approach her with that Atari
Nigga that ain't good game, homie, sorry
They say conversation, rule a nation, I can tell
But I could never right my wrongs
'less I write it down for real, P.S You can get it, you can get it
You can get it, you can get it
And I know just, know just, know just, know just, know just what you want
Poetic justice, put it in a song You can get it, you can get it
You can get it, you can get it
And I know just, know just, know just, know just, know just what you want
Poetic justice, put it in a song I really hope you play this
'Cause ol' girl you test my patience
With all these seductive photographs and all these one off vacations
You've been taken
Clearly a lot for me to take in
It don't make sense
Young East African Girl, you too busy fucking with your other man

I was trying to put you on game, put you on a plane
 Take you and your mama to the motherland
 I could do it, maybe one day
 When you figure out you're gonna need someone
 When you figure out it's all right here in the city
 And you don't run from where we come from
 That sound like poetic justice, poetic justice
 You were so new to this life but God damn you got adjusted
 I mean I write poems in these songs, dedicated to the fun sex
 Your natural hair and your soft skin, and your big ass in that sundress (ooh!)
 Good God, what you doing that walk for?
 When I see that thing move, I just wish we would fight less
 And we would talk more
 And they say communication save relations, I can tell
 But I can never right my wrongs unless I write them down for real
 P.S You can get it, you can get it
 You can get it, you can get it
 And I know just, know just, know just, know just, know just what you want
 Poetic justice, put it in a song Every time I write these words they become a taboo
 Making sure my punctuation curve, every letter is true
 Living my life in the margin and that metaphor was proof
 I'm talking poetic justice, poetic justice
 If I told you that a flower bloomed in a dark room, would you trust it?
 I mean you need to hear this
 Love is not just a verb, it's you looking in the mirror
 Love is not just a verb, it's you looking for a maybe
 Call me crazy, We can both be insane
 A fatal attraction is common
 And what we have common is pain
 I mean you need to hear this
 Love is not just a verb and I can see power steering
 Sex drive when you swerve, I want that interference
 It's coherent, I can hear it, mmhmm
 That's your heartbeat
 It either caught me or it called me, mmhmm
 Breathe slow and you'll find gold mines in these lines
 Sincerely, yours truly
 And right before you go blind
 P.S You can get it, you can get it
 You can get it, you can get it
 And I know just, know just, know just, know just, know just what you want
 Poetic justice, put it in a song

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