

Westside, Right On Time

Kendrick Lamar

[Intro: The Sylvers & Kendrick Lamar]

Pillars of joy

Can be far out

Through the thought of you

I'll be troubled and hustled and scorned for your love

Canei Fitch on the beat

Turn the headphones up, Ali

Here we go! [Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

I woke up this morning with my dick on hard

Didn't know why 'til I said fuck all y'all

Or fuck this world, or I'mma fuck that girl

Good Kid, m.A.A.d city watch my day unfurl

I put my life in these sentences

Fucking right it's either that or life sentences

I'm relatives with Benjamin

I used to give a fuck about my luck when I was innocent

Now what the fuck is up I'm at your neck like a pendleton

Nigga I need that bitch I need that

24 acres & a mule best believe that

They say he got smoked like where the weed at

And everything you hope bitch nigga we that

Pockets on Kelly Price back when it was '95

Buy a strap and then we cock it back when it's uncircumcised

Write a rap on how we just react when shotty hit the spine

Give you dap and then we slide through your hood 3 dozen times

So what's good I'm looking for a pedicure

Pink pussy that pop, preferably the kind that don't stink

Uhh, Bomb ass head uhh 'til she can't blink

And her eyes get watery you gotta pardon me [Hook: Kendrick Lamar]

I'm so damn turnt, wheelin' in a two door with two hoes that follow me

And you know Westside, right on time, tell 'em hoes kudos

Eastside, right on time, they don't fuck with you though

When my hood, getting to the money, the pedal never broke

Came a long way from the ghetto dawg but

Westside, right on time, only thing fosh

Eastside, right on time, gunnin' through your door uhh [Verse 2: Young Jeezy]

I woke up this morning like fuck the world

Been hustlin' since I was 12, man I've been through hell

Now these motherfuckers is tryna' tell me I don't care

Trying to tell y'all muthafuckas look y'all wasn't there
Turn posted up on the block, waiting for mail
For my niggas posted up in the county, praying for bail
Could have cost your boy everything, man it wasn't cheap
Coming for a nigga just don't sleep, shit for the weak
Got on my Malcolm X frames, now I count the check mane
Cuz every time I speak you hear my Malcolm X pain
Now them doors go up on that Lamb, they like judo
Don't you like your bitches with an ass, I like you ho
First them bitches see me, I'm gone, I'm like pluto
Plus I keep them choppers that sing, they Mars Bruno
Brown bag full of cash baby, MCM
When they ask me my name I tell 'em MC him, straight up[Hook][Bridge: Kendrick Lamar]
All praise go to the most high
All fades turn into a drive-by
Part ways from the streets, after fucking with police guaranteed
Last nigga that did that died -- don't you, don't you, don't you
Wanna live where the AK, go for only 8k
Minus 6 racks, minus one on top of that
Melee, stomp him out then drug him out like a date rape
Daytonas bending every corner while they say[Hook][Verse 3: Kendrick Lamar]
All I ever wanted was a dollar bill and hundreds
And my teacher as my woman, when she smiled I stick my tongue in
Plus some cartoons and some cereal, Snoop Doggy on my stereo
Some British Knights or LA Gears with glowing lights or Perry Ellis jacket
I would love a swapmeet full of Chevrolets in candy paint
That's wet with Tammy on the bumper, can I hump her? Poppa tell me yes
A DPGC concert and a DJ Quik song on cassette
Twenty years later, "Hi hater, I'm the fucking best"[Hook]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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