

m.A.A.d city

Kendrick Lamar

If Pirus and Crips all got along
They'd probably gun me down by the end of this song
Seem like the whole city go against me
Every time I'm in the street I hear "Yawk! Yawk! Yawk! Yawk!" "Man down
Where you from, nigga?"
"Fuck who you know, where you from, my nigga?"
"Where your grandma stay, huh, my nigga?"
"This m.A.A.d city I run, my nigga" Brace yourself, I'll take you on a trip down memory lane
This is not a rap on how I'm slingin crack or move cocaine
This is cul-de-sac and plenty Cognac and major pain
Not the drill sergeant, but the stress that weighing on your brain
It was Me, O-Boog[?], and Yaya[?], YG Lucky ride down Rosecrans
It got ugly, waving your hand out the window. Check yo self
Uh, warriors and Conans
Hope euphoria can slow dance with society
The driver seat the first one to get killed
Seen a light-skinned nigga with his brains blown out
At the same burger stand where hang out
Now this is not a tape recording saying that he did it
But ever since that day, I was lookin at him different
That was back when I was nine
Joey packed the nine
Pakistan on every porch is fine
We adapt to crime, pack a van with four guns at a time
With the sliding door, fuck is up?
Fuck you shootin' for if you ain't walkin up you fuckin' punk?
Pickin' up the fuckin' pump
Pickin' off you suckers, suck a dick or die or sucker punch
A wall of bullets comin' from
AK's, AR's, "Aye y'all. Duck."
That's what momma said when we was eatin the free lunch
Aw man, God damn, all hell broke loose
You killed my cousin back in '94. Fuck yo truce
Now crawl yo head in that noose
You wind up dead on the news
Ain't no peace treaty, just pieces
BG's up to pre-approve, bodies on top of bodies
IV's on top of IV's
Obviously the coroner between the sheets like the Isleys

When you hop on that trolley
Make sure your colors correct
Make sure you're corporate, or they'll be calling your mother collect
They say the governor collect, all of our taxes except
When we in traffic and tragic happens, that shit ain't no threat
You movin backwards if you suggest that you sleep with a Tec
Go buy a chopper and have a doctor on speed dial, I guess
M.A.A.d city"Man down
Where you from, nigga?"
"Fuck who you know, where you from, my nigga?"
"Where your grandma stay, huh, my nigga?"
"This m.A.A.d city I run, my nigga" If Pirus and Crips all got along
They'd probably gun me down by the end of this song
Seem like the whole city go against me
Every time I'm in the street I hear"Yawk! Yawk! Yawk! Wake yo punk ass up!
It ain't nothin but a Compton thang
Chyea
Real simple and plain
I'mma teach you some lessons about the street
It ain't nothin but a Compton thang
Chyea
How we do Fresh outta school cause I was a high school grad
Sleeping in the living room in my momma's pad
Reality struck I seen the white car crash
Hit the light pole two nigga's hopped out on foot and dashed
My Pops said I needed a job I thought I believed him
Security guard for a month and ended up leaving
In fact I got fired because I was inspired by all of my friends
To stage a robbery the third Saturday I clocked in
Projects tore up, gang signs get thrown up
Cocaine laced in marijuana
And they wonder why I rarely smoke now
Imagine if your first blunt had you foaming at the mouth
I was straight tweaking the next weekend we broke even
I made allegiance that made a promise to see you bleeding
You know the reasons but still won't ever know my life
Kendrick AKA Compton's human sacrifice Cocaine, weed
Nigga's been mixing shit since the 80's loc
Sherm sticks, butt nakeds
Make a nigga flip
Cluck heads all up and down the block and shit
One time's crooked and shit
Block a nigga in
Alondra, Rosecrans, Bullis
I'm still in the hood

Loc yeah that's cool
 The hood took me under so I follow the rules
 But yeah that's like me, I grew up in the hood where they bang
 And niggas that rep colors is doing the same thing
 Pass it to the left so I can smoke on me
 A couple drive-bys in the hood lately
 Couple of IV's with the fucking spray can
 Shots in the crowd then everybody ran
 Crew I'm finna slay, the street life I crave
 Shots hit the enemy, harsh turn brave
 Mount up regulators in the whip
 Down the boulevard with the pistol grip
 Trip, we in the hood still
 So loc, grab a strap cause yeah, it's so real
 Deal with the outcome, a strap in the hand
 And a bird and ten grand's where motherfuckers stand
 If I told you I killed a nigga at 16, would you believe me?
 Or see me to be innocent Kendrick that you seen in the street
 With a basketball and some Now & Later's to eat
 If I mentioned all of my skeletons, would you jump in the seat?
 Would you say my intelligence now is great relief?
 And it's safe to say that our next generation maybe can sleep
 With dreams of being a lawyer or doctor
 Instead of boy with a chopper that hold the cul de sac hostage
 Kill them all if they gossip, the Children of the Corn
 They realizing the option of living a lie, drown their body with toxins
 Constantly drinking and drive, hit the powder then watch this flame
 That arrive in his eye; this a coward, the concept is aim and
 They bang it and slide out that bitch with deposits
 And the price on his head, the tithes probably go to the projects
 I live inside the belly of the rough
 Compton, U.S.A. made me an angel on angel dust, what

Songwriters

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