

# U.O.E.N.O

## Black Hippy

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

I fucked up the rap game and you ain't even know it  
I just fucked what's her name and you ain't even know it  
She got a \*censored\* tattoo and you ain't even know it  
We about to form a little groupie and you ain't even know it, let's get it  
Stuck in a rock and a hard place  
Eminem, Pac and where God stay  
Timberlands pop that jaw bone  
Now bitch nigga tell me how that tar taste  
And even Tarzan can get swung on,  
I never hung out with the loud mouth  
You got a foul mouth  
And that dead body gon' smell foul when it fouls out  
She filed my nails in the Bahamas  
We found ourselves in the Bahamas  
She found God, meditation and peace  
I found myself without a condom  
You know everybody having them babies  
It's a beautiful thing it ain't crazy  
If a rapper monogamous, you know what the problem is?  
Too many bitches got rabies  
And I hate a ho hoppin' woman  
Stank pussy-poppin' woman  
You fuckin' fool don't know about you  
But my dick need 70 years on it  
Anything after that is just a bonus  
And I been in the lab with my opponents  
And since Sway done swayed that list  
He got a flatscreen the next morning  
Tell 'em I need my credit when it's due  
Tell 'em I need my lettuce when it's new  
Tell 'em I got a fetish for fine fabric Franklins and saying, "Fuck you"  
Tell 'em it's TDE 'til I'm DDT'd in that grave  
And Top Dawg is proof  
'til my nigga Whoo Kid get free, ain't shit comin' for free  
I'm 'bout to rape you niggas 'til you recoup[Verse 2: ScHoolboy Q]  
It's a groovy nigga, that's all day, Backwood hold, three grams  
Got a six-shooter, that revolver spinning, shell stuck inside, but won't jam  
This hoody here about two stacks, hell yeah that bitch could gon' go ham

Molly in her drink, but she asked me to and oh yeah I got this on cam  
Gangsta nigga, no trap beats, bet I still sound like that new shit  
Originality in my blueprint, still Figg side, Figuero pimp  
Her big ass where my palm hit, pull my dick out, she gon' balm it  
Swag surfin' all through the world, slide through the sea on a comet  
O-X-Y for these morons, that be that new shit I'm pushin'  
Raise off of them pockets, bring more of them coffins  
These niggas ain't popping, tell them old niggas to move on  
Aw damn I done said it, all them can beheaded[Verse 3: Ab-Soul]  
She ain't single but she solo, you ain't even know it  
Unsigned with sold out shows, you ain't even know it  
My lips black but they ain't chapped, she ain't even know that  
Let's have sex, she said, "Yes", you know she ain't "no" that  
Seed of life on my chest, my head next to her breast  
My mind all in the clouds, just bought an ounce of the best  
No talking when I'm off that loud  
I came quick so she pissed  
You know I'm good for another round  
But it's hard when everybody on your dick  
Know real niggas that's crips, I know real niggas that's bloods  
Know real niggas that's thugging like you ain't know what's up  
Got codeine in my cup, got a couple checks that need cashing  
And you could take that to the bank, what's life without a balance?  
You ain't even know it, nigga I be everywhere you ain't even going  
I thought it was snowing, but I'm just the coldest nigga out here flowin'  
Sick of all that bullshit y'all been promoting, but  
Carson in the motherfucking house  
Del Amo, watch your motherfucking mouth  
I took the game by storm, just to X men out  
I'm crazy out my mind, I put my life on the line  
The tortoise only makes progress when his neck sticks out  
Just a little token of gold if you ain't know it, though[Verse 4: Jay Rock]  
Respect, I get the utmost  
I'm so dope I'm a walking kilo  
36 Os, you don't even know I'm gettin' cheese like Cheetos  
You mad that we BMFing, bitch-ass niggas steady PMSing  
I never show my hands, can't know my plans  
Gotta keep them guessing  
Rock, I was off the scene  
Now a nigga back like a four and a half  
Shooting up the set like Spielberg  
See the big picture when them hammers flash  
I don't post a lot on Instagram  
That's the quickest way they'll get you man  
Leave that shit for the bitches man

Alphabet boys, they'll get your ass  
IRS, they was on a nigga  
Cashed them out, not I'm scot-free  
Got my passport in my JanSport, now I'm overseas  
You don't even know it  
Rock been killin' this shit, no gloves, no mask on me  
Just 100 thousand cash on me  
Back then, I was doing bad, homie  
All my bitches bad now  
My old hoes try to keep tabs on me  
Safe to say I'm the man now  
Fuck ass nigga just stand down  
'Fore the shots go up and it's man down  
Hands down, still popping  
No prescription, I'm flexing  
Suplex a pussy, I've been off the edge  
Too late to push me, nigga I ain't fell off  
Used to move Frosted Flakes like Kellogg's  
Pull up to the bank, count paper like tellers  
Top Dawg, Money Gang, bitch, we've been on  
Clothesline the beat, nigga, John Cena  
Been having stripes, can't walk in my Adidas  
Kicked in the door, hand on the Nina  
Black Hippy shit, rock gon' bleed 'em

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