

# A.D.H.D (Slow Mix)

## Kendrick Lamar

Fuck that, eight doobies to the face  
Fuck that nigga twelve bottles in the case nigga, fuck that  
Two pills and a half, wait nigga, fuck that  
Got a high tolerance when your age don't exist  
Man, I swear my nigga trippin off that shit again  
Pick him up, then I set him in  
Cold water, then I order someone to bring him Vicodin  
Hope to take the pain away  
From the feeling that he feel today  
You know when you part of section 80  
And you feeling like no one can relate  
'Cause you are, you are  
A loner, loner  
Marijuana, endorphins make you stronger, stronger  
I'm in the house party trippin' off  
My generation sippin' cough syrup like its water  
Never no pancakes in the kitchen  
Man, no wonder our lives is caught up in the daily superstition  
That the world is bout to end who gives a fuck? we never do listen  
Unless it comes with an 808, a melody and some hoes  
Playstation and some drank, technology bumping soul  
Looking around and all I see is a big crowd, that's product of me  
And they probably relatives relevant for a rebel's dream  
Yep, the president is black  
She black too purple label on her back but that dap  
is light blue, she take it straight to the head  
Then she look at me, she got ADHDEight doobies to the face  
Fuck that nigga twelve bottles in the case nigga, fuck that  
Two pills and a half, wait nigga, fuck that  
Got a high tolerance when your age don't exist like whoa  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoaAnd then she started  
And then she started feeling herself like no on else in this apartment  
Beg you pardon oh I rap baby, how old are you?  
She say 22, I say 23 OK then we all crack babies  
Damn, why you say that?  
She said where my drink at?  
I'mma tell you later, just tell your neighbors have the police relax  
I stood up, shut the blinds closed the screen, Jumbotron  
Made it to the back, where she reside  
Then she said, read between the lines

Yep, hope that I get close enough when the lights turn down  
And the fact that she just might open up when the new flow start to drown  
Her body and I, know the both of us really deep in the move now  
It's nothing we can do now  
Somebody walked in with a pound  
Of that Bay Area kush  
She looked at me then looked  
At it, then she grabbed it then she said, get it understood  
You know why we crack babies  
Because we born in the 80s that ADHD crazyEight doobies to the face  
Fuck that nigga twelve bottles in the case nigga, fuck that  
Two pills and a half, wait nigga, fuck that  
Got a high tolerance when your age don't exist like whoa  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoaYou can have all my shine  
I'll give you the light  
Double cup, deuce, four, six  
Just mix it in Sprite  
Ecstasy, shrooms, blow, dro, hoes  
Whatever you like  
You can have all my shine  
I'll give you the light

Songwriters

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