

Kendrick Lamar, God Is Gangsta

Lovin' you is complicated!
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I place blame on you still
Place shame on you still
Feel like you ain't shit
Feel like you don't feel, confidence in yourself
Breakin' on marble floors
Watchin' anonymous strangers tellin' me that I'm yours
But you ain't shit I'm convinced your tolerance nothin' special
What can I blame you for
Nigga I can name several
Situation had stopped with your little sister bakin'
A baby inside, just a teenager, where's your patience?
Where's your antennas, where is the influence you speak of?
You preached in front of 100,000 but never reached her
I fuckin' tell you, you fuckin' failure you ain't no leader
I never liked you, forever despise you I don't need you
The world don't need you, don't let them deceive you
Numbers lie too, fuck your pride too, that's for dedication
Thought money would change you, made you more complacent
I fuckin' hate you, I hope you embrace it
I swear

Loving you is complicated

Lovin' you, lovin' you, not lovin' you, one hundred proof
I can feel you vibin', recognize that you're ashamed of me
Yes I hate you too

House keeping
House keeping
Abre la puerta!
Abre la puerta tengo que limpiar el cuarto
Es que no hay mucho tiempo tengo que limpiar el cuarto
Disculpe

You the reason why mama and them leavin'
No you ain't shit, you say you love them, I know you don't mean it
I know you're irresponsible, selfish, in denial, can't help it
Your trials and tribulations a burden, everyone felt it
Everyone heard it, multiple shots, corners cryin' out
You was deserted, where was your antennas again?
Where was your presence, where was your support that you pretend?
You ain't no brother, you ain't no disciple, you ain't no friend
A friend never leave Compton for profit or leave his best friend
Little brother, you promised you'd watch him before they shot him
Where was your antennas, on the road, bottles and bitches
You faced time the one time, that's unforgiven
You even Facetimed instead of a hospital visit
You should thought he would recover, well
Third surgery couldn't stop the bleeding for real
Then he died, God himself will say "you fuckin' failed"
You ain't try

I know your secrets nigga
Mood swings is frequent nigga
I know depression is restin' on your heart for two reasons nigga
I know you and a couple block boys ain't been speakin' nigga
Y'all damn near beefin', I seen it and you're the reason nigga
And if this bottle could talk *gulp* I cry myself to sleep

Bitch everything is your fault
Faults breakin' to pieces, earthquakes on every weekend
Because you shook as soon as you knew confinement was needed
I know your secrets
Don't let me tell them to the world about that shit you thinkin'
And that time you *gulp* I'm bout to hurl
I'm fucked up, but I'm not as fucked up as you
You just can't get right, I think your heart made of bullet proof
Shoulda killed yo ass a long time ago
You shoulda felt that black revolver blast a long time ago
And if those mirrors could talk it would say "you gotta go"
And if I told your secrets
The world'll know money can't stop a suicidal weakness