Kendrick Lamar, Hood Politics

K dot, pick up the phone, nigga. Every time I call, it's going to voice mail. Don't tell me they got you

I been A-1 since day one, you niggas bo bo Your home boy, your block that you're from, boo boo Lil hoes you went to school with, boo boo Baby mama and your new bitch, boo boo We was in the hood, 14 with the deuce deuce 14 years later going hard, like we used to on the dead homies On the dead homies

I don't give a fuck about no politics in rap, my nigga
My lil homie Stunna Deuce ain't never comin' back, my nigga
So you better go hard every time you jump on wax, my nigga
Fuck what they talkin' bout, your shit is where its at, my nigga
Came in this game, you stuck your fangs in this game
You wore no chain in this game your hood, your name in this game
Now you double up, time to bubble up the bread and huddle up
Stickin' to the scripts, now here if them benjamin's go cuddle up
Skip, hop, drip, drop, flip, flop with the white tube sock
It goes "Sherm Sticks, burn this"
Thats what the product smell like when the chemicals mix
50 nigga salute, out the Compton zoo, with the extras
El Cos, Monte Carlos, Road Kings and dressers
Rip Ridaz, P-Funkers, Mexicans, they fuck with you
Asians, they fuck with you, nobody can fuck with you

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Hopped out the caddy, just got my dick sucked The little homies called, they said, " The enemies done cliqued up" Oh yeah? Puto want to squabble with mi barrio? Oh, yeah? Tell 'em they can run it for the cardio Oh, yeah? Everythin' is everythin', it's scandalous Slow motion for the ambulance, the project filled with cameras The LAPD gamblin', scramblin', football numbers slanderin' Niggas name on paper, you snitched all summer Streets don't fail me now They tell me it's a new gang in town From Compton to Congress Set trippin' all around Ain't nothin' new but a flow of new DemoCrips and ReBloodlicans Red state versus a blue state, which one you governin'? They give us guns and drugs, call us thugs Make it they promise to fuck with you, No condom they fuck with you Obama say, " What it do? " Obama say, " What it do? " Obama say, "What it do?"

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Everybody want to talk about who this and who that Who the realest and who wack, or who white or who black

Critics want to mention that they miss when hip hop was rappin' Motherfucker if you did, then Killer Mike'd be platinum Y'all priorities are fucked up, put energy in wrong shit Hennessy and Crown Vic, my memory been gone since Don't ask about no camera back at award shows No, don't ask about my bitch, no, don't ask about my foes 'Less you askin' me about power, yeah, I got a lot of it I'm the only nigga next to Snoop that can push the button Had the Coast on standby "K. Dot, what up? I heard they opened up Pandora's box" I box 'em all in, by a landslide Nah homie we too sensitive, it spill out to the streets I make the call and get the coast involved then history repeats But I resolved inside that private hall while sitting down with Jay He said "it's funny how one verse could fuck up the game"

I been A-1 since day one, you niggas boo boo!

I remember you was conflicted Misusing your influence Sometimes I did the same Abusing my power full of resentment Resentment that turned into a deep depression Found myself screaming in a hotel room I didn't want to self-destruct The evils of Lucy was all around me So I went running for answers Until I came home But that didn't stop survivors guilt Going back and forth Trying to convince my self the stripes I earned Or maybe how A-1 my foundation was But while my loved ones was fighting A continuous war back in the city I was entering a new one