

# Kendrick Lamar, Meet The Grahams

Dear Adonis

I'm sorry that that man is your father, let me be honest  
It takes a man to be a man, your dad is not responsive

I look at him and wish your grandpa woulda wore a condom  
I'm sorry that you gotta grow up and then stand behind him  
Life is hard, I know, the challenge is always gon' beat us home

Sometimes our parents make mistakes that affect us until we grown  
And you're a good kid that need good leadership  
Let me be your mentor since your daddy don't teach you shit  
Never let a man piss on your leg, son  
Either you die right there or pop that man in the head, son

Never fall in the escort business, that's bad religion  
Please remember, you could be a bitch even if you got bitches  
Never code-switch, whether right or wrong, you a Black man  
Even if it don't benefit your goals, do some push-ups, get some discipline  
Don't cut them corners like your daddy did, fuck what Ozempic did  
Don't pay to play with them Brazilians, get a gym membership  
Understand, no throwin' rocks and hidin' hands, that's law  
Don't be ashamed 'bout who you wit', that's how he treat your moms  
Don't have a kid to hide a kid to hide again, be sure

Five percent will comprehend, but ninety-five is lost  
Be proud of who you are, your strength come from within  
Lotta superstars that's real, but your daddy ain't one of them  
And you nothing like him, you'll carry yourself as king  
Can't understand me right now, just play this when you eighteen

Dear Sandra

Your son got some habits, I hope you don't undermine them  
Especially with all the girls that's hurt inside this climate  
You a woman, so you know how it feels to be in alignment

With emotion, hopin' a man can see you and not be blinded  
Dear Dennis, you gave birth to a master manipulator  
Even usin' you to prove who he is is a huge favor  
I think you should ask for more paper, and more paper  
And more, uh, more paper  
I'm blamin' you for all his gamblin' addictions

Psychopath intuition, the man that like to play victim  
You raised a horrible fuckin' person, the nerve of you, Dennis  
Sandra, sit down, what I'm about to say is heavy, now listen  
Mm-mm, your son's a sick man with sick thoughts, I think niggas like him should die  
Him and Weinstein should get fucked up in a cell for the rest they life  
He hates Black women, hypersexualizes 'em with kinks of a nympho fetish

Grew facial hair because he understood bein' a beard just fit him better  
He got sex offenders on ho-VO that he keep on a monthly allowance  
A child should never be compromised and he keepin' his child around them

And we gotta raise our daughters knowin' there's predators like him lurkin'  
Fuck a rap battle, he should die so all of these women can live with a purpose  
I been in this industry twelve years, I'ma tell y'all one lil' secret  
It's some weird shit goin' on and some of these artists be here to police it  
They be streamlinin' victims all inside of they home and callin' 'em Tinder  
Then leak videos of themselves to further push their agendas  
To any woman that be playin' his music, know that you're playin' your sister  
Or better, you're sellin' your niece, to the weirdos, not the good ones  
Katt Williams said, "Get you the truth," so I'ma get mines  
The Embassy 'bout to get raided, too, it's only a matter of time  
Ayy, LeBron, keep the family away, hey, Curry, keep the family away

To anybody that embody the love for they kids, keep the family away  
They lookin' at you too if you standin' by him, keep the family away  
I'm lookin' to shoot through any pervert that lives, keep the family safe

Dear baby girl

I'm sorry that your father not active inside your world  
He don't commit to much but his music, yeah, that's for sure  
He a narcissist, misogynist, livin' inside his songs  
Try destroy families rather than takin' care of his own  
Should be teachin' you time tables or watchin' Frozen with you  
Or at your eleventh birthday, singin' poems with you  
Instead, he be in Turks, payin' for sex and poppin' Percs, examples that you don't deserve  
I wanna tell you that you're loved, you're brave, you're kind  
You got a gift to change the world, and could change your father's mind  
'Cause our children is the future, but he lives inside confusion  
Money's always been illusion, but that's the life he's used to  
His father prolly didn't claim him neither

History do repeats itself, sometimes it don't need a reason  
But I would like to say it's not your fault that he's hidin' another child  
Give him grace, this the reason I made Mr. Morale  
So our babies like you can cope later

Give you some confidence to go through somethin', it's hope later  
I never wanna hear you chase a man 'cause his failed behavior  
Sittin' in the club with sugar daddies for validation  
You need to know that love is eternity and trumps all pain  
I'll tell you who your father is, just play this song when it rains  
Yes, he's a hitmaker, songwriter, superstar, right  
And a fuckin' deadbeat that should never say "more life"  
Meet the Grahams

Dear Aubrey

I know you probably thinkin' I wanted to crash your party  
But truthfully, I don't have a hatin' bone in my body  
This supposed to be a good exhibition within the game  
But you fucked up the moment you called out my family's name  
Why you had to stoop so low to discredit some decent people?  
Guess integrity is lost when the metaphors doesn't reach you  
And I like to understand 'cause your house was never a home  
Thirty-seven, but you showin' up as a seven-year-old  
You got gamblin' problems, drinkin' problems, pill-poppin' and spendin' problems  
Bad with money, whorehouse

Solicitin' women problems, therapy's a lovely start  
But I suggest some ayahuasca, strip the ego from the bottom  
I try to empathize with you 'cause I know that you ain't been through nothin'  
Crave entitlement, but wanna be liked so bad that it's puzzlin'  
No dominance, let's recap moments when you didn't fit in  
No secret handshakes with your friend

No cultural cachet to binge, just disrespectin' your mother  
Identity's on the fence, don't know which family will love ya  
The skin that you livin' in is compromised in personas  
Can't channel your masculine even when standin' next to a woman  
You a body shamer, you gon' hide them baby mamas, ain't ya?

You embarrassed of 'em, that's not right, that ain't how mama raised us  
Take that mask off, I wanna see what's under them achievements  
Why believe you? You never gave us nothin' to believe in  
'Cause you lied about religious views, you lied about your surgery

You lied about your accent and your past tense, all is perjury  
You lied about your ghostwriters, you lied about your crew members  
They all pussy, you lied on 'em, I know they all got you in 'em

You lied about your son, you lied about your daughter, huh  
You lied about them other kids that's out there hopin' that you come  
You lied about the only artist that can offer you some help  
Fuck a rap battle, this a long life battle with yourself