

# Kendrick Lamar, Savior (Interlude)

If you derive your sense of identity from being a victim  
Let's say, bad things went down to you when you were a child  
And you develop a sense of self that is based on the bad things that happened to you

You ever seen your mama strung out while you studied the vision?  
Your uncle ever stole from you, day after Christmas?  
Seen both of those on the county jail's visits  
The first and the fifteenth, the only religion  
Noodles in the microwave, shark tank tidal wave  
Grandma shootin' niggas, blood on the highway  
Crosses on the dashboard, you just won a platform  
I wanna take everything that I ask for  
Catch me a body, I'll put that on anybody but my mama  
She showin' a pattern for certain  
I think it's white panties and minimal condoms  
My uncle would tell me to shit in the movies, could only be magic  
This year, I did forty-three shows and took it all home to buy him a casket  
Jackable trades, got money out the way, put my heart in the faith, I'm good, love  
Cousin in the courts, heard he jumped out the porch  
Turn a brick to a Porsche, I'm good, love  
Catch us, you know I'm gon' rack up  
I need the advance and the equity to match up  
The engineer dead if the drive don't back up  
These words come of God, you could never outtrap us  
Nowadays gotta walk cautious, ayy  
Nowadays, I'm a new prophet, ayy  
Game dead, no autopsy, ayy  
City girl with they new hobby, ayy  
Catch a body, put the product in the ta-da  
Nigga 'boutta get some pussy, give me five  
Gun dirty, got the thirty in the purse, purse  
Tight bitch, put a perky in her salad  
I gotta pay for the basic  
I never seen my niggas bust down faces  
Some niggas not tasteless  
I only had one chance, I ain't even waste it  
Been down on my luck  
Been down on my luck when I fa-a-all  
I gotta get up  
I gotta get back up and ba-a-all  
RIP, under my people, I'm proud of my people, I'm proud of my dawgs  
My ex got a beamer, she want me to see it  
I still ain't gon' see it, like, okay  
I love when they ratchet, I don't do her Patek  
I still do the watches the old way  
She think I'm conceited, I'm thinkin' 'bout cheatin'  
I don't do the flowers or roleplay  
Now, how can I fall lookin' at twenty million  
This money don't come with a probay  
Mama, I said it'd be okay

I got this shit brackin' in four days  
Four eyes, four eyes, two eyes  
Switch sides, nigga be fresh, I'll  
Suicide doors, I suicide, suicide  
Lambo body, who gon' stop me?  
Baby Keem is too, "Wow"  
Function at the tempo  
Jesus pieces in the luau  
Mr. Morale