

# Celebration

Kendrick Lamar

Gimme that beat, fool  
This a full time jack, no really this a Sounwave track  
So really I ain't gotta steal nothing all I gotta do is  
kill it when you press record button let the paralyzed  
feel it  
I came back with a full time swag and the critics  
thought they had me  
Nah, I just bought more batteries  
Turned up supercharged, a medium away from livin' large  
Matter fact, where my niggas at?  
Where my bitches with them pretty weaves?  
Enemies bleed on the maxi pad, pussy you fucked with  
the wrong one I'm on one I'll make sure your kids  
breathe ammonia  
Good kid, mad city evil in my heart from the blood  
niggas fuckin' with me crip niggas tryna kill me  
Malcolm X mind state, if I raise the crime rate, it's a  
legitimate reason why I put on repeat Kanye's "Touch  
The Sky"  
But I'll be looking passed that I'm tryna touch god  
My heart to the heavens, the rebel of the reverend  
Ya'll married to the game well I'm bout to crash  
weddings  
I put a lot of pain in the shit I write  
If you goin' through something, this is shit you recite  
This is bigger than life  
This is Kendrick Lamar  
This is Jimi Hendrix guitar on tall ... I mean war like  
that  
Yeah, straight like that

In 2010 I'm tryna ball, nigga!  
Like shooting jumpshots in the mall, nigga!  
That's a quote from Ab-Soul I suppose since you laugh  
that's the ultimate goal  
On behalf of the Top Dawg conglomerate  
Shall stay anonymous  
Searchin' 7 continents accomplishing big shit  
Big ass, big tits she on me  
And just to get to me she'll fuck the homies-homie's  
homies  
The life of a cool nigga  
My nigga Tony said "just do you, nigga!"  
Sure improve, nigga  
And they gon' play you for a fool that's for sure till  
they know you got the stankiest stew, nigga!  
I ain't trippin' I'm just tippin' on fo-fo's back in  
the city and tippin' on 4 hoes  
That boy got a cold cold  
He's sick con, slick on  
Drop red jewels like a school bar mitzvah  
Ooooh  
Straight like that

Why ya'll complain about OG's?  
I don't look at a legend and say you owe me  
Not Snoop not Dre not Ice Cube

I don't care me and quik went to the same school  
I look at the mirror and do it myself like a self made  
nigga  
I don't need a maid, nigga  
Do I need a cosign from Dre or Jigga?  
They can make me much bigger, but do I need em though?  
I just made a flow  
The type of shit that make you think you seen Pac ghost  
"Me Against The World" on you motherfuckers  
I got my back against the wall and a .45, dog get  
smoked, Chris Tucker  
Uhh, tryna record my steelo  
Even when I'm not there just like TiVo  
The hoes tell me that I got a real big ego  
And weed move slow right now but E go  
You know what I'm talkin' bout?  
I look at your Audemars to put ya'll in time out  
It's time to unveil the real and your careers bout as  
frail as Ms. Winehouse  
Just salute brother ... and pull the wine out  
Oooh, just like that