

# Feel

Kendrick Lamar

Ain't nobody prayin' for me  
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I feel like a chip on my shoulders  
I feel like I'm losin' my focus  
I feel like I'm losin' my patience  
I feel like my thoughts in the basement  
Feel like, I feel like you're miseducated  
Feel like I don't wanna be bothered  
I feel like you may be the problem  
I feel like it ain't no tomorrow, fuck the world  
The world is ending, I'm done pretendin'  
And fuck you if you get offended  
I feel like friends been overrated  
I feel like the family been fakin'  
I feel like the feelings are changin'  
Feel like my daughter compromised and jaded  
Feel like you wanna scrutinize how I made it  
Feel like I ain't feelin' you all  
Feel like removin' myself, no feelings involved  
I feel for you, I've been in the field for you  
It's real for you, right?  
Shit, I feel like—

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I feel niggas been out of pocket  
I feel niggas tappin' they pockets  
I feel like debated on who the greatest can stop it  
I am legend, I feel like all of y'all is peasants  
I feel like all of y'all is desperate  
I feel like all it take is a second to feel like  
Mike Jordan whenever holdin' a real mic  
I ain't feelin' your presence  
Feel like I'ma learn you a lesson  
Feel like only me and the music though  
I feel like your feelin' ain't mutual  
I feel like the enemy you should know  
Feel like the feelin' of no hope  
The feelin' of bad dope  
A quarter ounce manipulated from soap  
The feelin', the feelin' of false freedom  
I'll force feed 'em the poison that fill 'em up in the prison  
I feel like it's just me  
Look, I feel like I can't breathe  
Look, I feel like I can't sleep  
Look, I feel heartless, often off this  
Feelin' of fallin', of fallin' apart with  
Darkest hours, lost it  
Fillin' the void of bein' employed with ballin'  
Streets is talkin', fillin' the planks with coffins  
Fill up the banks with dollars

Fill up the graves with fathers  
Fill up the babies with bullshit  
Internet blogs and pulpit, fill 'em with gossip  
I feel like this gotta be the feelin' what Pac was  
The feelin' of an apocalypse happenin'  
But nothin' is awkward, the feelin' won't prosper  
The feelin' is toxic, I feel like I'm boxin' demons, monsters  
False prophets schemin', sponsors, industry promises  
Niggas, bitches, honkies, crackers, Compton  
Church, religion, token blacks, and bondage  
Lawsuit visits, subpoena served in concert  
Fuck your feelings, I mean this for imposters  
I can feel it, the phoenix sure to watch us  
I can feel it, the dream is more than process  
I can put a regime that forms a likeness  
I can feel it, the scream that haunts our logic  
I feel like say some, I feel like take some  
I feel like skatin' off, I feel like waitin' for 'em  
Maybe it's too late for 'em  
I feel like the whole world want me to pray for 'em  
But who the fuck prayin' for me?

Ain't nobody prayin' for me  
Who prayin' for me?  
Ain't nobody prayin'