

XXX

Kendrick Lamar

America, God bless you if it's good to you  
America please take my hand  
Can you help me underst-  
New Kung Fu Kenny

Throw a steak off the yacht  
To a pool full of sharks, he'll take it  
Leave him in the wilderness  
With a sworn nemesis, he'll make it  
Take the gratitude from him, I bet he'll show you something woah  
I'll chip a nigga little bit of nothin'  
I'll chip a nigga little bit of nothin'  
I'll chip a nigga little bit of nothin'  
I'll chip a nigga then throw the blower in his lap  
Walk myself to the court like bitch I did that x-rated  
Johnny don't wanna go to school no more, no more  
Johnny said books ain't cool no more (no more)  
Johnny wanna be a rapper like his big cousin  
Johnny caught a body yesterday out hustlin  
God bless America you know we all love him  
Yesterday I got a call like from my dog like 101  
Said they killed his only son because of insufficient funds  
He was sobbin', he was mobbin', way belligerent and drunk  
Talkin' out his head philosphin' on what the lord had done  
He said, "K-Dot can you pray for me? It's been a fucked up day for me  
I know that you anointed, show me how to overcome"  
He was lookin' for some closure hopin' I could bring him closer  
To the spiritual, my spirit do no better but I told him  
"I can't sugar coat the answer for you, this is how I feel  
If somebody kill my son, that mean that somebody's gettin' killed"  
Tell me what you do for love, loyalty and passion of  
All the memories collected, moments you could never touch  
I wait in front a niggas spot and watch him hit his block  
I'll catch a nigga leavin' service if that's all I got  
I'll chip a nigga then throw the blower in his lap  
Walk myself to the court like, "bitch I did that"  
Ain't no black power when your baby killed by a coward  
I can't even keep the peace, don't you fuck with one of ours  
It be murder in the street, it be bodies in the hour  
Ghetto bird on the street, paramedics on the dial  
Let somebody touch my momma, touch my sister, touch my woman  
Touch my daddy, touch my niece, touch my nephew, touch my brother  
You should chip a nigga then throw the blower in his lap  
Matter fact, I'm 'bout to speak at this convention, call you back

Alright kids we're gonna talk about gun control (Pray for me)  
Damn  
It's not a place  
This country is to be a sound of drum and bass  
You close your eyes to look around

Hail Mary, Jesus and Joseph  
The great American flag is wrapped and dragged with explosives  
Compulsive disorder, sons and daughters  
Barricaded blocks and borders  
Look what you taught us  
It's murder on my street

Y'all street, back streets  
Wall street, corporate offices, banks  
Employees and bosses with homicidal thoughts  
Donald Trump's in office, we lost Barack and promised to never doubt him aga  
in  
But is America honest or do we bask in sin?  
Pass the gin, I mix it with American blood  
Then bash him in, you crippin' or you married to blood?  
I'll ask again, oops, accident  
It's nasty when you set us up then roll the dice then bet us up  
You overnight the big rifles then tell Fox to be scared of us  
Gang members or terrorists et cetera et cetera  
Americas reflections of me  
That's what a mirror does

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