

# Momma

## Kendrick Lamar

Oh shit! Oh, I need that. I need that sloppy.  
That sloppy. Like a Chevy in quicksand.  
Yeah. That sloppy This feelin' is unmatched  
This feelin' is brought to you by adrenaline and good rap  
Black Pendleton ball cap  
(West, west, west)  
We don't share the same synonym, fall back  
(West, west, west)  
Been in it before internet had new acts  
Mimicking radio's nemesis made me wack  
My innocence limited the experience lacked  
Ten of us with no tentative tactic that cracked  
The mind of a literate writer, but I did it in fact  
You admitted it once I submitted it wrapped in plastic  
Remember scribblin' scratchin' dilligent sentences backwards  
Visiting freestyle cyphers for your reaction  
Now I can live in a stadium, pack it the fastest  
Gamblin' Benjamin benefits, sinnin' in traffic  
Spinnin' women in cartwheels, linen fabric on fashion  
Winnin' in every decision  
Kendrick is master that mastered it  
Isn't it lovely how menaces turned attraction?  
Pivotin' rappers, finish your fraction while writing blue magic  
Thank God for rap, I would say it got me a plaque  
But what's better than that?  
The fact it brought me back home  
We been waitin' for you  
Waitin' for you  
Waitin' for you  
Waitin' for you I know everything  
I know everything, know myself  
I know morality, spirituality, good and bad health  
I know fatality might haunt you  
I know everything, I know Compton  
I know street shit, I know shit that's conscious  
I know everything, I know lawyers, advertisement and sponsors  
I know wisdom, I know bad religion, I know good karma  
I know everything, I know history  
I know the universe works mentally  
I know the perks of bullshit isn't meant for me  
I know everything, I know cars, clothes, hoes, and money  
I know loyalty, I know respect, I know those that's ornery

I know everything, the highs, the lows, the groupies, the junkies  
I know if I'm generous at heart, I don't need recognition  
The way I'm rewarded, well, that's God's decision  
I know you know that line's for Compton School District  
Just give it to the kids, don't gossip about how it was distributed  
I know how people work  
I know the price of life, I'm knowin' how much it's worth  
I know what I know and I know it well not to ever forget  
Until I realized I didn't know shit  
The day I came home  
We been waitin' for you  
Waitin' for you  
Waitin' for you  
Waitin' for you I met a little boy that resembled my features  
Nappy afro, gap in his smile  
Hand me down sneakers bounced through the crowd  
Run a number on man and woman that crossed him  
Sun beamin' on his beady beads exhausted  
Tossin' footballs with his ashy black ankles  
Breakin' new laws, mama passed on home trainin'  
He looked at me and said, "Kendrick you do know my language  
You just forgot because of what public schools had painted  
Oh, I forgot, 'Don't Kill My Vibe', that's right, you're famous  
I used to watch on Channel 5, TV was taken  
But never mind you're here right now don't you mistake it  
It's just a new trip, take a glimpse at your family's ancestor  
Make a new list, of everything you thought was progress  
And that was bullshit, I mean your life is full of turmoil  
Spoiled by fantasies of who you are, I feel bad for you  
I can attempt to enlighten you without frightenin' you  
If you resist, I'll back off quick, go catch a flight or two  
But if you pick destiny over rest in peace then be an advocate  
Tell your homies especially to come back home" This is a world premiere  
This is a world premiere  
This is a world premiere I been lookin for you my whole life, an appetite  
For the feeling I can barely describe, where you reside?  
Is it in a woman, is it in money, or mankind?  
Tell me something got me losing my mind, AH!  
You make me wanna jump  
(Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump  
(Let's talk about love))  
(Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump  
(Let's talk about love))  
I been lookin for you my whole life, an appetite  
For the feeling I can barely describe, where you reside?  
Is it in a woman, is it in money, or mankind?  
Tell me something think I'm losing my mind, AH!  
I say where you at, from the front to the back  
I'm lookin' for you I react, only when you react

Ah, I thought I found you, back in the ghetto  
When I was seventeen with the .38 Special  
Maybe you're in a dollar bill, maybe you're not real  
Maybe only the wealthy get to know how you feel  
Maybe I'm paranoid, ha, maybe I don't need you anyway  
Don't lie to me I'm suicidal anyday  
I can be your advocate  
I can preach for you if you tell me what the matter is  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>