

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 losin 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 losin 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 anyway
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.

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