

# King Kunta

## Kendrick Lamar

I got a bone to pick  
I don't want you monkey mouth motherfuckers sittin' in my throne again  
(Aye aye nigga whats happenin' nigga, K Dot back in the hood nigga)  
I'm mad (He mad), but I ain't stressin'  
True friends, one question Bitch where you when I was walkin'?  
Now I run the game got the whole world talkin', King Kunta  
Everybody wanna cut the legs off him, Kunta  
Black man taking no losses  
Bitch where you when I was walkin'?  
Now I run the game, got the whole world talkin', King Kunta  
Everybody wanna cut the legs off him  
When you got the yams (What's the yams?)  
The yam is the power that be  
You can smell it when I'm walking down the street  
(Oh yes we can, oh yes we can)  
I can dig rapping, but a rapper with a ghost writer?  
What the fuck happened? (Oh no) I swore I wouldn't tell  
But most of y'all share bars, like you got the bottom bunk in a two man cell  
(A two man cell)  
Something's in the water (Something's in the water)  
And if I got a brown nose for some gold then I'd rather be a bum than a motherfuckin'  
baller Bitch where you when I was walkin'?  
Now I run the game got the whole world talkin', King Kunta  
Everybody wanna cut the legs off him, Kunta  
Black man taking no losses  
Bitch where you when I was walkin'?  
Now I run the game, got the whole world talkin', King Kunta  
Everybody wanna cut the legs off him  
When you got the yams (What's the yams?)  
The yam brought it out of Richard Pryor  
Manipulated Bill Clinton with desires  
24/7, 365 days times two  
I was contemplatin' gettin' on stage  
Just to go back to the hood see my enemies and say... Bitch where you when I was walkin'?  
Now I run the game got the whole world talkin', King Kunta  
Everybody wanna cut the legs off him, Kunta  
Black man taking no losses  
Bitch where you when I was walkin'?  
Now I run the game, got the whole world talkin', King Kunta  
Everybody wanna cut the legs off him (You goat mouth mammy fucker)  
I was gonna kill a couple rappers but they did it to themselves  
Everybody's suicidal they don't even need my help

This shit is elementary, I'll probably go to jail  
If I shoot at your identity and bounce to the left  
Stuck a flag in my city, everybody's screamin' "Compton"  
I should probably run for Mayor when I'm done, to be honest  
And I put that on my Mama and my baby boo too  
Twenty million walkin' out the court buildin', woo woo!  
Ah yeah, fuck the judge  
I made it past 25 and there I was  
A little nappy headed nigga with the world behind him  
Life ain't shit but a fat vagina  
Screamin' "Annie are you ok? Annie are you ok?"  
Limo tinted with the gold plates  
Straight from the bottom, this the belly of the beast  
From a peasant to a prince to a motherfuckin' king Bitch where was you when I was-

\*POP\*

(By the time you hear the next pop, the funk shall be within you)

\*POP\*

Now I run the game got the whole world talkin', King Kunta  
Everybody wanna cut the legs off him, (King) Kunta  
Black man taking no losses  
Bitch where was you when I was walkin'  
Now I run the game got the whole world talkin', King Kunta  
Everybody wanna cut the legs off him (Funk, funk, funk, funk, funk, funk)  
We want the funk  
We want the funk  
(Now if I give you the funk, you gon' take it)  
We want the funk  
(Now if I give you the funk, you gon' take it)  
We want the funk  
(Now if I give you the funk, you gon' take it)  
We want the funk  
(Do you want the funk?)  
We want the funk  
(Do you want the funk?)  
We want the funk  
(Now if I give you the funk, you gon' take it)

We want the funk I remember you was conflicted, misusing your influence  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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