

Celebration

Kendrick Lamar

Gimme that beat, fool
This a full time jack, no really this a Sounwave track
So really I ain't gotta steal nothing all I gotta do is
kill it when you press record button let the paralyzed
feel it
I came back with a full time swag and the critics
thought they had me
Nah, I just bought more batteries
Turned up supercharged, a medium away from livin' large
Matter fact, where my niggas at?
Where my bitches with them pretty weaves?
Enemies bleed on the maxi pad, pussy you fucked with
the wrong one I'm on one I'll make sure your kids
breathe ammonia
Good kid, mad city evil in my heart from the blood
niggas fuckin' with me crip niggas tryna kill me
Malcolm X mind state, if I raise the crime rate, it's a
legitimate reason why I put on repeat Kanye's "Touch
The Sky"
But I'll be looking passed that I'm tryna touch god
My heart to the heavens, the rebel of the reverend
Ya'll married to the game well I'm bout to crash
weddings
I put a lot of pain in the shit I write
If you goin' through something, this is shit you recite
This is bigger than life
This is Kendrick Lamar
This is Jimi Hendrix guitar on tall ... I mean war like
that
Yeah, straight like that

In 2010 I'm tryna ball, nigga!
Like shooting jumpshots in the mall, nigga!
That's a quote from Ab-Soul I suppose since you laugh
that's the ultimate goal
On behalf of the Top Dawg conglomerate
Shall stay anonymous
Searchin' 7 continents accomplishing big shit
Big ass, big tits she on me
And just to get to me she'll fuck the homies-homie's
homies
The life of a cool nigga
My nigga Tony said "just do you, nigga!"
Sure improve, nigga
And they gon' play you for a fool that's for sure till
they know you got the stankiest stew, nigga!
I ain't trippin' I'm just tippin' on fo-fo's back in
the city and tippin' on 4 hoes
That boy got a cold cold
He's sick con, slick on
Drop red jewels like a school bar mitzvah
Ooooh
Straight like that

Why ya'll complain about OG's?
I don't look at a legend and say you owe me
Not Snoop not Dre not Ice Cube

I don't care me and quik went to the same school
I look at the mirror and do it myself like a self made
nigga
I don't need a maid, nigga
Do I need a cosign from Dre or Jigga?
They can make me much bigger, but do I need em though?
I just made a flow
The type of shit that make you think you seen Pac ghost
"Me Against The World" on you motherfuckers
I got my back against the wall and a .45, dog get
smoked, Chris Tucker
Uhh, tryna record my steelo
Even when I'm not there just like TiVo
The hoes tell me that I got a real big ego
And weed move slow right now but E go
You know what I'm talkin' bout?
I look at your Audemars to put ya'll in time out
It's time to unveil the real and your careers bout as
frail as Ms. Winehouse
Just salute brother ... and pull the wine out
Oooh, just like that