

# Fear

Kendrick Lamar

I don't think I could find a way to make it on this earth  
What's up, family? Yeah, it's yo cousin Carl, man, just givin' you a call, man. I know you been havin' a lot on yo mind lately, and I know you feel like, you know, people ain't been prayin' for you. But you have to understand this, man, that we are a cursed people. Deuteronomy 28: 28 says, "The Lord shall smite thee with madness, and blindness, and astonishment of heart." See, family, that's why you feel like you feel like you got a chip on your shoulder. Until you finally get the memo, you will always feel that way...

Why God, why God do I gotta suffer?  
Pain in my heart carry burdens full of struggle  
Why God, why God do I gotta bleed?  
Every stone thrown at you restin' at my feet  
Why God, why God do I gotta suffer?  
Earth is no more, won't you burn this muh'fucka?  
I don't think I could find a way to make it on this earth  
(Reversed)

I beat yo ass, keep talkin' back  
I beat yo ass, who bought you that?  
You stole it, I beat yo ass if you say that game is broken  
I beat yo ass if you jump on my couch  
I beat yo ass if you walk in this house  
With tears in your eyes, runnin' from Poo Poo and Prentice  
Go back outside, I beat yo ass, lil nigga  
That homework better be finished, I beat yo ass  
Your teachers better not be bitchin' 'bout you in class  
That pizza better not be wasted, you eat it all  
That TV better not be loud if you got it on  
Them Jordans better not get dirty when I just bought 'em  
Better not hear 'bout you humpin' on Keisha's daughter  
Better not hear you got caught up  
I beat yo ass, you better not run to your father  
I beat yo ass, you know my patience runnin' thin  
I got beaucoup payments to make  
County building's on my ass  
Tryna take my food stamps away  
I beat yo ass if you tell them social workers he live here  
I beat yo ass if I beat yo ass twice and you still here  
Seven years old, think you run this house by yourself?  
Nigga, you gon' fear me if you don't fear no one else

If I could smoke fear away, I'd roll that mothafucka up  
And then I'd take two puffs  
I'm high now, I'm high now  
I'm high now, I'm high now  
Life's a bitch, pull them panties to the side now  
I don't think I could find a way to make it on this earth

I'll prolly die anonymous  
I'll prolly die with promises  
I'll prolly die walkin' back home from the candy house  
I'll prolly die because these colors are standin' out  
I'll prolly die because I ain't know Demarcus was snitchin'  
I'll prolly die at these house parties, fuckin' with bitches  
I'll prolly die from witnesses leavin' me falsed accused  
I'll prolly die from thinkin' that me and your hood was cool

Or maybe die from pressin' the line, actin' too extra  
Or maybe die because these smokers  
Are more than desperate  
I'll prolly die from one of these bats and blue badges  
Body slammed on black and white paint, my bones snappin'  
Or maybe die from panic or die from bein' too lax  
Or die from waitin' on it, die 'cause I'm movin' too fast  
I'll prolly die tryna buy weed at the apartments  
I'll prolly die tryna diffuse two homies arguin'  
I'll prolly die 'cause that's what you do when you're 17  
All worries in a hurry, I wish I controlled things

If I could smoke fear away, I'd roll that mothafucka up  
And then I'd take two puffs  
I've been hungry all my life  
I'm high now, I'm high now  
I'm high now, I'm high now  
Life's a bitch, pull them panties to the side now  
Now...

When I was 27, I grew accustomed to more fear  
Accumulated 10 times over throughout the years  
My newfound life made all of me magnified  
How many accolades do I need to block denial?  
The shock value of my success put bolts in me  
All this money, is God playin' a joke on me?  
Is it for the moment, and will he see me as Job?  
Take it from me and leave me worse than I was before?  
At 27, my biggest fear was losin' it all  
Scared to spend money, had me sleepin' from hall to hall  
Scared to go back to Section 8 with my mama stressin'  
30 shows a month and I still won't buy me no Lexus  
What is an advisor? Somebody that's holdin' my checks  
Just to fuck me over and put my finances in debt?  
I read a case about Rihanna's accountant and wondered  
How did the bad girl feel when she looked at them numbers?  
The type of shit'll make me flip out  
And just kill somethin', drill somethin'  
Get ill and fill ratchets with a lil' somethin'  
I practiced runnin' from fear, guess I had some good luck  
At 27 years old, my biggest fear was bein' judged  
How they look at me reflect on myself, my family, my city  
What they say 'bout me reveal  
If my reputation would miss me  
What they see from me  
Would trickle down generations in time  
What they hear from me  
Would make 'em highlight my simplest lines

I'm talkin' fear, fear of losin' creativity  
I'm talkin' fear, fear of missin' out on you and me  
I'm talkin' fear, fear of losin' loyalty from pride  
'Cause my DNA won't let me involve in the light of God  
I'm talkin' fear, fear that my humbleness is gone  
I'm talkin' fear, fear that love ain't livin' here no more  
I'm talkin' fear, fear that it's wickedness or weakness  
Fear, whatever it is, both is distinctive  
Fear, what happens on Earth stays on Earth  
And I can't take these feelings with me  
So hopefully they disperse  
Within fourteen tracks, carried out over wax  
Searchin' for resolutions until somebody get back  
Fear, what happens on Earth stays on Earth

And I can't take these feelings with me  
So hopefully they disperse  
Within fourteen tracks, carried out over wax  
Wonderin' if I'm livin' through fear or livin' through rap

Damn  
Goddamn you  
Goddamn me  
Goddamn us  
Goddamn we  
Goddamn us all

Verse two says you only have I known of all the families of the Earth, therefore I will punish you for all your iniquities. So until we come back to these commandments, until you come back to these commandments, we're gonna feel this way, we're gonna be under this curse. Because he said he's gonna punish us, the so-called Blacks, Hispanics, and Native American Indians, are the true children of Israel. We are the Israelites according to the Bible. The children of Israel, he's gonna punish us for our iniquities, for our disobedience, because we chose to follow other gods that aren't his son, so the Lord, thy God, chasten thee. So, just like you chasten your own son, he's gonna chastise you because he loves you. So that's why we get chastised, that's why we're in the position we're in. Until we come back to these laws, statutes and commandments, and do what the Lord said, these curses are gonna be upon us. We're gonna be at a lower state in this life that we live here in today, in the United States of America. I love you, son, and I pray for you. God bless you, shalom.