

good kid

Kendrick Lamar

Mass hallucination baby
Ill education baby
Want to reconnect with your relations
This is your station baby

Look inside these walls and you see them having
withdrawals
Of a prisoner on his way
Trapped inside your desire
To fire bullets that stray
Track a tire just tell you I'm tired and ran away
I should ask a choir what do you require
To sing a song that acquire me to have faith
As the record spin I should pray
For the record I recognize that I'm easily prey
I got ate alive yesterday
I got animosity building
It's probably big as a building
Me jumping off of the roof
Is just me playing it safe
But what am I supposed to do
When the topic is red or blue
And you understand that I ain't
But know I'm accustomed to
Just a couple that look for trouble
And live in the street with rank
No better picture to paint than me walking from bible
study
And called his homies because he had said he noticed my
face
From a function that taken place
They was wondering if I bang
Step on my neck and get blood on your Nike checks
I don't mind because one day you respect
The good kid, m.A.A.d. city

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All I see is strobe lights
Blinding me in my hindsight
Finding me by myself
Promise me you can help
In all honesty I got time to be copacetic
And finally made decision to hold me against my will
It was like a head on collision that folded me standing
still
I can never pick out the difference
? or cop on the bill
Every time you clock in the morning
I feel you just want to kill
All my innocence while ignoring my purpose
To persevere as a better person
I know you heard this and probably in fear
But what am I supposed to do

With the blinking of red and blue
Flash from the top of your roof
And your dog has to say proof
And you ask "lift up your shirt"
Cause you wonder if a tattoo
Of affiliation can make it a pleasure to put me through
Gang files, but that don't matter because the matter is
racial profile
I heard them chatter: "He's probably young but I know
that he's down"
Step on his neck as hard as your bullet proof vest
He don't mind, he know we never respect
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All I see in this room
20 Xanies and these 'shrooms
Grown-up candy for pain
Can we live in the same society
It's entirely stressful upon my brain
You hired me as a victim
I quietly hope for change
When violence is the rhythm
Inspired me to obtain
The silence in this room
With 20 Xanies and 'shrooms
Some grown-up candy I lost it
I feel it's nothing to lose
The streets sure to release the worst side of my best
Don't mind, cause now you ever in debt
To good kid, m.A.A.d. city

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