

H.O.C.

Kendrick Lamar

H.O.C., H.O.C.
All the real smokers give me H.O.C.
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H.O.C., H.O.C.
All the real smokers give me H.O.C.
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Everybody know I spit that hunk of shit
Shit that make you duck for cover shit
Shit that make you hop out your seat and slap your
mother shit
Especially when Drop drop the beat
I drop jewels like my nuts dropped out of my briefs
Jump in the booth, then shatter every rapper's dream
They jump in a sauna because I killed their self-esteem
That's a jab, you should bob and weave
like Pam when Martin pulled jokes out his sleeve
I go in studio sessions and feel like a nerd
cause I'm the only nigga there not smoking no herb
You telling me the kush make you think on level four?
I'm on five, you saying I can level more?
In high school, my teachers thought I was smoking
stress
Didn't know my eyes low cause of genetic defects
I stimulate my mind every time I think about the end of
time
creation of man and Columbine

Bet you think that this some high shit that I wrote
Probably think I'm off the kush or the hydro
I don't even smoke, I don't even smoke
I don't even smoke, I don't even smoke
I really appreciate that you share your endo
But a sip of Henny is the farthest I would go
I don't even smoke, I don't even smoke
I don't even smoke, I don't even smoke

Look, nowadays everybody think they big chiefers
just cause they heard that new tape from Wiz Khalifa
Knowing damn well they can't hit the sour
They new booties, they probably need baby powder
My skill shower over your city for forty days
forty nights, off the chain like freedom of slaves
Before you get it twisted like forty gays
My flow worth the earth, that's not to be appraised
Those the type of lines that I'm talking bout
You know, the type of rhymes you don't talk about
Copy my session on a disc when the session ends
so my mama can have it and play it for her friends
Brag on me like my son's bout to win
Somehow, someday, and I don't care when
I might hit the gin once a month
I'll let you inhale/in hell, like an atheist

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Uhh, I'll take you back to the ninth grade
when Dough Boy had me high for four days
That's my nigga, he a street nigga
Probably in your hood fucking up your street nigga
But anyway, I think it was some purple
Told me don't hit it hard because it'll hurt you
I didn't listen, I was floating like the Rose Parade
Swear to God a nigga seen some flying fishes
That was the Vegas trip Hooters sponsored
The same time I start writing like a fucking monster
I'm Frankenstein every time this motherfucker ponders
Just underline every letter
Capital K-D-O-T, letting it flat out
like a tire with slow leaks, and what you bout?
Nothing huh? Am I square cause I don't puff a square?
Are my raps too blunt to hit the blunt? Yeah

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All the real smokers give me H.O.C.
All the real smokers give me H.O.C. (Bitch I'm blowed!)
H.O.C., H.O.C. (Bitch I'm blowed!)
All the real smokers give me H.O.C.
All the real smokers give me H.O.C.