

Hood Politics

Kendrick Lamar

K dot, pick up the phone, nigga. Every time I call, it's going to voice mail
. Don't tell me they got you on some weirdo rap shit, nigga.
No socks and skinny jeans and shit. Call me on Shaniqua's phone

I been A-1 since day one, you niggas boo boo
Your home boy, your block that you're from, boo boo
Lil hoes you went to school with, boo boo
Baby mama and your new bitch, boo boo
We was in the hood, 14 with the deuce deuce
14 years later going hard, like we used to on the dead homies
On the dead homies

I don't give a f**k about no politics in rap, my nigga
My lil homie Stunna Deuce ain't never comin' back, my nigga
So you better go hard every time you jump on wax, my nigga
Fuck what they talkin' bout, your shit is where its at, my nigga
Came in this game, you stuck your fangs in this game
You wore no chain in this game your hood, your name in this game
Now you double up, time to bubble up the bread and huddle up
Stickin' to the scripts, now here if them benjamin's go cuddle up
Skip, hop, trip, drop, flip, flop with the white tube sock
It goes "Sherm Sticks, burn this"
Thats what the product smells like when the chemicals mix
50 nigga salute, out the Compton zoo, with the extras
El Cos, Monte Carlos, Road Kings and dressers
Rip Ridaz, P-Funkers, Mexicans, they f**k with you
Asians, they f**k with you, nobody can f**k with you

Hopped out the caddy, just got my dick sucked
The little homies called, they said, "The enemies done cliqued up"
Oh yeah? Puto want to squabble with mi barrio?
Oh, yeah? Tell 'em they can run it for the cardio
Oh, yeah? Everythin' is everythin', it's scandalous
Slow motion for the ambulance, the project filled with cameras
The LAPD gamblin', scramblin', football numbers slanderin'
Niggas name on paper, you snitched all summer
The streets don't fail me now, they tell me it's a new gang in town
From Compton to Congress, it's set trippin' all around
Ain't nothin' new but a flow of new DemoCrips and ReBloodlicans
Red state versus a blue state, which one you governin'?
They give us guns and drugs, call us thugs
Make it they promise to f**k with you
No condom they f**k with you, Obama say, "What it do?"

Everybody want to talk about who this and who that
Who the realest and who wack, who white or who black
Critics want to mention that they miss when hip hop was rappin'
Motherfucker if you did, then Killer Mike'd be platinum
Y'all priorities are fucked up, put energy in wrong shit
Hennessy and Crown Vic, my memory been gone since
Don't ask about no camera back at award shows
No, don't ask about my bitch, no, don't ask about my foes
'Less you askin' me about power, yeah, I got a lot of it
I'm the only nigga next to Snoop that can push the button
Had the Coast on standby