

Institutionalized

Kendrick Lamar

What money got to do with it
When I don't know the full definition of a rap image?
I'm trapped inside the ghetto and I ain't proud to admit it
Institutionalized, I keep runnin' back for a visit
Hol' up
Get it back
I said I'm trapped inside the ghetto and I ain't proud to admit it
Institutionalized, I could still kill me a nigga, so what?

If I was the president
I'd pay my mama's rent
Free my homies and them
Bulletproof my Chevy doors
Lay in the White House and get high, Lord
Who ever thought?
Master take the chains off me

Life can be like a box of chocolate
Quid pro quo, somethin' for somethin', that's the obvious
Oh shit, flow's so sick, don't you swallow it
Bitin' my style, you're salmonella poison positive
I can just alleviate the rap industry politics
Milk the game up, never lactose intolerant
The last remainder of real shit, you know the obvious
Me scholarship? No, streets put me through colleges
Be all you can be, true, but the problem is
A dream's only a dream if work don't follow it
Remind me of the homies that used to know me, now follow this
I'll tell you my hypothesis, I'm probably just way too loyal
K Dizzle would do it for you, my niggas think I'm a god
Truthfully all of 'em spoiled, usually you're never charged
But somethin' came over you once I took you to the fuckin' BET Awards
You lookin' at artists like the harvests
So many Rollies around you and you want all of them
Somebody told me you thinkin' 'bout snatchin' jewelry
I should've listened what my grandmama said to me

Shit don't change until you get up and wash your ass nigga
Shit don't change until you get up and wash your ass
Shit don't change until you get up and wash your ass nigga
Oh now, slow down

And once upon a time in a city so divine
Called West Side Compton, there stood a little nigga
He was 5 foot something, God bless the kid
Took his homie to the show and this is what they said

What I'm s'posed to do when I'm lookin' at walkin' licks?
The convicts talk 'bout matchin', money and foreign whips
The private jets and passports, presidential glass floor
Gold bottles, gold models, sniffin' up the ass for
Instagram flicks, suck a dick, fuck is this?
One more suck away from wavin' flashy wrist
My defense mechanism tell me to get him, quickly because he got it
It's the recession, then why the fuck he in King of Diamonds?
No more livin' poor, meet my .44
When I see 'em, put the per diem on the floor

Now Kendrick, know they're your co-workers
But it's gon' take a lot for this pistol go cold turkey
Now I can watch his watch on the TV and be okay
But see I'm on the clock once that watch landin' in LA
Remember steal from the rich and givin' it back to the poor?
Well that's me at these awards
I guess my grandmama was warnin' a boy
She said...

And once upon a time in a city so divine
Called West Side Compton, there stood a little nigga
He was 5 foot something, dazed and confused
Talented but still under the neighborhood ruse
You can take your boy out the hood but you can't take the hood out the homie
Took his show money, stashed it in the mozey wozey
Hollywood's nervous
Fuck you, goodnight, thank you much for your service