

# Is It Love

Kendrick Lamar

Sit still and close your eyes (smoke to it)  
What's behind the other door? Oh-ohh  
No more silence (no more silence)  
Don't kill this thing we got called love (don't shoot)  
Just searching for the perfect shot

When love comes calling, don't look back  
When love comes calling, don't look away  
When love comes calling, don't look back  
When love comes calling, don't look away

I used to write rhymes all day and all night  
When y'all was playing PlayStation, my pencil was erasing lines  
My conscience only knew what's half-tight  
At 3:14, it's time to get me a slice my nigga  
This is a dog's fight my nigga  
The soundtrack to life my nigga  
Kendrick Lamar, his momma called him that  
He watched House Party and ate Apple Jacks  
He sold Sega games, his cousin sold crack  
He pumped Reeboks, his uncles pumped packs  
Punk fake, jump-shot, ball hit the back  
Ball dreams of being point guard was off limits Jack  
That's because these Compton streets was built not to win  
You killed the nigga, I stole a bible, is that a sin?  
Part of me though, I'm searching for answers (just searching for the perfect shot)  
The good kid from the ugly city that's mad that he's had some  
Where is the love?

When love comes calling, don't look back  
When love comes calling, don't look away (where is the love?)  
When love comes calling, don't look back  
When love comes calling, don't look away

Give me rings, give me chains mayne  
Give me a blue Benz, red Porsche, red Range  
Give me black bitches, white hoes, new clothes  
A mansion with marble floors and security codes  
Then give me some landa, or maybe I'll land a  
G5, clear port, say hello to the man  
Give me awards, Grammys, and let the crowd applaud  
my name till they strain the veins in they vocal chords  
Give me fame and fortune, me and Trump on golf courses  
With that being said, give me Tiger's sports endorsements  
Give me billboards, whatever that people would kill for  
Manhattan at 40/40, no forties but rose poured  
Give me vanity, give me Kurt Cobain sanity  
Give me a city where Channel 7 newscasters' cameras be  
Give me horror like Amity, no, give me the charts (just searching for the perfect shot)  
And if you ever renege, I'll still give you Kendrick Lamar  
This is me, and that's love

When love comes calling, don't look back  
When love comes calling, don't look away  
When love comes calling, don't look back

When love comes calling, don't look away

Now everybody smoke to it  
for this is, the celebration