

# Momma

Kendrick Lamar

Oh shit!  
Oh, I need that  
I need that sloppy  
That sloppy  
Like a Chevy in quicksand  
That sloppy

This feelin' is unmatched  
This feelin' is brought to you by adrenaline and good rap  
Black (Pendleton) ball cap  
(West, west, west)  
We don't share the same synonym fall back  
(West, west, west)  
Been in it before internet had new acts  
Mimicking radio's nemesis may be wack  
My innocence limited the experience lacked  
Ten of us with no tentative tactic that cracked  
The mind of a literate writer but I did it in fact  
You admitted it once I submitted it wrapped in plastic  
Remember scribblin' scratchin' dilligent sentences backwards  
Visiting freestyle cyphers for your reaction  
Now I can live in a stadium, pack it the fastest  
Gamblin' Benjamin benefits, sittin' in traffic  
Spinnin' women in cartwheels, linen fabric on fashion  
Winnin' in every decision  
Kendrick is master and mastered it  
Isn't it lovely how menace has turned attraction?  
Pivotin' rappers, finish your fraction while writing blue magic  
Thank God for rap, I would say it got me a plaque  
But what's better than that?  
The fact it brought me back home

We been waitin' for you  
Waitin' for you  
Waitin' for you  
Waitin' for you

I know everything, I know myself  
I know morality, spirituality, good and bad health  
I know fatality might haunt you  
I know everything, I know Compton  
I know street shit, I know shit that's conscious, I know everything  
I know lawyers, advertisement and sponsors  
I know wisdom, I know bad religion, I know good karma  
I know everything, I know history  
I know the universe works mentally  
I know the perks of bullshit isn't meant for me  
I know everything, I know cars, clothes, hoes and money  
I know loyalty, I know respect, I know those that's Ornerly  
I know everything, the highs to lows to groupies and junkies  
I know if I'm generous at heart, I don't need recognition  
The way I'm rewarded, well, that's God's decision  
I know you know that lines from Compton School District  
Just give it to the kids, don't gossip about how it was distributed  
I know how people work, I know the price of life  
I know how much it's worth, I know what I know and I know it well  
Not to ever forget until I realized I didn't know shit

The day I came home

I met a little boy that resembled my features  
Nappy afro, gap in his smile  
Hand me down sneakers bounced through the crowd  
Runnin' home and the man and woman that crossed him  
Sun beamin' on his beady beads exhausted  
Tossin' footballs with his ashy black ankles  
Breakin' new laws mama passed on home trainin'  
He looked at me and said Kendrick you do know my language  
You just forgot because of what public schools had painted  
Oh I forgot don't kill my vibe, that's right you're famous  
I used to watch on Channel 5, TV was takin'  
But never mind you're here right now don't you mistake it  
It's just a new trip, take a glimpse at your family's ancestor  
Make a new list, of everything you thought was progress  
And that was bullshit, I mean your life is full of turmoil  
You spoiled by fantasies of who you are  
I feel bad for you  
I can attempt to enlighten you without frightenin' you  
If you resist, I'll back off go catch a flight or two  
But if you pick, destiny over rest in peace  
Than be an advocate go tell your homies especially  
To come back home

This is a world premiere  
This is a world premiere  
This is a world premiere

I been lookin for you my whole life, an appetite  
For the feeling I can barely describe, where you reside?  
Is it in a woman, is it in money, or mankind?  
Tell me something got me losing my mind, AH!  
You make me wanna jump  
(Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump)  
(Let's talk about love)  
(Jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump, jump)  
(Let's talk about love)  
I been lookin for you my whole life, an appetite  
For the feeling I can barely describe, where you reside?  
Is it in a woman, is it in money, or mankind?  
Tell me something think I'm losing my mind, AH!  
I say where you at, from the front to the back  
I'm lookin' for you I react, only when you react  
Ah, I thought I found you, back in the ghetto  
When I was seventeen with the .38 special  
Maybe you're in a dollar bill, maybe you're not real  
Maybe only the wealthy get to know how you feel  
Maybe I'm paranoid, ha, maybe I don't need you anyway  
Don't lie to me I'm suicidal anyway  
I can be your advocate  
I can preach for you if you tell me what the matter is