

Mortal Man

Kendrick Lamar

The ghost of Mandela, hope my flows they propel it
Let these words be your earth and moon you consume every message
As I lead this army make room for mistakes and depression
And with that being said my nigga, let me ask this question:

When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?
When shit hit the fan (one two, one two)
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?

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When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?
Want you look to your left and right, ask you friends
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?

Do you believe in me? Are you deceiving me?
Could I let you down easily, is your heart where it need to be?
Is your smile on permanent? Is your vow on lifetime?
Would you know where the sermon is if I died in this next line?
If I'm tried in a court of law, if the industry cut me off
If the government want me dead, plant cocaine in my car
Would you judge me a drug kid or see me as K. Lamar
Or question my character and degrade me on every blog
Want you to love me like Nelson, want you to hug me like Nelson
I freed you from being a slave in your mind, you're very welcome
You tell me my song is more than a song, it's surely a blessing
But a prophet ain't a prophet til they ask you this question:

When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?
Want you look to your left and right, make sure you ask you friends
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?

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And if you riding with me

Do you believe in me? How much you believe in her?
You think she gon' stick around if them 25 years occur?
You think he can hold you down when you down behind bars hurt?
You think y'all on common ground if you promise to be the first?
Can you be immortalised without your life being expired?
Even though you share the same blood is it worth the time?
Like who got your best interest? Like how much are you dependent?
How clutch are the people that say they love you and who pretending?
How tough is your skin when they turn you in, do you show forgiveness?
What brush do you bend when dusting your shoulders from being offended
What kind of den did they put you in when the lions start hissing
What kind of bridge did they burn, revenge or your mind when it's mentioned?
You wanna love like Nelson, you wanna be like Nelson
You wanna walk in in his shoes but you peace-making seldom

You wanna be remembered that delivered the message
That considered the blessing of everyone, this your lesson for everyone, say

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I been wrote off before, I got abandonment issues
I hold grudges like bad judges, don't let me resent you
That's not Nelson-like, want you to love me like Nelson
I went to Robben's Island analysing, that's where his cell is
So I could find clarity, like how much you cherish me
Is this relationship a fake or real as the heavens be?
See I got to question it all, family, friends, fans, cats, dogs
Trees, plants, grass, how the wind blow
Murphy's Law, generation X, will I ever be your ex?
Floss off a baby step, mobbed by the mouth a bit
Pause, put me under stress
Crawled under rocks, ducking y'all, it's respect
But then tomorrow, put my back against the wall
How many leaders you said you needed then left 'em for dead?
Is it Moses, is it Huey Newton or Detroit Red?
Is it Martin Luther, JFK, shooter you assassin
Is it Jackie, is it Jesse, oh I know, it's Michael Jackson, oh

When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?
That nigga gave us Billie Jean, you say he touched those kids?
When shit hit the fan, is you still a fan?

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Let my word be your earth and moon you consume every message
As I lead this army make room for mistakes and depression
And if you riding with me nigga, let me ask this question nigga

"I remember you was conflicted
Misusing your influence
Sometimes I did the same
Abusing my power, full of resentment
Resentment that turned into a deep depression
Found myself screaming in the hotel room
I didn't wanna self destruct
The evils of Lucy was all around me
So I went running for answers
Until I came home
But that didn't stop survivor's guilt
Going back and forth trying to convince myself the stripes I earned
Or maybe how A-1 my foundation was
But while my loved ones was fighting the continuous war back in the city, I
was entering a new one
A war that was based on apartheid and discrimination
Made me wanna go back to the city and tell the homies what I learned
The word was respect
Just because you wore a different gang colour than mines
Doesn't mean I can't respect you as a black man
Forgetting all the pain and hurt we caused each other in these streets
If I respect you, we unify and stop the enemy from killing us

But I don't know, I'm no mortal man, maybe I'm just another nigga