

Ronald Reagan Era (His Evils)

Kendrick Lamar

We're far from good, not good from far
Ninety miles per hour down Compton Boulevard
with the top down screaming we don't give a fuck
Drink my forty ounce of freedom while I roll my blunt
cause the kids just ain't alright

Oh shit nigga, something bout to happen
Nigga, this shit, nigga, this sound like thirty ki's under the Compton court
building
Hope the dogs don't smell it

Welcome to vigilante, eighties so don't you ask me
I'm hungry, my body's antsy, I rip through your fucking pantry
Peeling off like a Xanny, examine my orchestra
Granny said when I'm old enough, I'll be sure to be all I can be
You niggas Marcus Camby, washed up
Pussy fix your panties, I'm Mr. Marcus, you getting fucked, uh
You ain't heard nothing harder since Daddy Kane
Take it in vain, Vicodins couldn't ease the pain
Lightning bolts hit your body, you thought it rained
Not a cloud in sight, just the shit that I write
Strong enough to stand in front of a traveling freight train
Are you trained, to go against Dracula?
Dragging the record industry by my fangs
AK clips, money clips and gold chains
You walk around with a P-90 like it's the 90s
Bullet to your temple, you're homicidal, remind me, that

Compton Crip niggas ain't nothing to fuck with
Bompton Pirus ain't nothing to fuck with
Compton eses ain't nothing to fuck with
But they fuck with me, and bitch I love it
Woop-de-woop, woop-de-woop-woop, woop-de-woop
Woop-de-woop, woop-de-woop-woop (California dungeons)
Woop-de-woop, woop-de-woop-woop, woop-de-woop
Woop-de-woop, woop-de-woop-woop (California dungeons)

Let's hit the county building, gotta cash my check
Spend it all on a forty-ounce to the neck
And in retrospect I remember December being the hottest
Squad cars, neighborhood wars and stolen Mazdas
I tell you motherfuckers that life is full of hydraulics
Up and down, get a six-four, better know how to drive it
I'm driving on E with no license or registration
Heart racing, racing past Johnny because he's racist
1987, the children on Ronald Reagan
raked the leaves off your front porch with a machine blowtorch
(I'm really out here nigga) You blowing on stress hoping to ease the stress
(Like, really out here) He copping some blow, hoping that he can stretch
Newborn massacre, hopping out the passenger
with calendars, cause your day coming
Run him down and then he gun him down, I'm hoping that you fast enough
Even the legs of Michael Johnson don't mean nothing, because

Compton Crip niggas ain't nothing to fuck with
Bompton Pirus ain't nothing to fuck with
Compton eses ain't nothing to fuck with

But they fuck with me, and bitch I love it
Woop-de-woop, woop-de-woop-woop, woop-de-woop
Woop-de-woop, woop-de-woop-woop (California dungeons)
Woop-de-woop, woop-de-woop-woop, woop-de-woop
Woop-de-woop, woop-de-woop-woop (California dungeons)

Can't detour when you at war with your city, why run for it?
Just ride with me, just die with me, that gun store right there
When you fight don't fight fair, cause you'll never win
(Right, I had the chopper and I tore they ass up)
Can't detour when you at war with your city, why run for it?
Just ride with me, just die with me, that gun store right there
When you fight don't fight fair, cause you'll never win, yeah, yeah, yeah
Whoa, whoa, whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa
Whoa, whoa, whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa
Whoa, whoa, whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa
Whoa, whoa, whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa

We really out here my nigga, you niggas don't understand my nigga
I'm off of pill and Remy Red my nigga, tripping my nigga