

# Trip

Kendrick Lamar

"Boarding completed  
I'd like to welcome you aboard flight number F2B3  
Our scheduled flying time will be four hours and twenty minutes  
and we will be cruising at an altitude of thirty-three-thousand feet  
At this time we would like to acquaint you with some of the features  
Relax and breathe normally"

Uh, coming down like I'm uphill  
Hogging both lanes better than a bus will  
She tell me that my head bigger than a bus wheel  
But it don't matter cause she still gon' let me fuck still  
I mix a little bit of Kendrick with some L.A. weather  
then step out like Chicago in its finest era  
You niggas begging for attention, doing extra-extra  
Downgrading yourself, you get an F for effort  
Ha-ha, I let the world know  
I chose to keep to myself and let the world go  
And if you don't like a nigga, then let your girl know  
So she can be curious on Twitter looking me up  
I'm laid back with a bad one, you ain't never had one  
Ass so fat that it tipped over the Aston  
Speeding on the 1-0-5 till the fucking badge come  
Hello to my wittiness, I'm Cadillac's grandson

And I'm a trip  
Ever since an understudy man I've always been a trip  
Mama tell me that she love me but she know her son a trip  
Baby open up your ears, you ain't heard it like this  
Sounwave drop the beat, I lock the flow down  
Now all the way to the moon we bout to go now  
I got enough of the mojo to go around  
So pack your bags and tell him you going out of town  
cause I'm a trip

Landing on another runway, fly with me  
or die tryna fly, a shot-down Frisbee  
Shout out to Black Hippy, nigga we on  
like we never been off, straight shots of Patron  
I'm give y'all the business to give y'all some business  
Pussy ain't shit, I can give y'all some bitches  
Clean off her sports bra, she clean off my dishes  
then wear off the Kangols, hood rats, I hate those  
And she know what this is, hey lil' mama  
Seen your pretty ass around the way lil' mama  
But why you always in somebody face lil' mama?  
Embarrassing yourself, get off the stage (Lil Mama)  
Nigga, I gotta be that nigga  
If I ain't, I gotta be that nigga  
Curtesy of Paula's oldest son, pay homage  
or pay attention, open your eyes and hear knowledge

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Gi-give me that, gi-gi-give me that  
That's how I get at 'em when I look at a shoe rack  
Penny for thoughts, mine start at a few racks  
So I can live on a hill just off a few raps  
I want to live in a space that none of y'all can visit  
That might be outer space, the Jupiter district  
I quadruple my vision  
If you don't see it then you're dead with your eyes open  
I've seen bullets hit the wheel, left his ride smoking  
on some Compton shit  
Somebody that'll ride or die, that's a Compton bitch  
You see my city is the city of Lamar  
It'll take twenty years 'fore a nigga see them all  
The swap meet dumping, the sawed-off pumping  
The tree for the low, don't you know, Paul Bunyan  
I'm on cloud nine, I can see rain coming  
So if I'm out my mind, people don't say nothing

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"How was your flight Mr. Lamar?  
Good, hope to see you next time"