

# Wesley's Theory

Kendrick Lamar

When the four corners of this cocoon collide  
You'll slip through the cracks hoping that you'll survive  
Gather your wind, take a deep look inside  
Are you really who they idolize?  
To pimp a butterfly

At first, I did love you  
But now I just wanna f\*\*k  
Late night thinkin' of you  
Until I got my nut  
Tossed and turned, lesson learned  
You was my first girlfriend  
Bridges burned, all across the board  
Destroyed, but what for?

When I get signed, homie I'mma act a fool  
Hit the dance floor, strobe lights in the room  
Snatch your little secretary bitch for the homies  
Blue eyed devil with a fat ass monkey  
I'mma buy a brand new Caddy on fours  
Trunk the hood up, two times, deuce four  
Platinum on everything, platinum on wedding ring  
Married to the game, made a bad bitch yours  
When I get signed homie I'mma buy a strap  
Straight from the CIA, set it on my lap  
Take a few M-16s to the hood  
Pass 'em all out on the block, what's good?  
I'mma put the Compton swap meet by the White House  
Republican, run up, get socked out  
Hit the press with a Cuban link on my neck  
Uneducated but I got a million dollar check, like that

We should never gave, we should never gave  
Niggas money go back home, money go back home

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Yo what's up? It's Dre  
Remember the first time you came out to the house?  
You said you wanted a spot like mine  
But remember, anybody can get it  
The hard part is keeping it, motherfucker

[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]  
What you want you? A house or a car?  
Forty acres and a mule, a piano, a guitar?  
Anything, see, my name is Uncle Sam on your dollar  
Motherfucker you can live at the mall  
I know your kind (That's why I'm kind)  
Don't have receipts (Oh man, that's fine)

Pay me later, wear those gators  
Cliche and say, f\*\*k your haters  
I can see the borrow in you  
I can see the dollar in you  
Little white lies with a snow white collar in you  
But it's whatever though because I'm still followin' you  
Because you make me feel forever baby, count it all together baby  
Then hit the register and make me feel better baby  
Your horoscope is a gemini, two sides  
So you better cop everything two times  
Two coupes, two chains, two c-notes  
Too much and enough both we know  
Christmas, tell 'em what's on your wish list  
Get it all, you deserve it Kendrick  
And when you get the White House, do you  
But remember, you ain't pass economics in school  
And everything you buy, taxes will deny  
I'll Wesley Snipe your ass before thirty-five

Lookin' down is quite a drop (It's quite a drop, drop)  
Lookin' good when you're on top (When you're on top you got it)  
A lot of metaphors, leavin' miracles metaphysically in a state of euphoria  
Look both ways before you cross my mind

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Tax man comin'  
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