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Kendrick Lamar

America, God bless you if it's good to you
America please take my hand
Can you help me underst-
New Kung Fu Kenny

Throw a steak off the yacht
To a pool full of sharks, he'll take it
Leave him in the wilderness
With a sworn nemesis, he'll make it
Take the gratitude from him, I bet he'll show you something woah
I'll chip a nigga little bit of nothin'
I'll chip a nigga little bit of nothin'
I'll chip a nigga little bit of nothin'
I'll chip a nigga then throw the blower in his lap
Walk myself to the court like bitch I did that x-rated
Johnny don't wanna go to school no more, no more
Johnny said books ain't cool no more (no more)
Johnny wanna be a rapper like his big cousin
Johnny caught a body yesterday out hustlin
God bless America you know we all love him
Yesterday I got a call like from my dog like 101
Said they killed his only son because of insufficient funds
He was sobbin', he was mobbin', way belligerent and drunk
Talkin' out his head philosphin' on what the lord had done
He said, "K-Dot can you pray for me? It's been a fucked up day for me
I know that you anointed, show me how to overcome"
He was lookin' for some closure hopin' I could bring him closer
To the spiritual, my spirit do no better but I told him
"I can't sugar coat the answer for you, this is how I feel
If somebody kill my son, that mean that somebody's gettin' killed"
Tell me what you do for love, loyalty and passion of
All the memories collected, moments you could never touch
I wait in front a niggas spot and watch him hit his block
I'll catch a nigga leavin' service if that's all I got
I'll chip a nigga then throw the blower in his lap
Walk myself to the court like, "bitch I did that"
Ain't no black power when your baby killed by a coward
I can't even keep the peace, don't you fuck with one of ours
It be murder in the street, it be bodies in the hour
Ghetto bird on the street, paramedics on the dial
Let somebody touch my momma, touch my sister, touch my woman
Touch my daddy, touch my niece, touch my nephew, touch my brother
You should chip a nigga then throw the blower in his lap
Matter fact, I'm 'bout to speak at this convention, call you back

Alright kids we're gonna talk about gun control (Pray for me)
Damn
It's not a place
This country is to be a sound of drum and bass
You close your eyes to look around

Hail Mary, Jesus and Joseph
The great American flag is wrapped and dragged with explosives
Compulsive disorder, sons and daughters
Barricaded blocks and borders
Look what you taught us
It's murder on my street

Y'all street, back streets
Wall street, corporate offices, banks
Employees and bosses with homicidal thoughts
Donald Trump's in office, we lost Barack and promised to never doubt him aga
in
But is America honest or do we bask in sin?
Pass the gin, I mix it with American blood
Then bash him in, you crippin' or you married to blood?
I'll ask again, oops, accident
It's nasty when you set us up then roll the dice then bet us up
You overnight the big rifles then tell Fox to be scared of us
Gang members or terrorists et cetera et cetera
Americas reflections of me
That's what a mirror does

It's not a place
This country is to be a sound of drum and bass
You close your eyes to look ar-