

### XXX. by Kendrick Lamar

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

Throw a steak off the ark  
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 somethin', whoa  
I'll chip a homie little bit of nothin'  
I'll chip a homie little bit of nothin'  
I'll chip a homie little bit of nothin'  
I'll chip a homie, then throw the blower in his lap  
Walk myself to the court like, "Yeah, I did that!"  
X-rated

Johnny don't wanna go to school no mo', no mo'  
Johnny said books ain't cool no mo' (no mo')  
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 messed 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 sugarcoat the answer for you, this is how I feel:  
If somebody kill my son, that mean somebody gettin' killed."  
Tell me what you do for love, loyalty, and passion of  
All the memories collected, moments you could never touch

I'll wait in front a homie's spot and watch him hit his block  
I'll catch a homie leavin' service if that's all I got  
I'll chip a homie, then throw the blower in his lap  
Walk myself to the court like, "Yeah, 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 mess with one of ours  
It be murder in the street, it be bodies in the hour  
Ghetto bird be on the street, paramedics on the dial  
Let somebody touch my mama  
Touch my sister, touch my woman  
Touch my daddy, touch my niece  
Touch my nephew, touch my brother

You should chip a homie, 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!

*[Bono:]*

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

*[Kendrick Lamar:]*

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, your 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 again  
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  
America's reflections of me, that's what a mirror does

*DNA. Verse from the Grammys*

This is my heritage, all I'm inheritin'  
Money and power, the makin' of marriages  
Tell me somethin'  
Uh, You can't tell me nothin'  
I'd rather die than to listen to you  
My DNA not for imitation  
Your DNA an abomination  
This how it is when you're in the Matrix  
Dodgin' bullets, reapin' what you sow  
And stackin' up the footage, livin' on the go  
And sleepin' in a villa  
Sippin' from a Grammy and walkin' in the buildin'  
Diamond in the ceilin', marble on the floors  
Beach inside the window, peekin' out the window  
Baby in the pool, godfather goals  
Only Lord knows, I've been goin' hammer  
Dodgin' paparazzi, freakin' through the cameras  
Eat at Four Daughters, Brock wearin' sandals  
Yoga on a Monday, stretchin' to Nirvana  
Watchin' all the snakes, curvin' all the fakes  
Phone never on, I don't conversate  
I don't compromise, I just penetrate  
Sex, money, murder—these are the breaks  
These are the times, level number 9  
Look up in the sky, 10 is on the way  
Sentence on the way, killings on the way

King's Dead Verse from the Grammys

Red light, green light, red light, green light  
Red light, green light, they like, we like  
Fast cars, fast money, fast life, fast broads  
Egotistic, goin' ballistic, why God?  
Born warrior, lookin' for euphoria, but I don't see it  
I don't feel it, I'm paraplegic, tapped in when I'm maxed in  
Comp-Town with the MAC 10s and the pumps in the background  
I was absent, never OG, standout  
I was lackin' everything else but doubt  
In the Magnum, holding Magnums with a Magnum  
hmoie, ad-lib and I sing out loud  
Never had friends, never had ends, never had hope  
They was like, "Nope, " I was like, "Boo yaow, boo yaow"  
Yeah, God, tee off the day  
Know we off the, be off the, eat off your plate  
Throw me off, I be, "Off ya head"  
Well ate, on C4, I'm way off the edge  
Burn integrity, burn your pedigree, burn your feelings, burn your culture  
Burn your moral, burn your family, burn your tribe  
Burn your land, burn your children, burn your wives  
Who am I? Not your father, not your brother  
Not your reason, not your future  
Not your comfort, not your reverence, not your glory  
Not your heaven, not your angel, not your spirit  
Not your message, not your freedom  
Not your people, not your neighbor  
Not your baby, not your equal  
Not the title y'all want me under  
All hail King Killmonger

Fear. by Kendrick Lamar

*Poverty's paradise*

*I don't think I could find a way to make it on this earth  
I've been hungry all my life*

[Voicemail: Carl Duckworth]

*What's up, family?*

*Yeah, it's your cousin Carl, man, just givin' you a call, man  
I know you been havin' a lot on yo mind lately  
And I know you feel like, you know  
People ain't been prayin' for you*

*But you have to understand this, man, that we are a cursed people Deuteronomy 28:28 says, "The Lord shall smite thee with madness And blindness, and astonishment of heart"*

*See, family, that's why you feel like you feel*

*Like you got a chip on your shoulder*

*Until you finally get the memo, you will always feel like that...*

Why God, why God do I gotta suffer?  
Pain in my heart carry burdens full of struggle  
Why God, why God do I gotta bleed?  
Every stone thrown at you restin' at my feet  
Why God, why God do I gotta suffer?  
Earth is no more, won't you burn this mother?  
*I don't think I could find a way to make it on this earth*  
(Reversed)

I beat yo ass, keep talkin' back  
I beat yo ass, who bought you that?  
You stole it, I beat yo ass if you say that game is broken  
I beat yo ass if you jump on my couch  
I beat yo ass if you walk in this house  
With tears in your eyes, runnin' from Poo Poo and Prentice  
Go back outside, I beat yo ass,  
That homework better be finished, I beat yo ass  
Your teachers better not be bitchin' 'bout you in class  
That pizza better not be wasted, you eat it all  
That TV better not be loud if you got it on  
Them Jordans better not get dirty when I just bought 'em  
Better not hear 'bout you lovin' on Keisha's daughter  
Better not hear you got caught up  
I beat yo ass, you better not run to your father  
I beat yo ass, you know my patience runnin' thin  
I got buku payments to make  
County building's on my ass, tryna take my food stamps away  
I beat yo ass if you tell them social workers he live here  
I beat yo ass if I beat yo ass twice and you still here  
Seven years old, think you run this house by yourself?  
Son, you gon' fear me if you don't fear no one else

[Chorus]

If I could smoke fear away, I'd roll that up  
And then I'd take two puffs  
I'm high now, I'm high now  
I'm high now, I'm high now  
*I don't think I could find a way to make it on this earth*

[Verse 2]

I'll prolly die anonymous, I'll prolly die with promises  
I'll prolly die walkin' back home from the candy house  
I'll prolly die because these colors are standin' out  
I'll prolly die because I ain't know Demarcus was snitchin'  
I'll prolly die at these house parties, -  
I'll prolly die from witnesses leavin' me falsed accused  
I'll prolly die from thinkin' that me and your hood was cool  
Or maybe die from pressin' the line, actin' too extra  
Or maybe die because these smokers are more than desperate  
I'll prolly die from one of these bats and blue badges  
Body-slammed on black and white paint, my bones snappin'  
Or maybe die from panic or die from bein' too lax  
Or die from waitin' on it, die 'cause I'm movin' too fast

I'll prolly die tryna buy weed at the apartments  
I'll prolly die tryna defuse two homies arguin'  
I'll prolly die 'cause that's what you do when you're 17  
All worries in a hurry, I wish I controlled things

[Verse 3]

When I was 27, I grew accustomed to more fear  
Accumulated 10 times over throughout the years  
My newfound life made all of me magnified  
How many accolades do I need to block denial?  
The shock value of my success put bolts in me  
All this money, is God playin' a joke on me?  
Is it for the moment, and will he see me as Job?  
Take it from me and leave me worse than I was before?  
At 27, my biggest fear was losin' it all  
Scared to spend money, had me sleepin' from hall to hall  
Scared to go back to Section 8 with my mama stressin'  
30 shows a month and I still won't buy me no Lexus  
What is an advisor? Somebody that's holdin' my checks  
Just to cheat me over and put my finances in debt?  
I read a case about Rihanna's accountant and wondered  
How did the Bad Girl feel when she looked at them numbers?  
The type of stuff'll make me flip out and just kill somethin'  
Drill somethin', get ill and fill ratchets with a lil' somethin'  
I practiced runnin' from fear, guess I had some good luck  
At 27 years old, my biggest fear was bein' judged  
How they look at me reflect on myself, my family, my city  
What they say 'bout me reveal if my reputation would miss me  
What they see from me would trickle down generations in time  
What they hear from me would make 'em highlight my simplest lines

[Verse 4]

I'm talkin' fear, fear of losin' creativity  
I'm talkin' fear, fear of missin' out on you and me  
I'm talkin' fear, fear of losin' loyalty from pride  
'Cause my DNA won't let me involve in the light of God  
I'm talkin' fear, fear that my humbleness is gone  
I'm talkin' fear, fear that love ain't livin' here no more  
I'm talkin' fear, fear that it's wickedness or weakness  
Fear, whatever it is, both is distinctive  
Fear, what happens on Earth stays on Earth  
And I can't take these feelings with me, so hopefully they disperse  
Within fourteen tracks, carried out over wax  
Searchin' for resolutions until somebody get back  
Fear, what happens on Earth stays on Earth  
And I can't take these feelings with me, so hopefully they disperse  
Within fourteen tracks, carried out over wax  
Wonderin' if I'm livin' through fear or livin' through rap

Damn

God damn you, God damn me  
God damn us, God damn we  
God damn us all

[Outro: Carl Duckworth]

Verse 2 says, "You only have I known of all the families  
Of the Earth, therefore I will punish you for all your iniquities"  
So until we come back to these commandments  
Until you come back to these commandments

We're gonna feel this way, we're gonna be under this curse Because He said He's gonna punish us  
The so-called Blacks, Hispanics, and Native American Indians  
Are the true children of Israel

We are the Israelites, according to the Bible  
The children of Israel, He's gonna punish us for our iniquities  
For our disobedience, because we chose to follow other gods  
That man chasten his son, so the Lord, thy God, chasten thee

So, just like you chasten your own son  
He's gonna chastise you because He loves you

So that's why we get chastised

That's why we're in the position that we're in

Until we come back to these laws, statutes, and commandments And do what the Lord says, these curses is  
gonna be upon us We're gonna be at a lower state in this life that we live

Here in today, in the United States of America

I love you, family, and I pray for you

God bless you, Shalom