

The Recipe (feat. Dr. Dre)

Kendrick Lamar

Smoking weed with you
Cause you taught me to
Smoking weed with you
Cause you taught me to Every morning when I wake up, uh, money on my mind Good times and
to get caked up, uh, sunshine coming through my blinds
I'm living but, really though, it's never enough
10 milli on, that's a must, living in California
Everybody wanna visit for (Women, weed and weather)
They come for (Women, weed and weather)
(For the women, weed and weather)
From all around the world for the (Women, weed and weather)
These niggas'll kill for that, put it in your grill for that
Still everybody gotta build for that, me? I make mills off that
How the fuck y'all can't see I ride, when I drive, down the block and
You look outside, H-A-T-E in your eyes, I enter big money for the enterprise
It's a beautiful day I guess for a bitch to roll with Andre I guess
Roll it up, baby come lift that dress then roll it up for me when I'm stressed
You might catch me in Atlanta looking like a boss
New Orleans and then Miami, party in New York
Texas I be screwed up, Chi town I be really pimping
But nothing like my hometown I'm forever living
Women, weed and weather
(They come for) women, weed and weather
For the women, weed and weather
(From all around the world for the) women, weed and weather
Got that women, weed and weather
Don't it sound clever, come and play
What more can I say? Welcome to LA
My nigga said he wanna fly out to get him
Some, three W's only for a three day run, bitch
Take them motherfuckin' panties off, you ain't no. nun, shit
I be living in the sky everytime I ride by them hoes
Ribbon in the sky on the radio cause Stevie know I control
Let it breathe, I control, California living 'til I am old
You want to be one, to peak on the chart
So the peons can be gone and pee on their hearts
She in the coupe, she in the Neon cause she on the BS before we can start
Fuck with a nigga, ride with a nigga, let 'em know the priority order me
Hennessy and for my niggas OG Killa, call it Jason Voorhees
Boy he's on his job, boy he sure be having the marks on they mark
Pretty bitches and tire marks, let 'em inhale them pipe exhausts
Let 'em reveal how much it cost for this life controlling my vice

No way hell no, uh uh, if I'm wrong I don't wanna be right
We want to be one, to peak on the chart
So the peons can be gone and pee on their hearts
Women, weed, weather, it's not my fault That it's 82 degrees and my top peeled off You might
catch me in Atlanta looking like a boss
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(They come for) women, weed and weather
For the women, weed and weather
(From all around the world for the) women, weed and weather
Got that women, weed and weather Don't it sound clever, come and play
What more can I say? Welcome to LA Known for that homegrown where I come from
Smoke one, palm trees, double D's got 'em topless in the sun
I shall proceed, that's me, muthafuck your opinion
How many ways am I killing 'em? Shit, right around a billion
We on it, that mean we living for the moment That mean she'll fuck 'til the morning, time and I
got time
And I know that I'm in a position of controlling, anything, I by that ocean
I'm a boss I'll buy that ocean, ain't nobody fucking with this They want that shit, they often
feind, I give it to 'em, but in between
My time, I gotta tie shoestrings, life's a trip when you want these things
I often slip and then I lean toward three W's in life
You know blow job need an application, eating pussy make appetite
And yeah my type, I like 'em brown, just like my drink, the fuck you think I don't fuck with no
hand me downs, see if you fuck then it's after me
You know how much I'mma make it work?
You know her dress slip it in her purse
When you discussed your love for lust, just make sure you visit here first, Cali You might catch
me in Atlanta looking like a boss
New Orleans and then Miami, party in New York
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