

Alright

Kendrick Lamar

Alls my life I has to fight, nigga
Alls my life I...
Hard times like, "God!"
Bad trips like, "Yeah!"
Nazareth, I'm fucked up
Homie, you fucked up
But if God got us, then we gon' be alright Nigga, we gon' be alright
Nigga, we gon' be alright
We gon' be alright
Do you hear me, do you feel me? We gon' be alright
Nigga, we gon' be alright
Huh? We gon' be alright
Nigga, we gon' be alright
Do you hear me, do you feel me? We gon' be alright
Uh, and when I wake up
I recognize you're looking at me for the pay cut
But homicide be looking at you from the face down
What MAC-11 even boom with the bass down?
Schemin', and let me tell you 'bout my life
Painkillers only put me in the twilight
Where pretty pussy and Benjamin is the highlight
Now tell my momma I love her, but this what I like, Lord knows
20 of 'em in my Chevy, tell 'em all to come and get me
Reaping everything I sow, so my karma comin' heavy
No preliminary hearings on my record
I'm a motherfucking gangster in silence for the record
Tell the world I know it's too late
Boys and girls, I think I gone cray
Drown inside my vices all day
Won't you please believe when I say
Wouldn't you know
We been hurt, been down before
Nigga, when our pride was low
Lookin' at the world like, "Where do we go?"
Nigga, and we hate po-po
Wanna kill us dead in the street fo sho'
Nigga, I'm at the preacher's door
My knees gettin' weak, and my gun might blow
But we gon' be alright Nigga, we gon' be alright
Nigga, we gon' be alright
We gon' be alright
Do you hear me, do you feel me? We gon' be alright

Nigga, we gon' be alright
 Huh? We gon' be alright
 Nigga, we gon' be alright
 Do you hear me, do you feel me? We gon' be alright
 What you want you: a house or a car?
 40 acres and a mule? A piano, a guitar?
 Anything, see my name is Lucy, I'm your dog
 Motherfucker, you can live at the mall
 I can see the evil, I can tell it, I know it's illegal
 I don't think about it, I deposit every other zero
 Thinking of my partner, put the candy, paint it on the Regal
 Digging in my pocket, ain't a profit big enough to feed you
 Everyday my logic get another dollar just to keep you
 In the presence of your chico... Ah!
 I don't talk about it, be about it, everyday I sequel
 If I got it then you know you got it, Heaven, I can reach you
 Pet dog, pet dog, pet dog, my dog, that's all
 Pick back and chat, I trap the back for y'all
 I rap, I black on track so rest assured
 My rights, my wrongs; I write 'til I'm right with God
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 Do you hear me, do you feel me? We gon' be alright
 I keep my head up high
 I cross my heart and hope to die
 Lovin' me is complicated
 Too afraid, a lot of changes
 I'm alright, and you're a favorite
 Dark nights in my prayers
 I remembered you was conflicted
 Misusing your influence, sometimes I did the same
 Abusing my power, full of resentment
 Resentment that turned into a deep depression
 Found myself screamin' in the hotel room
 I didn't wanna self-destruct
 The evils of Lucy was all around me
 So I went runnin' for answers

