

m.A.A.d city (feat. MC Eiht)

Kendrick Lamar

If Pirus and Crips all got along
They'd probably gun me down by the end of this song
Seem like the whole city go against me
Every time I'm in the street I hear
"YAWK! YAWK! YAWK! YAWK!"
"Man down, where you from, nigga?"
"Fuck who you know, where you from, my nigga?"
"Where your grandma stay, huh, my nigga?"
"This m.A.A.d city I run, my nigga"
Brace yourself, I'll take you on a trip down memory lane
This is not a rap on how I'm slinging crack or move cocaine
This is cul-de-sac and plenty Cognac and major pain
Not the drill sergeant, but the stress that weighing on your brain
It was me, L Boogs and Yan Yan, YG Lucky ride down Rosecrans
It got ugly, waving your hand out the window, check yourself, uh
Warriors and Conans, hope euphoria can slow dance
With society, the driver seat the first one to get killed
Seen a light-skinned nigga with his brains blown out
At the same burger stand where *beep* hang out
Now this is not a tape recorder saying that he did it
But ever since that day, I was looking at him different
That was back when I was nine, Joey packed the nine
Pakistan on every porch is fine, we adapt to crime
Pack a van with four guns at a time, with the sliding door, fuck is up?
Fuck you shooting for if you ain't walking up, you fucking punk?
Picking up the fucking pump, picking off you suckers
Suck a dick or die or sucker punch, a wall of bullets coming from
AK's, AR's, "Aye y'all, duck"
That's what momma said when we was eating the free lunch
Aw man, goddamn, all hell broke loose
You killed my cousin back in '94, fuck your truce
Now crawl your head in that noose, you wind up dead on the news
Ain't no peace treaty, just pieces BG's up to pre-approve
Bodies on top of bodies, IVs on top of IVs
Obviously the coroner between the sheets like the Isleys
When you hop on that trolley, make sure your colors correct
Make sure you're corporate, or they'll be calling your mother collect
They say the governor collect all of our taxes except
When we in traffic and tragic happens, that shit ain't no threat
You moving backwards if you suggest that you sleep with a TEC
Go buy a chopper and have a doctor on speed dial, I guess, m.A.A.d city
Man down, where you from, nigga?

Fuck who you know, where you from, my nigga?
Where your grandma stay, huh, my nigga?
This m.A.A.d city I run, my nigga
If Pirus and Crips all got along
They'd probably gun me down by the end of this song
Seem like the whole city go against me
Every time I'm in the street I hear
"YAWK! YAWK! YAWK!" Wake your punk ass up! It ain't nothing but a Compton thang, G-
yeah. Real simple and plain, I'mma teach you some lessons about the street. Hood. It ain't
nothing but a Compton thang, G-yeah. How we do
Fresh outta school 'cause I was a high school grad
Sleeping in the living room in my momma's pad
Reality struck, I seen the white car crash
Hit the light pole, two niggas hopped out on foot and dashed
My Pops said I needed a job, I thought I believed him
Security guard for a month and ended up leaving
In fact, I got fired 'cause I was inspired by all of my friends
To stage a robbery the third Saturday I clocked in
Projects tore up, gang signs get thrown up
Cocaine laced in marijuana
And they wonder why I rarely smoke now
Imagine if your first blunt had you foaming at the mouth
I was straight tweaking, the next weekend, we broke even
I made allegiance that made a promise to see you bleeding
You know the reasons but still won't ever know my life
Kendrick, A.K.A. "Compton's human sacrifice"

G-yeah, cocaine, weed. Niggas been mixing shit since the 80's, loc. Sherm sticks, butt naked.
Dip, make a nigga flip. Cluck heads all up and down the block and shit. One time's crooked and
shit. Block a nigga in. Alondra, Rosecrans, Bullis, it's Compton I'm still in the hood, loc, yeah,
that's cool

The hood took me under so I follow the rules
But yeah, that's like me, I grew up in the hood where they bang
And niggas that rep colors is doing the same thing
Pass it to the left so I can smoke on me
A couple drive-by's in the hood lately
Couple of IVs with the fucking spray-can
Shots in the crowd then everybody ran
Crew I'm finna slay, the street life I crave
Shots hit the enemy, hearts turn brave
Mount up, regulators in the whip
Down the boulevard with the pistol grip
Trip, we in the hood still
So loc, grab a strap 'cause yeah, it's so real
Deal with the outcome, a strap in the hand
And a bird and ten grands where a mothafucka stand
If I told you I killed a nigga at sixteen, would you believe me?
Or see me to be innocent Kendrick you seen in the street
With a basketball and some Now and Laters to eat
If I mentioned all of my skeletons, would you jump in the seat?

Would you say my intelligence now is great relief?
And it's safe to say that our next generation maybe can sleep
With dreams of being a lawyer or doctor, instead of boy with a chopper
That hold the cul-de-sac hostage, kill 'em all if they gossip
The Children of the Corn, they vandalizing
The option of living a lie, drown their body with toxins
Constantly drinking and drive, hit the powder then watch this flame
That arrive in his eye, listen coward, the concept is aim
And they bang it and slide out that bitch with deposits
A price on his head, the tithes probably go to the projects
I live inside the belly of the rough
Compton, U.S.A. made Me an Angel on Angel Dust, what
M.A.A.d city
ComptonNigga, pass Dot the bottle, damn! You ain't the one that got fucked up, what you
holding it for? Niggas always acting unsensitive and shit
Nigga, that ain't no word
Nigga, shut up! Hey, Dot, you good, my nigga? Don't even trip, just lay back and drink that

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