

Kendrick Lamar

"Black Boy Fly"

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[Intro]

So I'm saying "What up what up. Nigga you made it."
So I'm saying "What up what up. Nigga you made it."
So I'm saying "What up what up. Nigga you made it."
So I'm saying "What up what up. Nigga I hate it."
So I'm saying "What up what up. Nigga I hate it."
Frustrated and I'm riding down the back streets
Making my conscious ask me
"Would I survive to make it up out this hole in time?"
Black boy fly
Black boy fly
Black-black boy fly
Black boy fly

[Verse 1]

I used to be jealous of Aaron Afflalo
I used to be jealous of Aaron Afflalo
He was the one to follow
He was the only leader foreseeing brighter tomorrows
He would live in the gym
We was living in sorrow
Total envy of him
He made a dream become a reality
Actually making it possible to swim
His way out of Compton with further more to
accomplish
Graduate with honors, a sponsor of basketball scholars
It's 2004 and I'm watching him score 30
Remember vividly how them victory points had hurt me
Cause every basket was a reaction or a reminder
That we was just moving backwards
The bungalow where you find us
The art of us ditching classes heading nowhere fast
Stick my head inside the study hall, he focused on
math
Determination ambition, plus dedication and wisdom
Qualities he was given was the shit we didn't have
Dug inside of his book bag and Coach Palmer asked for
his finals
He had his back like a spinal meanwhile
We singing the same old song spinning the vinyl

11 graders gone wrong
He focused on the NBA we focused on some Patron
Now watch that black boy fly

[Hook]

Black boy fly
Watch that black boy fly
Black boy fly
Watch that black boy fly
Black boy fly
Watch that black boy fly
Black boy...

[Verse 2]

I used to be jealous of Jayceon
I used to be jealous of Jayceon- Taylor when I was young
Taylor made a career out of music from writing songs
A Buick had driven past bumping him when I mowed
the lawn
Money laundering hustling, homies pondering up
against
Schemes to make a million even if doing you harm
War's the case and just in case you wasn't alarmed
The city had fought with firearms and many had died
before dawn
It's 2004 and I'm hearing the people roar
For the name of The Game they line in front of the
store
Swap meets selling our mixtapes I'm like oh shit, wait
Don't wanna be another nigga stuck regretting
mistakes
Mixed feelings was my opinion I was defending my
insecurities
Chillin my conscience next to a villain
Compton made you believe success wasn't real
Be honest, none of us knew of a record deal
So as I peel through these lottery tickets
I see a Harley Davidson truck visit the same plaza we
shopped
A tall nigga hopped out with Jordans and a white tank
top
He was top of the rap game, we was the top of the
block
So watch that black boy fly

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

My mama didn't raise me up to be jealous-hearted
Like most of the winners call it
Regardless of where you stay, hold your head and

continue marching
That's what she said but in my head I wanted to be like
Jordan
A Boy touring the country with money from mic
recording
The only way out the ghetto, you know the stereotype
Shooting hoops or live on the stereo like top 40
And shortly, I got discouraged
Like every time I walked to the corner had them guns
bursting
Nigga, I was rehearsing in repetition the phrase
Only one in a million will ever see better days
Especially when the crime waves was bigger than
tsunamis
Break your boogie boards to pieces you just a typical
homy
All these niggas facetious and they all standing beside
me
They all will buy me a chopper if any one of you try me
What am I to do when every neighborhood is an
obstacle
When 2 niggas making it out had never sounded
logical
3 niggas making it out, that's mission impossible
So I never believed the type of performance that I could
do
I wasn't jealous cuz of the talents they got
I was terrified they'll be the last black boys to fly...
Out of Compton

Thank God...
Black boy fly, watch that black boy fly

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