

## Kendrick Lamar

### "Don't Understand"

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His eyes bloodshot red  
I watched him as he took a fifth of Henny to the head in  
memory of his  
Brother  
Reminiscing on them playing Sega with each other  
He was hurting, I could see it, plenty tears, no Kleenex  
I stood by his side because that was my homie  
Gave him a hug, some of his brother blood got on me  
Clenching his fists on some angry shit  
Stood up, sat back down on the curb and asked me  
who they be hanging with  
I wasn't sure so I gave him no answer  
But I was sure that he had him a blammer and wanted  
war  
Revenge, what do say to a good friend  
That just lost it and grabbing choppers out the closet?  
I tried my best to make him renege, but he was like my  
nig'  
This feeling is more than personal  
I stood down, he hopped in a hour-door Honda Accord  
Before he bent the block he said K. Dot, you wouldn't  
understand

These streets can turn a kid to killer in minutes  
Not by choice, but forced to be a menace  
Can someone just pray for me, or war  
(Or at least, try to understand) the city pressure  
The AK-47, twin MAC-11s  
The Desert Eagle, shotty and the Smith & Wessons  
Pray for me, or war

Corners become monuments for the dead  
Candles on the pavement, postcard read  
Rest in peace, the yellow tape blocking off the streets  
A baby momma yelling at the police  
But you don't understand, you figure that we're just a  
bunch of niggas  
But the picture is a story untold  
See this wasn't in our plans  
Babies from the late eighties wasn't born crazy, we was  
raised that way

Put that Malcolm X book down, then raised that K  
Complete chaos when we off X pills and St. Ides  
Look the Devil in the face from a saint eye  
Cast a 'spell' on you like Akeelah and the Bee  
Every killer in the street is a teen with a corrupted,  
mind  
Substance, time is no longer an issue  
We don't have it, so pass the tissue  
Then close the casket, kiss the momma when you can  
Then tell her you understand, but you don't understand

These streets can turn a kid to killer in minutes  
Not by choice, but forced to be a menace  
Can someone just pray for me, or war  
(And hopefully you'll understand) the city pressure  
The AK-47, twin MAC-11s  
The Desert Eagle, shotty and the Smith & Wessons  
Pray for me, or war

He came back fifteen minutes later  
He said, Dot I went on one, do me this favor  
Dump these guns in a safe place, let nobody see you  
This is critical as it gets my nigga, I need you  
I said alright, so what happened? Seen a few niggas  
slipping  
And I just started clapping, I didn't care who I was  
hitting  
That's wild shit, but anyway, I got you  
I love you my nigga, make sure you hit me up by  
tomorrow  
I woke up the next morning with a cold  
Allergies got me sneezing and wiping my nose when it  
was leaking  
Checked the medicine cabinet, looking for some  
DayQuil  
But all I seem was some aspirins, just my luck  
I got up, went to Rite Aid  
Hoping that the pharmacy department had the right  
aid, I bought it and left  
Walked to the parking lot, that's when I seen the faces  
of death  
Said they was looking for my man with a chopper in  
their hand  
Praying that it would jam, but you don't understand

These streets can turn a kid to killer in minutes  
Not by choice, but forced to be a menace  
Can someone just pray for me, or war  
(Now tell me, do you understand?) the city pressure  
The AK-47, twin MAC-11s (huh?)  
The Desert Eagle, shotty and the Smith & Wessons (do

you understand?)  
Pray for me, or war

It's like, it's a revolving door  
That I've been a part of my whole life  
Fucked up right?

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