Kendrick Lamar "good kid"

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Mass hallucination baby I'll education baby Want to reconnect with your elations This is your station baby

Look inside these walls and you see them having withdrawels Of a prisoner on his way Trapped inside your desire To fire bullets that stray Track a tire just tell you lÂ'm tired and ran away I should ask a choir what do you require To sing a song that acquire me to have faith As the record spin I should pray For the record I recognize that IÂ'm easily prey I got ate alive yesterday I got animosity building ItÂ's probably big as a building Me jumping off of the roof Is just me playing it safe But what am I supposed to do When the topic is red or blue And you understand that I ainÂ't But know IÂ'm accustomed to Just a couple that look for trouble And live in the street with rank No better picture to paint than me walking from bible studv

And called his homies because he had said he noticed my face

From a function that tooken place
They was wondering if I bang
Step on my neck and get blood on your Nike checks
I donÂ't mind because one day you respect
The good kid, m.A.A.d. city

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All I see is strobe lights

Blinding me in my hindsight
Finding me by myself
Promise me you can help
In all honesty I got time to be copescetic
And finally made decision to hold me against my will
It was like a head on collision that folded me standing
still

I can never pick out the difference
? or cop on the bill
Every time you clock in the morning
I feel you just want to kill
All my? while ignorning my purpose
To perservere as a better person
I know you heard this and probably in fear
But what am I supposed to do
With the blinking of red and blue
Flash from the top of your roof
And your dog has to say?
And you ask "lift up your shirt"
Cause you wonder if a tattoo
Of affiliation can make it a pleasure to put to

Of affiliation can make it a pleasure to put me through Gang files, but that donÂ't matter because the matter is racial profile

I heard them chatter: "HeÂ's probably young but I know that heÂ's down" Step on his neck as hard as your bullet proof vest He donÂ't mind, he know we never respect

The good kid, m.A.A.d. city

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All I see in this room 20 Xanies and? Grown-up candy for pain Can we live in the same society ItÂ's entirely stressful upon my brain You hired me as a victim I quietly hope for change When violence is the rhythm Inspired me to obtain The silence in this room With 20 Xanies and? Some grown-up candy I lost it I feel itÂ's nothing to lose The streets sure to release the worst side of my best DonÂ't mind, cause now you ever in debt To good kid, m.A.A.d. city

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