

## Kendrick Lamar

### "M.A.A.d City"

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[Intro/Bridge]

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

[ScHoolBoy Q]

“YOCK! YOCK! YOCK! YOCK! ”

[Hook]

“Man down  
Where you from, nigga?”  
“Fuck you, where you from my nigga?”  
“No, where you from, my nigga?”  
“Where your grandma stay, huh, my nigga?”  
This m.A.A.d city like, “Run, my nigga.”

[Verse 1]

Brace yourself, I'll take you on a trip down memory lane  
This is not a rap on how I'm slingin crack or move cocaine  
This is cul de sac and plenty cognac and major pain  
Not the drill sergeant, but the stress that weighin on your brain  
It was Me, O-Boog[?], and Yaya[?] watchin Lucky ride down Rosecrantz  
It got ugly, wavin yo hand out the window. Check yo self  
Uh, warriors and Conans  
Hope euphoria can slow dance with society  
The tribe received the first one to get killed  
Seen a light-skinned nigga with his brains blown out  
At the same crib they stay, where — hang out  
Now this is not a tape recorder saying that he did it  
But ever since that day, I was lookin at him different  
That was back when I was nine  
Joey packed the nine  
Packed to stand on every porch was fine  
We adapt to crime  
Pack a van with four guns at a time  
With the sliding door

Fuck is up?  
Fuck you shootin for if you ain't walkin up?  
You fuckin punk  
Pickin up the fuckin pump  
Pickin off you suckers  
Suck a dick or die or sucker punch  
Or warn the bullets comin from  
AKA's  
ARA's  
A "Aye y'all. Duck."  
That's what momma said when we was eatin the free  
lunch  
Aw man  
God damn  
All hell broke loose  
You killed my cousin back in '94. Fuck yo truce  
Now crawl yo 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  
IV's on top of IV's  
Obviously the coroner between the sheets like the  
Isleys  
When you hop on that trollie  
Make sure your colors correct  
Make sure you're cornbread, or they'll be callin 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 movin backwards if you suggest that you sleep wit  
a Teck  
Go buy a chopper and have a doctor on speed dial, I  
guess  
M.A.A.d city

[Hook]

A "Man down  
Where you from, nigga?"  
A "Fuck you."  
A "No, where you from, my nigga?"  
A "Where your grandma stay, huh, my nigga?"  
This m.A.A.d city like, A "Run, my nigga."

[Intro/Bridge]

If Pirus and Crips all got along  
They'd probably gun me down by the end of this song  
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Every time I'm in the street I hear

[ScHoolBoy Q]  
“YOCK! YOCK! YOCK! —

(Static)

[MC Eiht]  
Wake yo punk ass up!  
It ain’t nothin but a Compton thang  
Chyea  
Real simple and plain  
I’mma teach you some lessons about the street  
It ain’t nothin but a Compton thang  
Chyea  
How we do

[Verse 2]  
Fresh outta school cause I was a high school grad

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