MotoLyrics MotoLyrics.com Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Kendrick Lamar "Michael Jordan"

Visit "Michael Jordan" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

I used to want to be like Michael Jordan Figure I would hit the NBA and make me a fortune

[Hook]

Uh, every time I'm in my city, I be acting like my sh*t don't stink Used to clean my Rollie chain with alcohol in the sink Riding around with n*ggas that I grew up with since McNair Bumping me against the world, hello world, Kendrick here And I'm too much for these n*ggas, I'm three much for these hoes I'm too much for these n*ggas, I'm three much for these hoes I'm too much for these n*ggas, I'm three much for these hoes I'm too much for these n*ggas, I'm three much for these hoes Wayne told me that and that's just how it goes

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

Michael Jordan, bounce-bounce ho, bounce-bounce This sh*t make a n*gga wanna get some bread or bust a head

Or f*ck my enemies b*tch, acting bad and getting rich Pull up on them 26's, I'm a vanity slave

l'm a sinner, Jesus Christ, please forgive me for my ways

I don't know why your b*tch want to f*ck me And I don't know why you f*ck n*ggas can't see I'm a Comp-town represented, a concrete back-flipper A.K.A that n*gga

Don't worry, I don't know why your b*tch want to f*ck me

And I don't know why you f*ck n*ggas can't see This is Hiii-power since the Eddie Bauer, I've been popular

I'm popping now, every other hour, paparazzi come You jocking the let her be a ho, why you stopping though?

We stopping the traffic, what you know about them

hockey pucks? Skating on 'em, why you hating on 'em? You should learn from 'em Seen too many of y'all getting money, know my turn coming I don't know why your b*tch want to f*ck me I don't know why, hey, wait a minute motherf*cker

[Hook]

Uh, every time I'm in my city, I be feeling like my sh*t don't stink

Used to clean my Rollie chain with alcohol in the sink Riding around with n*ggas that I grew up with since McNair

Bumping me against the world, hello world, Kendrick here

And I'm too much for these n*ggas, I'm three much for these hoes

I'm too much for these n*ggas, I'm three much for these hoes

I'm too much for these n*ggas, I'm three much for these hoes

Wayne told me that and that's just how it goes Michael Jordan b*tch, Michael Jordan b*tch, Michael Jordan b*tch

Michael Jordan b*tch, that means I'm too much for these n*ggas

I'm three much for these hoes

Wayne told me that and that's just how it goes

[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]

Man, the game chose me, what am I to do? The only thing I did wrong was make it possible I diddy bop and make them titties pop Out there on my bumper like a city cop Walking out the Fred Segal, put my girl on it Ass so fat, probably sit the world on it Aye, pussy crazy, pussy crazy, you f*ck n*ggas, you pussies crazy Man, I know I can't tell you about the world homie But I know I can tell you about your girl homie Her pussy's crazy, her pussy crazy, I f*ck n*gga, I know you hate me I know they pay me too much of attention Bring my name up, it gotta be mentioned I need me an engine that go real fast, Call it hall/haul of fame once it haul ass Give me tall glass, Coconut Ciroc, Please, no soda pop, I make my soda pop, Life's a b*tch, her pussy crazy but I make that pussy pay me

[Hook]

Every time I'm in my city I be feeling like my sh*t don't stink Used to clean my Rolie chain with alcohol in the sink

Riding around with n*ggas that I grew up with since McNair

Bumping me against the world, hello world, Kendrick here

And I'm too much for these n*ggas, I'm three much for these hoes

I'm too much for these n*ggas, I'm three much for these hoes

I'm too much for these n*ggas, I'm three much for these hoes

Wayne told me that and that's just how it goes Michael Jordan b*tch, Michael Jordan b*tch, Michael Jordan b*tch

Michael Jordan b*tch, that means I'm too much for these n*ggas

I'm three much for these hoes, Wayne told me that,

[Verse 3: Schoolboy Q]

I remember tripping, walking through the set like my Glock don't think

Grandma in the kitchen, neck bones in the sink I don't know why your b*tch want to f*ck me

And I don't know why you sucker n*ggas can't see I'm from Hoover man, high as Superman, sh*t you Lois Lane

You pussy man with the pussy game, sh*t, we off the chain

We popping the fortune, not the fame, sh*t, you backers, man

You chasing hoes, we replacing hoes, bag and pass them hoes

You brought and chose, guess she moving on, yep, we do it wrong

We f*cked her homes, f*cked and sent her home, marijuana strong

You know I'm gone, turn my swagger on, am I swagged enough?

My paper long, yep, you left alone, you gets no f*cks Leaning off the activis, passing blunts round and round Told me Mary was a go so we passed her round and round

Your b*tch texted me, wants it now so I had to knock her down

Hurt her bouncing off my balls, slinging d^*ck up from the mound

You let it slide, I hit home-runs, clean her dugout till I'm

done I can be your number two and you can be her number one Her pussy's crazy, her pussy's crazy, you f*ck n*ggas [Hook] Every time I'm in my city I be feeling like my sh*t don't stink Used to clean my Rolie chain with alcohol in the sink Riding around with n*ggas that I grew up with since McNair Bumping me against the world, hello world, Kendrick here And I'm too much for these n*ggas, I'm three much for these hoes I'm too much for these n*ggas, I'm three much for these hoes I'm too much for these n*ggas, I'm three much for these hoes Wayne told me that and that's just how it goes Michael Jordan b*tch, Michael Jordan b*tch, Michael Jordan b*tch Michael Jordan b*tch, that means I'm too much for these n*ggas I'm three much for these hoes Wayne told me that and that's just how it goes

Visit Kendrick Lamar page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.