

Kendrick Lamar

"Poe Man Dreams"

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[Hook]

Smoke good, eat good, live good
Smoke good, eat good, live good
Smoke good, eat good, live good
Smoke good, eat good, live good

[Verse 1 - Kendrick Lamar]

I used to want to see the penitentiary
Way after elementary
Thought it was cool to look the judge
In the face when he sentenced me
Since my uncles was institutionalized
My intuition has said I was suited for family ties
My mama is stressing, my daddy tired
I need me a weapon, these niggas ride
Every minute, hour and second. Ministers tried
To save me. How I'm gonna listen
When I don't even hear God?
Heaven or Hell, Base it all on my instincts
My hands dirty, you worried bout mud in your sink
You like to mistake a street nigga for real nigga
The same nigga that killed with ya, squealed with ya
I deal with ya like my son
Stare at the sun and you'll be lookin
In my eyes homie. Stand for something
Or fall for anything, and you working
With two left feet at the skating rink
But anyway, this for my niggas
Uncles, 23 hours sending me pictures
I want you to know that I'm so determined
To blow, that you hear the music
I wrote, hope it get you off Death Row
You came home to a pocket full of stones
A Metro PC phone, then you went back in
So when I touch the pen, the Pen is in
My view. I'mma get it right, just so you:

[Hook]

[Bridge - GLC]

And I do this for the city

Got some Hennessy and my real
Niggas with me
F-ck the police, they gonna have
To come and get me
If it feel good to you
Holler if you hear me

[Verse 2]

You like to mistake a street nigga for a real nigga
That same nigga that kill with ya, will squeal with ya
I'd like to start it out from the bottom and build with ya
Be on my last dollar and split the bill with ya
I'm 23 with morals and plans of living cordial
Not rich, but wealthy
There's nothing you can tell me
My killings are not remorseful
The city got my back before that, I give them my torso
You think about it, and don't call me lyrical
Cause really I'm just a nigga that's evil and spiritual
I know some rappers using big words
To make their similes curve
My simplest shit be more pivotal
I penetrate the hearts of good kids and criminals
Worry some individuals that live life critical
So won't you bare witness while I bare feet
So you can walk in my shoes and get to know me
But anyway, this for my pops
On his lunch break, eating in the parking lot
On 'Wanna Be Heard,' probably thought he worked my
nerves
But really he was stressing me, getting what I deserved
Somebody said my name on the radio
He ain't know I was ready for
The world that minute
So the next time he roll up
And drop grams in it, he'll probably be
Out of work, laid back, while he

[Hook]

[Bridge]

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