

## Kendrick Lamar

### "Power Circle"

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[Intro: Rick Ross]

If Michael Jackson came alive right now  
He'd ask you to smoke one for him  
So in his honor  
You niggas Spud Webb, coming up short  
Think you're Dee Brown, jump if you want  
I put it on my momma and her very last nerve  
Ricky made off everything I deserved  
The square root of a kilo is me nigga  
The square root of a kilo is me nigga  
Do the math, I'm a motherfucking G nigga

[Verse 2: Gunplay]

It's all on me now, as you can see now  
I'm gon' get this money and I will not be denied  
Been shittin' on you fucks a long time, time to pee now  
When you finish first they hate you worse, startin to see  
now  
I'm at the round table, where your seat at?  
Where your plate, where your lobster, where your sea  
bass?  
We ain't never left, actin' like we back  
You should see us now taking pictures acting like we  
rap  
This the circle that'll murk you, blackout, short circuit  
Somebody show them square ass niggas the first exit  
This here reserved for soldiers most definitely  
So watch what you say and where you step more  
carefully  
If I fall in the field and ain't no more air for me  
Pour some on the ground and put one in the air for me  
Tell my enemies fuck 'em, they know already but fuck  
'em  
Tell 'em again with a middle finger and a chuckle  
You don't know nan nigga, nope, uh uh  
This famous that'll still throw copper  
Cross so heavy crack the tabernacle  
Fire the ganja back up  
Throw some blow in my tobacco  
Then crank the Lac up  
One match left, this the last turn

Santeria candles in my sanctuary burn  
I'mma earn 'til the last court adjourn  
'Til the last gavel drop we gon' have it locked  
We gon' have it locked  
We gon' have it locked

[Verse 3: Stalley]

I'm part of the small percentage of niggas who make it  
out the ghetto  
But niggas tried to pull me back cause misery loves  
company  
It's funny how they come for me when they see me  
living comfortably  
But when I was broke and sleeping on floors they ain't  
want nothing from me  
My future's so bright but my past so ugly  
And I just try to correct it all but it all still haunts me  
Tried to section off the past but it still haunts me  
So I accept what got me here, reflecting in this rocking  
chair  
All this space created, all that hard work it got me here  
So what I look like tellin' a nigga that I should be here  
Power to the people so the people shouldn't live in fear  
And I'll be that raising voice and tell the people treat us  
fair  
Warring in the streets tell them soldiers to meet us  
there  
Out in the open all alone I felt the coldest air  
Secluded in my thoughts in fear  
No one to talk to, no one there  
Not even a voice, not even an ear  
No one alive, no one to care  
Now I got a power circle, now I'm on a power trip  
And they calling me counterfeit cause I ain't gave a  
coward shit  
Stole me, throw me a pile of shit but you won't pull me  
out of it  
It's funny how it comes full circle  
Now they wanna be a part of the power circle  
They wanna be a part of the power circle

[Bridge: Wale]

May the wind be at your back  
May the bad be in your past  
May the kids take all your good  
And your wife have class  
And you realize your goals  
And what's life without grind  
Those niggas, yo' niggas?  
Hope those niggas real as mine

[Verse 4: Wale]

There's a difference between underrated and hasn't  
made it  
Once you successful they relentlessly giving you  
hatred  
There's no applause for ya and success is hard for ya  
There's enemies, envy, with green my niggas  
lawnmower  
And I'm on tour, Jordan 4's, Tom Ford  
And I ain't thuggin, they clappin at me, a encore  
Got a dark heart, bright mind, make women crazy  
I give her D, I throw up two, I call that shit a safety  
Shit is crazy when entertainment ain't entertaining  
And my inner sanctum need real estate I'm out my  
cabeza  
Jealousy's for the weak, you ain't happy I made it  
I be feeling like brother Malcolm just out of the nation  
Allah got us cause if we hollered a lost numbers  
I seen hustlers turn cluckers out niggas grandmothers  
because the dealers needed to hustle to make some  
money  
So shut the fuck up and listen, fuck all them stuck up  
musicians  
My circle small but regardless, my circumference  
official  
My clothes different like quarterbacks at a closed  
scrimmage  
They gon' blitz us but ain't no way that they gon' hit us  
I'm so elusive, so my niggas be goin' through it  
Guess it's a wrap when your co-defendant make soul  
music  
Cash rule the world -- at least it do with girls  
At least it do with churches, seek the truth and true it  
hurts  
If they real, then they real -- my niggas deserve it  
And we don't deal with weak squares in this power  
circle  
We don't deal with weak squares in this power circle

[Verse 5: Meek Mill]

I'm like welcome to the power circle  
I came a long way, I started with a powdered circle  
Clique full of real niggas that'll probably murk you  
Cause they about that murder game you do a lot of  
verbal  
Lotta talking, lotta Tweeting, 'til you hear that chopper  
speaking  
Kill my dog, I kill your dog, we tied even, I'd believe it  
If you see it then you got it, nigga never give up  
Cause if you grindin' you gon' be rich before you can  
look up

My cousin Knock told me never teach niggas to cook up  
Cause you can sell 'em hard for the low and give 'em  
the hookup  
And still make the profit  
The streets say I'm the hottest and a nigga still modest  
I'm just being honest  
Back to the wall, never let 'em get behind us  
Mack in my draws fitting right in my designers  
Look at my persona, I dreamed it, woke up and  
conquered  
And there was commas after commas, I eat 'em like  
Benihanas  
Put the shrimp over the pasta, the pasta over the  
lobster  
And the lobster over the table, power circle a mafia  
Just talkin' money, talkin' money what you talkin' bout?  
Probably talkin' bout us, we the only thing to talk about  
Cause we the only thing to talk about  
Cause we the only thing to talk about

[Verse 6: Kendrick Lamar]

Look inside the eyes of the last Mohicans survived  
You won't last a weekend outside  
Seen a pastor tweaking, then sunk his teeth in a rock  
his demise  
Later on that evening you heard the grieving of angels  
that cried  
See a demon don't compromise  
And so I walk alone with a cross and a diamond stone  
I'm a diamond inside the rough that's too mighty for  
maricons  
I might as well put all my killers in YSL  
Put my voice on this microphone, put you pussy niggas  
through hell  
Hell's fire, I never lie, you will never grind  
I know the priors they runnin' by us when we do crime  
I know that section eight wanna discontinue my Moms  
When they heard that Ohio state gave me 30 racks in  
July  
Oh Lord, this can't be life, no it can't be life  
When they day breaks and you earned them stripes  
and you learned that strike  
From upstate will adjourn that life and confirm that life  
It's good bait for the warden that might get awarded  
and write  
Now your fate can record it denied a reporter replied  
The death rate will eventually climb, so eventually I'm  
On a track race for the dough before time get a clock  
that resigns  
So about face if it ain't business, I get offended, I mind  
Now one fake, I'm a realist in strive, I'm a bilion in five

Well a billion cause the limit is the sky and I live on  
cloud nine  
And I recognize my nemesis gon' try to put a finish in  
my shine  
But pussy, where it hurt you  
Life in the power circle

[Outro: Rick Ross]  
Regardless of how it goes down  
Life goes on, am I right?  
Tried to warn you niggas  
I tried to warn you niggas  
It's too late now  
Double M-G  
Too much cake  
Too much power  
Too much respect  
Bow down, nigga  
Ugh!

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