

## **Kendrick Lamar**

# **"Sex With Society"**

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(This, this, this)  
(Should be played at high volume)  
(Preferably in a residential...)

Life's a bitch, life's a bitch  
But I'ma keep the pussy wet (Yep)  
I'ma keep the pussy wet (Yep)  
I'ma keep the pussy wet  
I'ma keep the pussy wet  
My dick hard, her pussy wet

[Kendrick Lamar - Verse 1]  
And I'm born with my dick in the earth, you can tell me  
how much am I worth  
I'ma die with my heart on my sleeve, many die on their  
hands and their knees  
And I'm takin' whatever I need, and I'm rapin' the  
government fees  
And you're wastin' your time, and I'm speakin' my mind  
on whatever I think  
And I think that I'm Richard Pryor with priors of 32  
fiends  
And that means that I here fly higher, tell me why are  
you starin' at me?  
Matta fact, man, your eyes is wired, you inspired by  
Kendrick the king  
Maybe it's 'cause I'm livin' my dream, man, I sing what  
I'm livin' about  
And the words that come out of my mouth, they  
requires a random routine  
Of being organic granite, then my access is granted  
To represent the shit that I conceive, and I guarantee  
that I'ma bring  
My mind, body, soul and I sold all these records off  
bein' myself  
And I wish you can do the same thing, man, it's easier  
than a stripper  
Or tyin' a baby shoestring, you stringing along  
And really why you writing a song? Your passion for  
music is never in sync  
No secret societies guided me to the world of unseen  
And they tell me life is a bitch, who gives a shit? You

can believe

I'ma keep the pussy wet (Yep)  
I'ma keep the pussy wet (Yep)  
My-my dick hard, her pussy wet  
I'ma keep the pussy wet (Yep)

(Hi, ho!) I came  
(Bye, ho!) I went (We-we-went-went)  
(Hi, ho!) I ca-came  
(Bye, ho!) I went  
(Hi, ho!) I came

(Bye, ho!) I went  
(Bitch-bitch-bitch-bitch-bitch-bitch-bitch-bitch-bitch,  
bitch, bitch, bitch)

[Kendrick Lamar - Verse 2]  
And I see that you envy of me, enemy ghosts don't  
prosper  
Better yet, they do die eventually, if I'm at the event  
you will leave  
'Cause you know and I know that I go ham even if  
Muslims is seen  
In my rearview I'm near you, but I don't hear you, can  
you hear this breathe?  
Wit' an oxygen mask, and the masses keep sayin' I'm  
speakin' for them  
And if you can imagine my madness, then you can see  
where I've been  
And the places the Louis has been, and I swear I been  
doin' this when  
You was in pajamas, watchin' B-B-Barney a-and Friends  
And you couldn't harm me even with ten, weapons of  
your choice ridin' in  
Army tanks, you shot blanks, and I shot back, make  
your duplex bend  
What the fuck you think? If I don't think, then I'm right  
back where the city sin  
What the fuck you drink? Thinkin' I can't write these  
raps in the Lions' Den  
When I hear that you lyin', then? It's murder, she wrote,  
ain't no hope  
You go downhill, man, where's your slope? Get thrown  
downhill tied to a rope  
Told the world to put intervals, man, I swear this the  
Hannibal  
And they tell me that life is a bitch, who gives a shit  
when you know?

[Hook]

And I see that you envy of me-me-me-me-me  
Don't prosper, better yet, they do die eventually-ly-ly  
'Cause you know and I know that I go ham even if  
Muslims is seen  
In my rearview I'm near you...

(Hi, ho!)  
(Bye, ho!)  
(Hi, ho!)  
(Bye, ho!)  
(Hi, ho!)

(Bye, ho!)  
(Hi, ho!)  
(Bye, ho!)  
(Hi, ho!)  
(Hi, ho!)  
(Hi, ho!)

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