

## Kendrick Lamar

### "The Heart Pt. 2"

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[Intro: Dash Snow]

I'll tell you what I don't believe in, can I do that?  
Alright, I don't believe in laws, or the system by any  
means, whatsoever  
I try not to obey them at anytime  
That's what I believe in not believing in (So what keeps  
you alive?)  
Four big bottles of water a day, two packs of Marlboro  
Reds  
And, uh, I don't know what keeps me alive, sh\*t  
Music, I have to listen to music all day long  
I say that keeps me going  
I'm a pretty dark person, I've though about ending it a  
million times  
And I have to say that music keeps me here, by far, the  
main thing

[Verse: Kendrick Lamar]

Thank you  
Sitting in the studio thinking about what mood would go  
Right now, freestyle or write down, whatever  
And still come up clever  
I just need to free to my thoughts, and Lord knows I  
know better  
But I ain't perfect, and I ain't seen too many churches  
Or know them testament verses  
You should either hear me now or go deaf  
Or end up dead, die trying and know death  
Might end up dead, swallow blood, swallow my breath  
F\*ck a funeral, just make sure you pay my music  
respect (n\*gga)  
I mean that from the bottom of my heart  
You see my art, is all I have  
And victory tastes sweet, even when the enemy can  
throw salt  
Still knock them outta the park, like a f\*cking tow car  
Let bygones be bygones  
But where I'm from  
We buy guns and more guns, to give to the young  
I'm living the life of a n\*gga trapped n\*gga  
And out of the system all you envisioning is trap

n\*ggas  
My uncle doing life, inside prison he wasn't wrapped  
too tight  
He told me to rap about life, not rap n\*ggas  
That's why I'm shaking my head when you rap dissing  
My stomach start turning, my nerves get to the  
twitching  
I start evaluating, then my final intuition  
Is that you wishing a come up, would just come up  
We used to beefing over a turf, f\*ck beefing over a  
verse  
N\*ggas dying, motherf\*ck a double entendre  
And this is Compton, lions in the land of the triumph  
Wrap seran our defiance, ban our alliance  
Put burners in the hands, of the black man  
One hood with 24 four's like a cloned Kobe Bryant  
You probably heard I wanna be heard and wonder who I  
am  
You probably even listen to Faith, and think I know Zion  
But really I'm just caught in the loop, of understanding  
the truth  
Because it seems it's always clashing with science  
I got a big fear of flying  
My future so bright I'd probably go blind before I  
blink twice, I ain't lying  
I swear to god half of ya'll don't know Kendrick  
The school of hardknocks, we was the first ones in  
attendance  
You walking down the block, he got shot, you wouldn't  
know I witnessed  
He just mind your bidness,  
He just turn your head and no down and just tied your  
tennis  
It kinda scary ain't it  
You can't act like no b\*tch that only got Tyler Perry  
famous  
Just let me explain this, why you pick up that stainless  
Because your pops wasn't anxious  
To see you when you hated him  
So much you probably had your burner tucked during  
graduation  
Said if you see him in the bleachers then you kill him,  
facing  
25 to life with a murder charge  
Your enemies was preying, now you pray to God  
I pray these bars get farther than Compton  
And if I reckon if I break, I still won't break my promise  
I promise to keep it honest  
Secret society all we ask is trust  
And all we lack is communication like service sucks  
The people scared of annihilation when Kingdom Come

And I'm like  
The Kendrick Lamar OD in less than a month, alright?  
Gotta keep it pushing  
And let the government tell me how my future looking  
I'm on Rosecrans and Central trying to duck the central  
bookings  
If the f\*cking pigs get behind me then you know I'm  
booking  
Never will I surrender  
I've been a warrior when I came out of my mom's  
placenta  
In the gutter, lane like I'm Master Splinter  
How splendid, I guess my project I did it  
Got all these n\*ggas approaching their mixtapes  
different  
They said seven tracks, I said fifteen  
Called it an EP, they said I'm tripping  
But little did they know, I'm trying to change the rules  
That we've been confined to, so the corporate won't  
make decisions  
Uppity b\*tches, handling business  
Killing our dreams, stealing our vision  
Out in Haiti, adolescents barely have a home  
In L.A everybody thinking they f\*cking on  
Hop on twitter, perpetrate we doing big sh\*t  
Who we hanging with and bragging about the iPhone  
I swear to god most ya'll cats don't know Kendrick  
You barely know yourself, so I guess most of ya'll  
should be offended  
Ain't doing this for my health,  
I'm just trying to purchase my mom a business  
Occupy my time with riches, justify my time and  
ambitions  
Just to coincide, just to go inside,  
And put the lies behind while we living  
Look the mastermind, took the masters mind  
Just the perfect time, just the master mind  
Just mastered the grind with precision  
Look the mastermind (cough)

[Outro]

We would like to call this an appreciation tape  
For those who recognized the Kendrick Lamar EP  
Of this is the Kendrick Lamar OD (OD)  
Because of you we are Overly Dedicated

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