

Kendrick Lamar**"They Say"**

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Growin up I was a knucklehead,
Boy you never listen to me! that's wat my momma said
I'm from the projects, I aint never had shit,
Me and my older brother, we had to share a mattress
No heat, no lights, had to keep them candles lit,
My daddy left me at 8, in an out my life and shit
Gang bangas dope dealers replaced my father,
Neighborhood hustlas taught me to get them dollas
That's when I became a problem,
Product of my environment, it's hard to grow up be a
doctor or a fireman
When you constantly seein that g ride tires screechin
And them shots firin all the time it happens frequently
The hood inspired him to be a G,
I bled for the game did it all for the letter B
The big homie gave me the name jay rock,
This aint no rap gimmick it's a real life story on watts
livin nigga
(Chorus)
You can take, me out the hood,
But you can't take the hood out me,
And that's the way it forever gon be,
But I can't help it I'm gutta,
I shoulda changed out, but all my life I been gang
banged out
That project shit run deep in my veins now,
And I can't help it, ooh who am I losin I can't help it
And all my life I been gang banged out that project
Shit runnin deep in my veins now

Let me take you on a detour,
Eastside watts, niggas will go in projects follow me
Home to my black n white appartments,
Police roll thru with caution, scared to death
The homies got tats across them,
Capitol BH over they necks,
Since birth bangin the set,
Even the hoes bangin the set,
Some aint, but most is hood rats lookin for that buck
Them trash cans lay in the street ghetto technique
For drive bys, for the low them 5 dollas will get u high

Dice games, white Gs, fist fights,
Six fo's, el co's, g rides, and mini bikes
Might see a couple of zombies late night,
Off what? off pipe membrane dead right, no lie

Somethin in the bushes, either the AK or the.45, no lie
Raised in the ghetto, wit rats and roaches,
Smokers on porches, gettin high off yola it's colda
Nortner but my city's the coldest
Where we aint bond is the city of mornin?

(Chorus)

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But you can't take the hood out me,
And that's the way it forever gon be,
But I can't help it I'm gutta,
I shoulda changed out, but all my life I been gang
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That project shit run deep in my veins now,
And I can't help it, ooh who am I losin I can't help it

You could take me out the hood but the hood will never
leave me

I'm still bangin, I'm still hangin,

The only difference is I'm not slangin nickles and
dimes

More like slangin these rap lines

Verse is the truth when I step in the booth,

Niggas know I pour my soul out for the strugglin youth

For that fatherless son who needed love so he ran wit

A crew, grew up before his older brother did

Gin and juice, replaced the pain I knew, carryin them
thangs to school

Them niggas was trippin I wasn't bangin the blue,

But they had to respect me I never ran from who?

nobody

Put my faith in god it's amazin how I overcame them
odds

On my momma this past year my life has slightly been

Revised, but notice I said slightly

Cuz me bein absent from where I came from, that's
unlikely

(Chorus)

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