

Kendrick Lamar

"Toca Tuesdays"

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Brother number 2, what it do
Yeah, ãçâ, -Â! brother number 2, what it do
ãçâ, -Â! knock beef like I knock boots
Propaganda when I step to rescue yo
You know they make it big than what it is in particular

Kendrick Lamar the modern day Malcom
Humble and modest but these margins can move a
mountain
I march pit on the beat and leave the mark of a
thousand marksmen
Clearing the street and killing rappers with talent,
preach
Yes that talent, kids are scared of ya, canãçâ, -â,,çt
even spell competitor
Lord is my witness
I remember asking artists in streets how they did it
The only features I got is was this hand and face I was
getting
How ironic, ãçâ, -Â! was the shit like ãçâ, -Â!
Now we faming over these beats while critics pay
ãçâ, -Â!
Itãçâ, -â,,çs too street like my 23 summers in Compton
I go so deep like my dick in your bitch hope the condom
never do leak
2 seats, one car, all you hear yes daddy ãçâ, -Â!
High salary blow jobs, high calorie rap bars and not me
My sweet 16 will probably need a school id
And usually high b, dominant victor
You know what time it is nigger ãçâ, -Â!
Iãçâ, -â,,çm a slick ãçâ, -Â! when I write this shit
Iãçâ, -â,,çm think on the shit, ãçâ, -Â! and I think
youãçâ, -â,,çre a bitch
ãçâ, -Â! we catching bodies, facing the hotel lobby,
fuck you security
ãçâ, -Â! I spit asset, hit your block and crumble your
ãçâ, -Â!
This is torture when I torture, or escort you
Out the building where ex-convicts with our ãçâ, -Â!
Permanent hand shake, your man canãçâ, -â,,çt stick
to the script

Ãçâ,¬Â! I was Malcolm to your belief.

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