

Kendrick Lamar

"U.O.E.N.O"

Visit "[U.O.E.N.O](http://MotoLyrics.com)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Kendrick]

I fucked up the rap game, and you ain't even know it
I just fucked what's-her-name, and you ain't even know it
She got a tattoo and you ain't even know it
We 'bout to form a little group, and you ain't even know it
Stuck in a rock and a hard place
Eminem, 'Pac and where God stay
Timberlands pop that jaw bone
Now bitch nigga, tell me how that tar taste
Even Tarzan can get swung on
I never hung out with the loud mouth
You've got a foul mouth, but that dead body
Gon' smell foul when it fouls out
She filed my nails in the Bahamas
We found ourselves in the Bahamas
She found God - meditation, at peace
I found myself without a condom
You know everybody havin' them babies
It's a beautiful thing, it ain't crazy
If a rapper monogamous
You know what the problem is?
Too many bitches got rabies
And I hate a hoe hoppin' on me
Stank pussy popping, warn me
You fuckin' fool, don't know about you
But my dick need 17 years on it
Anything after that is just a bonus
And I've been in the lab with my opponents
And since Sway done swang that list
He got a flatscreen the next morning
Tell 'em I need my credit when it's due
Tell 'em I need my lettuce when it's new
Tell 'em I got a fetish for fine fabrics
Franklins and saying "fuck you"
Tell 'em it's TDE 'til I'm DDT'd in that grave
And Top Dawg is proof
'Til my nigga Who get free, ain't shit comin' for free
I'm 'bout to rape you niggas 'til you recoupe

[Verse 2: Schoolboy]

Groovy nigga, that's all day, Backwood hold three
grams
Got a six-shooter, that revolver spinning
Shells stuck inside but won't jam
This hoodie here 'bout two stacks, hell yeah that bitch
gon' go HAM
Molly in her drink, but she asked me to, and oh yeah, I
got this on cam'
Gangster nigga, not trap beats - bet I still sound like
that new shit
Originality in my blueprint, still Figg Side, figaro, pimp
Her thick ass where my palm hit, pull my dick out, she
gon' bomb it
Swag surfing all through the world, slide through the
sea on a comet
O-X-Y for these morons, that be that new shit I'm
pushing
Raise off of them pockets, bring more of them
chloroforms
These niggas ain't poppin' - tell them old niggas to
move on
Ah damn, I don said it - yeah - ah damn, they
beheaded

[Verse 3: Ab-Soul]

She ain't single but she solo, you ain't even know it
Unsigned with sold out shows, and you ain't even know
it
My lips black but they ain't chapped, she ain't even
know that
Let's have sex, she said yes
You know she ain't know that
See the life on my chest
My head next to her breasts
My mind all in the clouds
Just bought an ounce of the best
No talking when I'm off that loud
I came quick so she pissed
You know I'm good for another round
But it's hard when everybody on your dick
I know real niggas that's Crips
I know real niggas that's Bloods
I know real niggas that's thugging
Like you ain't know what's up
Got Codeine in my cup
Got a couple cheques that need cashin'
And you can take that to the bank, what's life without a
balance?
You ain't even know it
Nigga, I be everywhere, you ain't even going

I thought it was snowing
But I'm just the coldest nigga out here flowing
Sick of all that bullshit y'all been promoting, butâ€¦
Soul! Carson in the motherfuckin' house
Del Amo, watch your motherfuckin' mouth
I took the game by storm, just to X men out
I'm crazy out my mind, I put my life on the line
The tortoise only makes progress when his neck sticks
out
Just a little token of gold if you ain't know it, though

[Verse 4: Jay Rock]

Respect, I get the utmost
I'm so dope, I'm a walking kilo
36 Osâ€¦
You don't even know I'm gettin' cheese like Cheetos
You mad that we BMFing
Bitch-ass niggas steady PMSing
I never show my hands, can't know my plans
Gotta keep 'em guessin'
Rock! I was off the scene
Now a nigga back like a 4 1/2
Shootin' up the set like Spielberg
See the big picture when them hammers flash
I don't post a lot on Instagram
That's the quickest way they'll get you, man
Leave that shit for the bitches, man
Alphabit boys, they'll get ya ass
IRS they was on a nigga
Cashed them out, not I'm Scott free
Got my passport in my JanSport, now I'm overseas
You don't even know itâ€¦
Rock been killin' this shit, no gloves, no mask on me
Just 100 thousand cash on me
Back then, I was doing bad, homie
All my bitches bad now
My own hoes try to keep tabs on me
Safe to say I'm the man now
Punk-ass nigga just stand down
'Fore the shots go up and it's man down
Hands down, still popping, no prescription, I'm flexing
Suplex a pussy, I've been off the edge
Too late to push me, nigga I ain't fell off
Used to move Frosted Flakes like Kellogs
Pull up to the bank, count paper like tellers
Top Dawg, Money Gang, bitch, we've been on
Clothesline the beat, nigga, John Cena
Been having stripes, can't walk in my Adidas
Kicked in the door, hand on the Nina
Black Hippy shit, rock on, bleed 'em

[Outro: Future]

I'm turned up every day, you don't even know it
Got your bitch with me right now, you don't even know it

We turn up in the club, you don't even know it
Got a hundred bottles comin', you don't even know it
We came up from nothin', you don't even know it
Drive a half a million dollar car, you don't even know it
This a thousand dollar pair of shoes, you don't even know it

Got a bitch that speak no English, she don't even know it

This a thousand dollar pair of shoes and you don't even know it

This a thousand dollar cup of lean and you don't even know it

This a half a million dollar car, you don't even know it
I came up from the bottom, you don't even know it

My niggas all ride with me on, you don't even know it
Got killers with me right now, you don't even know it
This a million dollar watch nigga, you don't even know it

Got a million dollar crib nigga, you don't even know it

Visit [Kendrick Lamar](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.