

## Kendrick Lamar

### "Westcoast"

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[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

Yeah

Its that West

HOO HA!!

Back Pack Raps

Where gats say they don't get your peeled by the black  
men

Its K-dot thorough bred

Move like a militant

Soldier, on point like a pyramid

Force to be reckoned with

Fuck with the best shit

Like the strongest maneuver

I'm ready when you are

This is it, I'm in the lab cooking up all day

Fuck them up all day

Like a nympho , I've been dope since S curl waves

Trying to convince hoes I got good hair

You know damn well there's chemicals there

I'm in the hood with the 17 year olds that's on hood  
patrol

And they want stripes so they shoot off bikes

And you know any moment you could lose your life

So kiss your kids and hug your wife

Or what not

Yo

I spar with a dragon

It tried to throw a flame, but I ducked and I stabbed him

Came out the battle laughin'

That's a metaphor for any rapper who want it

I smack them 'till they nose is runnin'

You know the hoes is coming if I'm there

And the hoes is coming

Once we hit the hotel

There's no assumption

Cool out before I move out

I bone a 105

Do about 105

Before your ass get threw out

The backseat

There's a dead guy on the freeway

Ohh its not dot?  
Tell the medics its ok  
A beast with a beat break  
You probably think I'm dope  
Like it's the realist shit I wrote  
But to me it's a throw away  
Stare at the four walls and rap like I'm mad at god  
Nice enough to throw a spear at Nas  
Launched at Jay  
Matter fact let me take that back  
See I don't fuck with real legends in rap  
Like you do  
I'm crucial  
Concealed by real crips and soo-woops  
And they shoot  
Like photography students  
When beef gets to brewin'

[Hook]

Is it real son  
Is it really real son  
Is it really real son  
Is it really real  
Tell me how you feel son  
Tell me how you feel son  
Tell me how you feel son  
Tell me how you feeeeel  
You rap pussies got nothing for me  
Once (I'm sound wave recording?)  
Every MC I'm sure to rip them  
I guarantee you will forget them

[Verse 2: Ab Soul]

Come again  
No introduction you know my name  
Soul brother  
You suck the juice from my ding-a-ling  
Orangutan arms banging niggas like a set  
When I speech they fucking silent  
Like sex for the deaf  
Violence I play it like violins in a orchestra  
Chew you like vitamins then spit you back out  
Like a verse I had way back  
Before I had mapped out  
Rip a page out the almanac  
To cross reference  
When I wreck shit  
I wish jaw bone fractures  
On all of you rappers  
Bumping your gods  
Like the measles

When the record meets the needle  
Hands spinnin' like a 12 inch  
Smoking the best (It?)  
Like I shot every bird  
Follow my word  
Big heard  
Ill with it  
I need a hospital gown  
You need 54 cards  
Deal with it  
You may think I'm killing it  
But I'm healing it  
Like a bitch in the club  
Shoot game  
Two chains

[Verse 3: Punch]

Ayo yo  
The flow poet  
Who more focused  
Kick doors open  
Delivering the golden (?)  
Leave with two guns smoking  
It's me  
The podium closing poet  
Well spoken  
It (grows?) the most consistent  
With imminent penmanship  
Mind bending coexisting with the written verbal  
assassin  
Eternally smashin', spazzin' on tracks  
Translation I'm disgusting in action  
Lyrical gluten with bustin' over sound waves production  
Y'all want nothin'  
The sum of all fears  
Mercury risin' I'm summer all year  
I (16?) them to death  
And wish them the best  
I guess that's the gift and the curse  
You see my pattern and  
Y'all still rapping  
Like that's what's happenin'  
I write rhymes  
Put fire on stone tablets  
Peep the (malice?) I'm a monster  
Your boy running like  
Like William Joseph Crawford

[Hook]

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Is it really real son

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[Verse 4: Kendrick Lamar]

Haaaa  
(?) up  
(no kid hate up?)  
Put rappers in quick sand  
Dot leaned on them like kickstands  
Im so hot  
Kids put me on their ipod  
Even atheists play my shit  
And say my God, Jesus Joseph and Mary he's nice  
Don't compare me to them  
Just Compare me to Mike  
Jordan when I'm recordin'  
The verse and the chorus is ill  
You can land in the lap of fortune when biting my skills  
Playa'  
Watch as I lay up  
Bar after bar  
Like I'm trying to build a gate up  
See me on the way up  
Like an elevator I'm gonna let you take the stairs  
That metaphor meaning  
I'm already there  
Greatness  
I'm in the booth with an apron  
Cooking up shit like Martha Stewart was my bitch  
Amen  
Stay on the curve like a (?)  
Blowing herb with my nigga (earl?)  
Fuck what you niggas heard  
We that new westcoast wu tang  
Bitch and I'm the best  
Think less you can suck my dick  
Who from the west can kill it like us  
Give me they name  
And I'ma take them to the house of pain  
Top Dawg headquarters  
Haaa

[Hook: Background]

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