

Kendrick Lamar

"What The Deal"

Visit "[What The Deal](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

If I gotta ride, then youse gonna die

[Verse 1]

I hope niggas ain't really tryna break my bones, 'cause
if you are

Make sure you know what nickname you want for that
tombstone

Play hard as a rock, bullets can break stones

Beak Bad Boys down like Jimmy did Sean Combs

I'm hot as an oven, you just a pressing comb

Not impressed, homes, you should've stayed home

And pray that rooftop block you from getting shitted on

I gives a fuck if A&R's don't pick up the phone

I swear it's no one like me, but if it is

Then I've got a long-lost twin, sort of made me a goon

I don't care about friends, I was made to be on my own

I came in this world by myself, and I'm leaving alone

Hopefully with a crib that I can call my own

With a backyard the size of the fucking Georgia Dome,
pop

You pop shit and I might pop your dome

Give your homies a reason to make a memory stone

Niggas weird, they love when the beef is on

Knowing that plummet time the only time he'll roam

You'd better hold your breath, I'll give you a
walkthrough death

And recommend the gun being your chaperone

I know young niggas that look up to Al Capone

And they look 17, but I swear that they mind is grown

I'm so grown, and the reason I write this way

'Pac and Big ghostwriting my songs

You can play the boss, but if you get shot from being
on top

Then homie, that's your loss

Shit, I'm nice with it

I'll pop your man then leave some money on him

So he can pay for his funeral costs (get it?)

These niggas tryna get money like Fort Knox

Either from the rap shit or back down to the cut rock

And you can play a baller

But deep inside you know you're just an actor

Yeah, something like Rick Ware
You ain't a thug, homie, you just a fox
And I'm Mr. Werewolf somewhere in the Boondocks
And I'm really from the street, so if I ask for beef,
homie
Don't bring no pork chops
I'll turn your skin to pork, homie, with one chop
With a rusty switchblade that's dirty like bums' socks
They say the flow is crack, so wherever I rap
Best believe you can call it a dope spot, bitch
I swear I'm gon' ride... and he's gotta die
Bitch, it's that Compton shit, niggas
Okay... okay...
Money by any means, nigga...

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.