

# XXX. (FEAT. U2.)

## Kendrick Lamar

America, God bless you if it's good to you  
America please take my hand  
Can you help me understand  
New Kung Fu Kenny  
Throw a steak off the yacht  
To a pool full of sharks, he'll take it  
Leave him in the wilderness  
With a sworn nemesis, he'll make it  
Take the gratitude from him  
I bet he'll show you something, woah  
I'll chip a nigga little bit of nothing  
I'll chip a nigga little bit of nothing  
I'll chip a nigga little bit of nothing  
I'll chip a nigga then throw the blower in his lap  
Walk myself to the court like bitch I did that x-rated  
Johnny don't wanna go to school no more, no more  
Johnny said books ain't cool no more (no more)  
Johnny wanna be a rapper like his big cousin  
Johnny caught a body yesterday out hustlin'  
God bless America you know we all love him  
Yesterday I got a call like from my dog like 101  
Said they killed his only son because of insufficient funds  
He was sobbin', he was mobbin', way belligerent and drunk  
Talkin' out his head philosophin' on what the lord had done  
He said, "K-Dot can you pray for me?  
It's been a fucked up day for me  
I know that you anointed, show me how to overcome"  
He was lookin' for some closure  
Hopin' I could bring him closer  
To the spiritual, my spirit do no better, but I told him  
"I can't sugar coat the answer for you  
This is how I feel—if somebody kill my son  
That mean somebody's gettin' killed"  
Tell me what you do for love, loyalty, and passion of  
All the memories collected, moments you could never touch  
I wait in front a niggas spot and watch him hit his block  
I'll catch a nigga leavin' service if that's all I got  
I'll chip a nigga then throw the blower in his lap  
Walk myself to the court like, "Bitch I did that"  
Ain't no black power when your baby killed by a coward  
I can't even keep the peace, don't you fuck with one of ours  
It be murder in the street, it be bodies in the hour

Ghetto bird on the street, paramedics on the dial  
Let somebody touch my momma  
Touch my sister, touch my woman  
Touch my daddy, touch my niece  
Touch my nephew, touch my brother  
You should chip a nigga then throw the blower in his lap  
Matter fact, I'm 'bout to speak at this convention  
Call you back  
Alright kids we're gonna talk about gun control  
(Pray for me)  
DamnIt's not a place  
This country is to be a sound of drum and bass  
You close your eyes to look aroundHail Mary, Jesus and Joseph  
The great American flag  
Is wrapped and dragged with explosives  
Compulsive disorder, sons and daughters  
Barricaded blocks and borders  
Look what you taught us  
It's murder on my street, w'all street, back streets  
Wall street, corporate offices, banks  
Employees and bosses with homicidal thoughts  
Donald Trump's in office, we lost Barack  
And promised to never doubt him again  
But is America honest or do we bask in sin?  
Pass the gin, I mix it with American blood  
Then bash him in, you crippin'ig or you married to blood?  
I'll ask again—oops—accident  
It's nasty when you set us up  
Then roll the dice, then bet us up  
You overnight the big rifles, then tell Fox to be scared of us  
Gang members or terrorists, et cetera, et cetera  
Americas reflections of me  
That's what a mirror doesIt's not a place  
This country is to be a sound of drum and bass  
You close your eyes to look ar-

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>