

You Ain't Gotta Lie (Momma Said)

Kendrick Lamar

Study long, study wrong, nigga
Hey, y'all close that front door, ya'll let flies in this motherfucker
Close that door!
My OG up in this motherfucker right now
My pops man with the bottle of Hennessy in his hand, acting a fool
Hey, hey, babe check it out, Imma tell you what my mama had said, she like: I could spot you a
mile away
I could see your insecurities written all on your face
So predictable your words, I know what you gonna say
Who you foolin'? Oh, you assuming you can just come and hang
With the homies but your level of realness ain't the same
Circus acts only attract those that entertain
Small talk, we know that it's all talk
We live in the Laugh Factory every time they mention your name
Askin' "where the hoes at?" to impress me
Askin' "where the moneybags?" to impress me
Say you got the burner stashed to impress me
It's all in your head, homie
Askin' "where the plug at?" to impress me
Askin' "where the juug at?" to impress me
Askin' "where it's at?" only upsets me
You sound like the feds, homie You ain't gotta lie to kick it, my nigga
You ain't gotta lie, you ain't gotta lie
You ain't gotta lie to kick it, my nigga
You ain't gotta try so hard
You ain't gotta lie to kick it, my nigga
You ain't gotta lie, you ain't gotta lie
You ain't gotta lie to kick it, my nigga
You ain't gotta try so hard
And the world don't respect you
And the culture don't accept you
But you think it's all love
And the girls gon' neglect you once your parody is done
Repetition can't protect you if you never had one
Jealousy (complex), emotional (complex)
Self-pity (complex), under oath (complex)
The loudest one in the room, nigga, that's a complex
Let me put it back in proper context You ain't gotta lie to kick it, my nigga
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You sound like the feds, homie
What do you got to offer?
Tell me before we off ya, put you deep in the coffin
Been allergic to talkin', been a virgin to bullshit
And sell a dream in the auction, tell me just who your boss is
Niggas be fugazi, bitches be fugazi
This is for fugazi niggas and bitches who make habitual lyin' babies, bless them little hearts
You can never persuade me
You can never relate me to him, to her, or that to them
Or you, the truth you love to bend
In the back, in the bed, on the floor, that's your ho
On the couch, in the mouth, I'll be out, really though
So loud, rich niggas got low money
And loud, broke niggas got no money
The irony behind it is so funny
And I seen it all this past year
Pass on some advice we feel:
You ain't gotta lie to kick it, my nigga
You ain't gotta lie, you ain't gotta lie
You ain't gotta lie to kick it, my nigga
You ain't gotta try so hard
You ain't gotta lie to kick it, my nigga
You ain't gotta lie, you ain't gotta lie
You ain't gotta lie to kick it, my nigga
You ain't gotta try so hard

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