

# Hood Politics

## Kendrick Lamar

K-Dot, pick up the phone, nigga  
Every time I call, it's going to voicemail  
Don't tell me they got you on some weirdo rap shit, nigga  
No socks and skinny jeans and shit, ha  
Ha ha ha ha ha ha hahah  
Call me on Shaniqua's phone! I been A-1 since day one, you niggas boo boo  
Your home boy, your block that you're from, boo boo  
Lil hoes you went to school with, boo boo  
Baby mama and your new bitch, boo boo  
We was in the hood, 14 with the deuce-deuce  
14 years later going hard, like we used to on the dead homies  
On the dead homies  
I don't give a fuck about no politics in rap, my nigga  
My lil homie Stunna Deuce ain't never comin' back, my nigga  
So you better go hard every time you jump on wax, my nigga  
Fuck what they talkin' bout, your shit is where its at, my nigga  
Came in this game, you stuck your fangs in this game  
You wore no chain in this game, your hood your name in this game  
Now you double up, time to bubble up the bread and huddle up  
Stickin' to the scripts, now here if them benjamins go cuddle up  
Skip, hop, drip, drop, flip, flop with the white tube sock  
It goes "Sherm Sticks, burn this"  
That's what the product smell like when the chemicals mix  
50 nigga salute, out the Compton zoo, with the extras  
El Cos, Monte Carlos, Road Kings and dressers  
Rip Ridaz, P-Funkers, Mexicans, they fuck with you  
Asians, they fuck with you, nobody can fuck with you  
I been A-1 since day one, you niggas boo boo  
Your home boy, your block that you're from, boo boo  
Lil hoes you went to school with, boo boo  
Baby mama and your new bitch, boo boo  
We was in the hood, 14 with the deuce-deuce  
14 years later going hard, like we used to on the dead homies  
On the dead homies Hopped out the caddy, just got my dick sucked  
The little homies called and said: "The enemies done cliqued up"  
Oh, yeah? Puto want to squabble with mi barrio?  
Oh, yeah? Tell 'em they can run it for the cardio  
Oh, yeah? Everythin' is everythin', it's scandalous  
Slow motion for the ambulance, the project filled with cameras  
The LAPD gamblin', scramblin', football numbers slanderin'  
Niggas names on paper, you snitched all summer  
Streets don't fail me now, they tell me it's a new gang in town

From Compton to Congress, set trippin' all around  
 Ain't nothin' new, but a flu of new Demo-Crips and Re-Blood-licans  
 Red state versus a blue state, which one you governin'?  
 They give us guns and drugs, call us thugs  
 Make it they promise to fuck with you  
 No condom, they fuck with you, Obama say, "What it do?" Obama say, "What it do?"  
 Obama say, "What it do?" I been A-1 since day one, you niggas boo boo  
 Your home boy, your block that you're from, boo boo  
 Lil hoes you went to school with, boo boo  
 Baby mama and your new bitch, boo boo  
 We was in the hood, 14 with the deuce-deuce  
 14 years later going hard, like we used to on the dead homies  
 On the dead homies Everybody want to talk about who this and who that  
 Who the realest and who wack, or who white or who black  
 Critics want to mention that they miss when hip hop was rappin'  
 Motherfucker, if you did, then Killer Mike'd be platinum  
 Y'all priorities fucked up, put energy in wrong shit  
 Hennessy and Crown Vic, my memory been gone since  
 Don't ask me 'bout no camera blocking at award shows  
 No, don't ask about my bitch, no, don't ask about my Vogues  
 'Less you askin' me about power, yeah, I got a lot of it  
 I'm the only nigga next to Snoop that can push the button  
 Had the Coast on standby  
 "K. Dot, what up? I heard they opened up Pandora's box"  
 I box 'em all in, by a landslide  
 Nah homie we too sensitive, it spill out to the streets  
 I make the call and get the coast involved then history repeats  
 But I resolved inside that private hall while sitting down with Jay  
 He said "it's funny how one verse could fuck up the game"  
 I been A-1 since day one, you niggas boo boo I remember you was conflicted  
 Misusing your influence  
 Sometimes I did the same  
 Abusing my power full of resentment  
 Resentment that turned into a deep depression  
 Found myself screaming in a hotel room  
 I didn't want to self-destruct  
 The evils of Lucy was all around me  
 So I went running for answers  
 Until I came home  
 But that didn't stop survivors guilt  
 Going back and forth  
 Trying to convince myself the stripes I earned  
 Or maybe how A-1 my foundation was  
 But while my loved ones was fighting  
 A continuous war back in the city  
 I was entering a new one

