

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

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

