XXX. (FEAT. U2.)

Kendrick Lamar

America, God bless you if it's good to you
America please take my hand
Can you help me underst-
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 philosphing 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'ìg 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-
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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