Poetic Justice (feat. Drake)

Kendrick Lamar

Every second, every minute, man I swear that she can get it
Say if you a bad bitch put your hands up high, hands up high, hands up high
Tell 'em dim the lights down right now, put me in the mood
I'm talking 'bout dark room, perfume
Go, go!
I recognize your fragrance (hol' up!)
You ain't never gotta say shit (woo!)
And I know your taste is
A little bit (mmm) high maintenance (ooh)
Everybody else basic
You live life on an everyday basis
With poetic justice, poetic justice
If I told you that a flower bloomed in a dark room, would you trust it?
I mean write poems in these songs dedicated to you
And you're in the mood for empathy, theres blood in my pen
Better yet when your friends and them
I really wanna know you all
I really wanna show you off
Fuck that, pour up plenty of champagne
Cold nights when you curse this name
You called up your girlfriends and
Y'all curled in that little bitty range I heard that
She wanna go and party, She wanna go and party
Nigga don't approach her with that Atari
Nigga that ain't good game, homie, sorry
They say conversation, rule a nation, I can tell
But I can never right my wrongs
'less I write it down for real, P.S
You can get it, you can get it
You can get it, you can get it
And I know just know just know just know just know just
What you want, Poetic Justice, put it in a song
You can get it, you can get it
You can get it, you can get it
And I know just know just know just know just know just
What you want, Poetic Justice, put it in a song
I really hope you play this
Cause ol' girl you test my patience
With all these seductive photographs and all these one off vacations
You've been taken
Clearly a lot for me to take in
It don't make sense

Young East African Girl, you too busy fucking with your other man
I was trying to put you on game, put you on a plane
Take you and your mama to the motherland
I could do it, maybe one day
When you figure out you're gonna need someone
When you figure out it's all right here in the city
And you don't run from where we come from
That sound like Poetic Justice, Poetic Justice
You were so new to this life but God damn you got adjusted
I mean I write poems in these songs, dedicated to the fun sex
Your natural hair and your soft skin, and your big ass in that sundress (ooh!)
Good God, what you doing that walk for?
When I see that thing move, I just wish we would fight less and we would talk more
And they say communication saves relations, I can tell
But I can never right my wrongs unless I write them down for real
P.S...
You can get it, you can get it
You can get it, you can get it
And I know just know just know just know just know just
What you want, Poetic Justice, put it in a song
Every time I write these words they become a taboo
Making sure my punctuation curve
Every letter is true
Living my life in the margin and that metaphor was proof
I'm talking poetic justice, poetic justice
If I told you that a flower bloomed in a dark room, would you trust it?
I mean you need to hear this
Love is not just a verb, It's you looking in the mirror
Love is not just a verb, It's you looking poor maybe
Call me crazy, We can both be insane
A fatal attraction is common
And what we have common is pain
I mean you need to hear this
Love is not just a verb and I can see power steering
Sex drive when you swerve, I want that interference
It's coherent, I can hear it, mmhmm
That's your heartbeat
It either caught me or it called me, mmhmm
Breathe slow and you'll find gold mines in these lines
Sincerely, yours truly
And right before you go blind
P.S...
You can get it, you can get it
You can get it, you can get it
And I know just know just know just know just know just
What you want, Poetic Justice, put it in a song
"I'm gon' ask you one more time homie, where is you from? Or it is a problem"
"Ay you over here for Sherane homie?"
"Yo I don't care who this nigga over here for, if he don't tell where he come, it's a wrap! I'm

sorry"
"Hol' up hol' up hol' up, we gon' do it like this, OK? I'mma tell you where I'm from, you gon' tell me where you from, OK? Or where your Grandma stay, where your mama stay, or where your daddy stay, OK?"
"Enough with all this talkin"
"Matter of fact, get out the van homie. Get out the car before I snatch you out that mother fucker homie"
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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