

# m.A.A.d city (feat. MC Eiht)

## Kendrick Lamar

If Pirus and Crips all got along  
They'd probably gun me down by the end of this song  
Seem like the whole city go against me  
Every time I'm in the street I hear  
"YAWK! YAWK! YAWK! YAWK!"  
"Man down, where you from, nigga?"  
"Fuck who you know, where you from, my nigga?"  
"Where your grandma stay, huh, my nigga?"  
"This m.A.A.d city I run, my nigga"  
Brace yourself, I'll take you on a trip down memory lane  
This is not a rap on how I'm slinging crack or move cocaine  
This is cul-de-sac and plenty Cognac and major pain  
Not the drill sergeant, but the stress that weighing on your brain  
It was me, L Boogs and Yan Yan, YG Lucky ride down Rosecrans  
It got ugly, waving your hand out the window, check yourself, uh  
Warriors and Conans, hope euphoria can slow dance  
With society, the driver seat the first one to get killed  
Seen a light-skinned nigga with his brains blown out  
At the same burger stand where \*beep\* hang out  
Now this is not a tape recorder saying that he did it  
But ever since that day, I was looking at him different  
That was back when I was nine, Joey packed the nine  
Pakistan on every porch is fine, we adapt to crime  
Pack a van with four guns at a time, with the sliding door, fuck is up?  
Fuck you shooting for if you ain't walking up, you fucking punk?  
Picking up the fucking pump, picking off you suckers  
Suck a dick or die or sucker punch, a wall of bullets coming from  
AK's, AR's, "Aye y'all, duck"  
That's what mamma said when we was eating the free lunch  
Aw man, goddamn, all hell broke loose  
You killed my cousin back in '94, fuck your truce  
Now crawl your head in that noose, you wind up dead on the news  
Ain't no peace treaty, just pieces BG's up to pre-approve  
Bodies on top of bodies, IVs on top of IVs  
Obviously the coroner between the sheets like the Isleys  
When you hop on that trolley, make sure your colors correct  
Make sure you're corporate, or they'll be calling your mother collect  
They say the governor collect all of our taxes except  
When we in traffic and tragic happens, that shit ain't no threat  
You moving backwards if you suggest that you sleep with a TEC  
Go buy a chopper and have a doctor on speed dial, I guess, m.A.A.d city  
Man down, where you from, nigga?

Fuck who you know, where you from, my nigga?  
Where your grandma stay, huh, my nigga?  
This m.A.A.d city I run, my nigga  
If Pirus and Crips all got along  
They'd probably gun me down by the end of this song  
Seem like the whole city go against me  
Every time I'm in the street I hear  
"YAWK! YAWK! YAWK!" Wake your punk ass up! It ain't nothing but a Compton thang, G-  
yeah. Real simple and plain, I'mma teach you some lessons about the street. Hood. It ain't  
nothing but a Compton thang, G-yeah. How we do  
Fresh outta school 'cause I was a high school grad  
Sleeping in the living room in my momma's pad  
Reality struck, I seen the white car crash  
Hit the light pole, two niggas hopped out on foot and dashed  
My Pops said I needed a job, I thought I believed him  
Security guard for a month and ended up leaving  
In fact, I got fired 'cause I was inspired by all of my friends  
To stage a robbery the third Saturday I clocked in  
Projects tore up, gang signs get thrown up  
Cocaine laced in marijuana  
And they wonder why I rarely smoke now  
Imagine if your first blunt had you foaming at the mouth  
I was straight tweaking, the next weekend, we broke even  
I made allegiance that made a promise to see you bleeding  
You know the reasons but still won't ever know my life  
Kendrick, A.K.A. "Compton's human sacrifice"

G-yeah, cocaine, weed. Niggas been mixing shit since the 80's, loc. Sherm sticks, butt naked.  
Dip, make a nigga flip. Cluck heads all up and down the block and shit. One time's crooked and  
shit. Block a nigga in. Alondra, Rosecrans, Bullis, it's Compton I'm still in the hood, loc, yeah,  
that's cool

The hood took me under so I follow the rules  
But yeah, that's like me, I grew up in the hood where they bang  
And niggas that rep colors is doing the same thing  
Pass it to the left so I can smoke on me  
A couple drive-by's in the hood lately  
Couple of IVs with the fucking spray-can  
Shots in the crowd then everybody ran  
Crew I'm finna slay, the street life I crave  
Shots hit the enemy, hearts turn brave  
Mount up, regulators in the whip  
Down the boulevard with the pistol grip  
Trip, we in the hood still  
So loc, grab a strap 'cause yeah, it's so real  
Deal with the outcome, a strap in the hand  
And a bird and ten grands where a mothafucka stand  
If I told you I killed a nigga at sixteen, would you believe me?  
Or see me to be innocent Kendrick you seen in the street  
With a basketball and some Now and Later's to eat  
If I mentioned all of my skeletons, would you jump in the seat?

Would you say my intelligence now is great relief?  
And it's safe to say that our next generation maybe can sleep  
With dreams of being a lawyer or doctor, instead of boy with a chopper  
That hold the cul-de-sac hostage, kill 'em all if they gossip  
The Children of the Corn, they vandalizing  
The option of living a lie, drown their body with toxins  
Constantly drinking and drive, hit the powder then watch this flame  
That arrive in his eye, listen coward, the concept is aim  
And they bang it and slide out that bitch with deposits  
A price on his head, the tithes probably go to the projects  
I live inside the belly of the rough  
Compton, U.S.A. made Me an Angel on Angel Dust, what  
M.A.A.d city  
ComptonNigga, pass Dot the bottle, damn! You ain't the one that got fucked up, what you  
holding it for? Niggas always acting unsensitive and shit  
Nigga, that ain't no word  
Nigga, shut up! Hey, Dot, you good, my nigga? Don't even trip, just lay back and drink that

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>