

# Kendrick Lamar, euphoria

[Part I]

[Intro]

┐eurt si em tuoba yas yeht gnihtyrevE  
Euphoria

[Verse]

Them super powers gettin' neutralized, I can only watch in silence  
The famous actor we once knew is lookin' paranoid and now is spiralin'  
You're movin' just like a degenerate, every antic is feelin' distasteful  
I calculate you're not as calculated, I can even predict your angle  
Fabricatin' stories on the family front 'cause you heard Mr. Morale  
A pathetic master manipulator, I can smell the tales on you now  
You're not a rap artist, you a scam artist with the hopes of being accepted  
Tommy Hilfiger stood out, but FUBU never had been your collection  
I make music that electrify 'em, you make music that pacify 'em  
I can double down on that line, but spare you this time, that's random acts of kindness  
Know you a master manipulator and habitual liar too  
But don't tell no lie about me and I won't tell truths 'bout you

[Part II]

[Intro]

Shoo, shoo, shoo  
Shoo, shoo, shoo  
Bee, bee, bee, bee, bee, bee

[Verse 1]

Yeah, I'm out the way, yeah, I'm low, okay  
Yeah, the island right here's remote, okay  
I ain't thinkin' about no reaper  
Nigga, I'm reapin' what I sow, okay  
Got a Benjamin and a Jackson all in my house like I'm Joe, okay  
Hellcat, made his homeboys and them type sell they soul, okay  
Everybody wanna be demon 'til they get chipped by a throwaway  
And I might do a show a day, once a lame, always a lame  
Oh, you thought the money, the power or fame would make you go away?  
Have you ever played have-you-ever? Okay, nigga, let's play  
Have you ever walked your enemy down like with a poker face?  
Have you ever paid five hundred thou' like to an open case?  
Well, I have, and I failed at both, but I came out straight  
I hate when a rapper talk about guns, then somebody die  
They turn into nuns, then hop online, like "Pray for my city"  
He fakin' for likes and digital hugs  
His daddy a killer, he wanna be junior, they must've forgot the shit that they done  
Dementia must run in his family, but let it get shaky  
I'll park his son  
The very first time I shot me a Drac', the homie had told me to aim it this way  
I didn't point down enough, today, I'll show you I learned from those mistakes  
Somebody had told me that you got a ring, on God, I'm ready to double the wage  
I'd rather do that than let a Canadian nigga make Pac turn in his grave  
Cutthroat business, you got shit twisted  
What is it? The braids?  
I hurt your feelings? You don't wanna work with me no more? Okay  
It's three GOATs left, and I seen two of them kissin' and huggin' on stage  
I love 'em to death, and in eight bars, I'll explain that phrase, huh  
It's nothin' nobody can tell me, huh  
I don't wanna talk on no celly, huh  
You know I got language barriers, huh  
It's no accent you can sell me, huh  
Yeah, Cole and Aubrey know I'm a selfish nigga  
The crown is heavy, huh  
I pray they my real friends, if not, I'm YNW Melly  
I don't like you poppin' shit at Pharrell, for him, I inherit the beef

Yeah, fuck all that pushin' P, let me see you push a T  
You better off spinnin' again on him, you think about pushin' me  
He's Terrence Thornton, I'm Terence Crawford, yeah, I'm whoopin' feet  
We ain't gotta get personal, this a friendly fade, you should keep it that way  
I know some shit about niggas that make Gunna Wunna look like a saint  
This ain't been about critics, not about gimmicks, not about who the greatest  
It's always been about love and hate, now let me say I'm the biggest hater  
I hate the way that you walk, the way that you talk, I hate the way that you dress  
I hate the way that you sneak diss, if I catch flight, it's gon' be direct  
We hate the bitches you fuck 'cause they confuse themselves with real women  
And notice, I said "we," it's not just me, I'm what the culture feelin'  
How many more fairytale stories 'bout your life 'til we had enough?  
How many more Black features 'til you finally feel that you're Black enough?  
I like Drake with the melodies, I don't like Drake when he act tough  
You gon' make a nigga bring back Puff, let me see if Chubbs really crash somethin'  
Yeah, my first one like my last one, it's a classic, you don't have one  
Let your core audience stomach that, then tell 'em where you get your abs from  
V12, it's a fast one, baow-baow-baow, last one  
Headshot for the year, you better walk around like Daft Punk

[Verse 2]

Remember?

Ayy, Top Dawg, who the fuck they think they playin' with?  
Extortion my middle name as soon as you jump off of that plane, bitch  
I'm allergic to the lame shit, only you like bein' famous  
Yachty can't give you no swag neither, I don't give a fuck 'bout who you hang with  
I hate the way that you walk, the way that you talk, I hate the way that you dress  
Surprised you wanted that feature request  
You know that we got some shit to address  
I even hate when you say the word "nigga," but that's just me, I guess  
Some shit just cringeworthy, it ain't even gotta be deep, I guess  
Still love when you see success, everything with me is blessed  
Keep makin' me dance, wavin' my hand, and it won't be no threat  
I'm knowin' they call you The Boy, but where is a man? 'Cause I ain't seen him yet  
Matter fact, I ain't even bleed him yet, can I bleed him? Bet  
When I see you stand by Sexyy Red, I believe you see two bad bitches  
I believe you don't like women, it's real competition, you might pop ass with 'em  
Let's speak on percentage, show me your splits, I'll make sure I double back with ya  
You were signed to a nigga that's signed to a nigga that said he was signed to that nigga  
Try cease and desist on the "Like That" record?  
Ho, what? You ain't like that record?  
"Back To Back," I like that record  
I'ma get back to that, for the record  
Why would I call around tryna get dirt on niggas? Y'all think all my life is rap?  
That's ho shit, I got a son to raise, but I can see you don't know nothin' 'bout that  
Wakin' him up, know nothin' 'bout that  
Then tell him to pray, know nothin' 'bout that  
Then givin' him tools to walk through life like day by day, know nothin' 'bout that  
Teachin' him morals, integrity, discipline, listen, man, you don't know nothin' 'bout that  
Speakin' the truth and consider what God's considerin', you don't know nothin' 'bout that  
Ain't twenty-v-one, it's one-v-twenty if I gotta smack niggas that write with you  
Yeah, bring 'em out too, I'll clean 'em out too  
Tell BEAM that he better stay right with you  
Am I battlin' ghost or AI? Nigga feelin' like Joel Osteen  
Funny, he was in a film called "AI"  
And my sixth sense tellin' me to off him  
I'ma blick niggas all in they coffin  
Yeah, OV-ho niggas is dick riders  
Tell 'em run to America, they imitate heritage, they can't imitate this violence  
What I learned is niggas don't like the West Coast  
And I'm fine with it, I'll push the line with it  
Pick a nigga off one at a time with it  
We can be on a three-hour time difference  
Don't speak on the family, crodie  
It can get deep in the family, crodie

Talk about me and my family, crodie?  
Someone gon' bleed in your family, crodie  
I be at New Ho King eatin' fried rice with a dip sauce and a blammy, crodie  
Tell me you're cheesin', fam  
We can do this right now on the camera, crodie  
Ayy, fuck y'all niggas, I don't trust y'all niggas  
I wave one finger and thump y'all niggas like mmm  
Field goal, punt y'all niggas, they punk y'all niggas, nobody never took my food  
Whoever that's fuckin' with him, fuck you niggas, and fuck the industry too  
If you take it there, I'm takin' it further  
Psst, that's somethin' you don't wanna do

[Outro]

Ooh

We don't wanna hear you say "nigga"; no more

We don't wanna hear you say "nigga"; no more

Stop