

Trip

Kendrick Lamar

"Boarding completed
I'd like to welcome you aboard flight number F2B3
Our scheduled flying time will be four hours and twenty minutes
and we will be cruising at an altitude of thirty-three-thousand feet
At this time we would like to acquaint you with some of the features
Relax and breathe normally"

Uh, coming down like I'm uphill
Hogging both lanes better than a bus will
She tell me that my head bigger than a bus wheel
But it don't matter cause she still gon' let me fuck still
I mix a little bit of Kendrick with some L.A. weather
then step out like Chicago in its finest era
You niggas begging for attention, doing extra-extra
Downgrading yourself, you get an F for effort
Ha-ha, I let the world know
I chose to keep to myself and let the world go
And if you don't like a nigga, then let your girl know
So she can be curious on Twitter looking me up
I'm laid back with a bad one, you ain't never had one
Ass so fat that it tipped over the Aston
Speeding on the 1-0-5 till the fucking badge come
Hello to my wittiness, I'm Cadillac's grandson

And I'm a trip
Ever since an understudy man I've always been a trip
Mama tell me that she love me but she know her son a trip
Baby open up your ears, you ain't heard it like this
Sounwave drop the beat, I lock the flow down
Now all the way to the moon we bout to go now
I got enough of the mojo to go around
So pack your bags and tell him you going out of town
cause I'm a trip

Landing on another runway, fly with me
or die tryna fly, a shot-down Frisbee
Shout out to Black Hippy, nigga we on
like we never been off, straight shots of Patron
I'm give y'all the business to give y'all some business
Pussy ain't shit, I can give y'all some bitches
Clean off her sports bra, she clean off my dishes
then wear off the Kangols, hood rats, I hate those
And she know what this is, hey lil' mama
Seen your pretty ass around the way lil' mama
But why you always in somebody face lil' mama?
Embarrassing yourself, get off the stage (Lil Mama)
Nigga, I gotta be that nigga
If I ain't, I gotta be that nigga
Curtesy of Paula's oldest son, pay homage
or pay attention, open your eyes and hear knowledge

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Gi-give me that, gi-gi-give me that
That's how I get at 'em when I look at a shoe rack
Penny for thoughts, mine start at a few racks
So I can live on a hill just off a few raps
I want to live in a space that none of y'all can visit
That might be outer space, the Jupiter district
I quadruple my vision
If you don't see it then you're dead with your eyes open
I've seen bullets hit the wheel, left his ride smoking
on some Compton shit
Somebody that'll ride or die, that's a Compton bitch
You see my city is the city of Lamar
It'll take twenty years 'fore a nigga see them all
The swap meet dumping, the sawed-off pumping
The tree for the low, don't you know, Paul Bunyan
I'm on cloud nine, I can see rain coming
So if I'm out my mind, people don't say nothing

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"How was your flight Mr. Lamar?
Good, hope to see you next time"