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<meta name="revist-after" content="2 days" />

<link rel="shortcut icon" href="http://www.ohhla.com/favicon.ico" />

<title>The Original Hip-Hop (Rap) Lyrics Archive</title>

<!-- link rel="stylesheet" type="text/css" href="http://ohhla.com/files/main.css" / -->

<!-- BEGIN SITE ANALYTICS //-->

<script type="text/javascript">

if (typeof siteanalytics == 'undefined') { siteanalytics = {}; };

siteanalytics.gn\_tracking\_defaults = {google: '',comscore: {},quantcast:''};

siteanalytics.website\_id = 180;

siteanalytics.cdn\_hostname = 'cdn.siteanalytics.evolvemediametrics.com';

</script>

<script type="text/javascript" src='http://cdn.siteanalytics.evolvemediametrics.com/js/siteanalytics.js'></script>

<!-- END SITE ANALYTICS //-->

</head>

<body>

<a href="javascript: history.go(-1)">Back to the previous page</a>

<div>

</div>

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<!-- AddThis Button BEGIN -->

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<a class="addthis\_button\_facebook\_like" fb:like:layout="button\_count"></a>

<a class="addthis\_button\_tweet"></a>

<a class="addthis\_button\_google\_plusone" g:plusone:size="medium"></a>

<a class="addthis\_counter addthis\_pill\_style"></a>

</div>

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<!-- AddThis Button END -->

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<div style="float: left; min-width: 560px;">

<pre>

Artist: Kendrick Lamar f/ Drake

Album: Good Kid: M.A.A.D City

Song: Poetic Justice

Typed by: OHHLA

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!

[Kendrick Lamar]

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

[Chorus 2X: Kendrick Lamar]

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

[Drake]

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...

[Chorus]

[Kendrick Lamar]

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.....

[Chorus]</pre>

</div>

<div style="float: left;">

</div>

</body></html>