

# HUMBLE.

## Kendrick Lamar

Nobody pray for me,  
It been that day for me  
Waaaaay (yeah, yeah!)  
Ayy, I remember syrup sandwiches and crime allowances  
Finesse a nigga with some counterfeits  
But now I'm countin' this  
Parmesan where my accountant lives  
In fact, I'm downin' this  
D'USSÉ with my boo bae, tastes like Kool-Aid for the analysts  
Girl, I can buy yo' ass the world with my paystub  
Ooh, that pussy good, won't you sit it on my taste buds?  
I get way too petty once you let me do the extras  
Pull up on your block, then break it down: we playin' Tetris  
A.M. to the P.M., P.M. to the A.M., funk  
Piss out your per diem, you just gotta hate 'em, funk  
If I quit your BM, I still ride Mercedes, funk  
If I quit this season, I still be the greatest, funk  
My left stroke just went viral  
Right stroke put lil' baby in a spiral  
Soprano C, we like to keep it on a high note  
It's levels to it, you and I know, bitch, be humble  
(Hol' up, bitch) sit down  
(Hol' up lil' bitch, hol' up lil' bitch) be humble  
(Hol' up, bitch) sit down  
(Sit down, hol' up, lil' bitch)  
Be humble (bitch)  
(Hol' up, hol' up, hol' up, hol' up) bitch, sit down  
Lil' bitch (hol' up, lil' bitch) be humble  
(Hol' up, bitch) sit down  
(Hol' up, hol' up, hol' up, hol' up) be humble  
(Hol' up, hol' up, hol' up, hol' up, lil' bitch) sit down  
(Hol' up lil' bitch) be humble  
(Hol' up, bitch) sit down  
(Hol' up, sit down, lil' bitch)  
(Sit down, lil' bitch, be humble)  
(Hol' up, hol' up, hol' up, hol' up, lil' bitch) bitch, sit down  
(Hol' up, bitch) be humble  
(Hol' up, bitch) sit down  
(Hol' up, hol' up, hol' up, hol' up)  
Who dat nigga thinkin' that he frontin' on man, man? (Man, man)  
Get the fuck off my stage, I'm the Sandman (Sandman)  
Get the fuck off my dick, that ain't right

I make a play fuckin' up your whole life  
I'm so fuckin' sick and tired of the Photoshop  
Show me somethin' natural like afro on Richard Pryor  
Show me somethin' natural like ass with some stretchmarks  
Still will take you down right on your mama's couch in Polo socks, ayy  
This shit way too crazy, ayy, you do not amaze me, ayy  
I blew cool from AC, ayy, Obama just paged me, ayy  
I don't fabricate it, ayy, most of y'all be fakin', ayy  
I stay modest 'bout it, ayy, she elaborate it, ayy  
This that Grey Poupon, that Evian, that TED Talk, ayy  
Watch my soul speak, you let the meds talk, ayy  
If I kill a nigga, it won't be the alcohol, ayy  
I'm the realest nigga after all, bitch, be humble  
(Hol' up, bitch) sit down  
(Hol' up lil' bitch, hol' up lil' bitch) be humble  
(Hol' up, bitch) sit down  
(Sit down, hol' up, lil' bitch)  
Be humble (bitch)  
(Hol' up, hol' up, hol' up, hol' up) bitch, sit down  
Lil' bitch (hol' up, lil' bitch) be humble  
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(Hol' up, hol' up, hol' up, hol' up, lil' bitch) bitch, sit down  
(Hol' up, bitch) be humble  
(Hol' up, bitch) sit down  
(Hol' up, hol' up, hol' up, hol' up)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>