

Swimming Pools (Drank)

Kendrick Lamar

Pour up (Drank) Head shot (Drank)
Sit down (Drank) Stand up (Drank)
Pass out (Drank) Wake up (Drank)
Faded (Drank) Faded (Drank) Now I done grew up 'round some people livin' their life in bottles
Granddaddy had the golden flask, backstroke every day in Chicago
Some people like the way it feels, some people wanna kill their sorrows
Some people wanna fit in with the popular, that was my problem
I was in a dark room, loud tunes, looking to make a vow soon
That I'ma get fucked up, fillin' up my cup, I see the crowd mood
Changin' by the minute and the record on repeat
Took a sip then another sip, then somebody said to me:
Nigga, why you babysitting only two or three shots?
I'mma show you how to turn it up a notch
First you get a swimming pool full of liquor, then you dive in it
Pool full of liquor, then you dive in it
I wave a few bottles, then I watch 'em all flock
All the girls wanna play Baywatch
I got a swimming pool full of liquor and they dive in it
Pool full of liquor, I'mma dive in it Pour up (Drank) Head shot (Drank)
Sit down (Drank) Stand up (Drank)
Pass out (Drank) Wake up (Drank)
Faded (Drank) Faded (Drank)
Okay, now open your mind up and listen me, Kendrick
I am your conscience, if you do not hear me, then you will be history, Kendrick
I know that you're nauseous right now and I'm hopin' to lead you to victory, Kendrick
If I take another one down, I'ma drown in some poison, abusin' my limit
I think that I'm feelin' the vibe, I see the love in her eyes, I see the feelin'
The freedom is granted as soon as the damage of vodka arrived
This how you capitalize, this is parental advice
Then apparently I'm over influenced by what you are doin'
I thought I was doin' the most 'til someone said to me: Nigga, why you babysitting only two or
three shots?
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Sit down (Drank) Stand up (Drank)
Pass out (Drank) Wake up (Drank)
Faded (Drank) Faded (Drank) I ride, you ride, bang

One chopper, one hundred shots, bang
 Hop out, do you bang?
 Two chopper, two hundred shots, bang Nigga, why you babysitting only two or three shots?
 I'mma show you how to turn it up a notch
 First you get a swimming pool full of liquor, then you dive in it
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 Sit down (Drank) Stand up (Drank)
 Pass out (Drank) Wake up (Drank)
 Faded (Drank) Faded (Drank) (Sherane) Aw man... where is she taking me...
 Where is she taking me... All I have in life is my new appetite for failure
 And I got hunger, pain, that grow insane
 Tell me, do that sound familiar?
 If it do, then you're like me
 Makin' excuse that your relief
 Is in the bottom
 Of a bottle
 And the greenest indo leaf
 As the window open I release everything that corrode inside of me
 I see you jokin'
 Why you laugh?
 Don't you feel bad?
 I probably sleep
 And never ever wake up
 Never ever wake up, never ever wake up
 In God I trust, but just when I thought I had enough They stomped the homie out over a bitch?
 K-dot, you good, blood?
 Now we can drop, ye we can drop you back off
 That nigga's straight man, that nigga ain't tripping
 We gon' do the same ol' shit
 I'mma pop a few shots, they gon' run, they gon' run opposite ways
 Fall right in ----'s lap
 And he gon' tear they ass up, simple as that
 And I hope that bitch that set him up out there, we gon' pop that bitch too
 Wait hold up, aye I see somebody
 (Car door opens and gunshots are fired)
 Aha! Got them niggas, K-dot, you good?
 L----, you good?
 Yeah blood, I'm good, Dave, you good?
 Dave? Dave, say something - Dave?
 These bitch ass niggas killed my brother!

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

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