

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Real [Explicit]

Par Kendrick Lamar

Album : good kid, m.A.A.d city [Explicit] [+digital booklet]

I do what I wanna do

I say what I wanna say, when I feel, and I

Look in the mirror and know I'm there

With my hands in the air, I'm proud to say yeah

I'm real, I'm real, I'm really, really, real

I'm real, I'm real, I'm really, really, real

I'm real, I'm real, I'm really, really, real

I'm real, I'm real, I'm really, really, real

I promise that I know you very well

Your eyes never lie even if they tell
Sweet lullabies that come with a smell
Of a dozen roses flippin' down the green hill
You living in a world that come with plan B
'Cause plan A never relay a guarantee
And plan C never could say just what it was
And your plans only can pan around love
You love him, you love them, you love her

You love so much, you love when love hurts

You love red bottom and gold that say "Queen"
You love handbag on the waist of your jean
You love French tip and trip that pay for
You love bank slip that tell you we paid more
You love a good hand whenever the card dealt

But what love got to do with it when you don't love yourself?

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I'm real, I'm real, I'm really, really, real

I'm real, I'm real, I'm really, really, real

I'm real, I'm real, I'm really, really, real

I'm real, I'm real ('cause before you know it, everything's gone)

I promise that I know you very well

Your eyes never lie, even if they fell

Out the sky and your optics turn stale

Where they mold that's green, I can see you fit the bill

Of living in a world that come with plan B

'Cause plan A only can make another mistake

And you can't see success coming from plan C

When it all breaks, you'll still say you're lovely

And love them and love when you love her

You love so much, you love when love hurts

You love fast cars and dead presidents old

You love fast women, you love keepin' control

Of everything that you love, you love beef

You love streets, you love running, ducking police

You love your hood, might even love it to death

But what love got to do with it when you don't love yourself?

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I'm real, I'm real ('cause before you know it, everything's gone)

The reason why I know you very well

'Cause we have the same eyes, can't you tell?

The days I tried to cover up and conceal

My pride, it only made it harder for me to deal

When living in a world that come with plan B

A scapegoat cause plan A don't come free

And plan C just an excuse like "because"

Or the word "but," but what if I got love?

I love them, I love when I love her

I love so much, I love when love hurts

I love first verse 'cause you're the girl I attract

I love second verse 'cause you're the homie that pack

Burner like a stove top, that love cooking from scratch

I love what the both of you have to offer

In fact, I love it so much, I don't love anything else

But what love got to do with it when I don't love myself

To the point I should hate everything I do love?

Should I hate living my life inside the club?

Should I hate her for watching me for that reason?

Should I hate him for telling me that I'm seizin'?

Should I hate them for telling me "ball out"?

Should I hate street credibility I'm talkin' about

Hating all money, power, respect in my will

Or hating the fact none of that shit make me real?

"Kenny, I ain't trippin' off them dominoes anymore

Just calling, sorry to hear what happened to your homeboy

But don't learn the hard way like I did, homie

Any nigga can kill a man, that don't make you a real nigga

Real is responsibility

Real is taking care of your motherfucking family

Real is God, nigga"

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"Alright, that's all I wanted to tell you

Just make sure you call us back when you get this message

Here go your mom"

"Boy, you better have my car on full all this time

You done had my damn car, but look, I ain't trippin'

Look, the neighbors say they seen you and your little friends over there by Food for Less

And they was preaching to you over there telling you about the good book

Because right about now that's what y'all need

Oh, and Top Dawg called the house too

I guess they want you and Dave to come to the studio

But look, you take that music business serious

And put out something me and your dad can step to

Shit, you know we from Chicago, you know that's what we do"

Sing my song, it's all for you

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Sing my song, it's all for you

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Sing my song, it's all for you

"If I don't hear from you by tomorrow

I hope you come back and learn from your mistakes

Come back a man, tell your story to these black and brown kids in Compton

Let 'em know you was just like them, but you still rose from that dark place of violence

Becoming a positive person

But when you do make it, give back with your words of encouragement

And that's the best way to give back to your city

And I love you Kendrick, if I don't hear you knocking on the door

You know where I usually leave the key, alright?

Talk to you later, bye"

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