

# Playas Punch

Dom Kennedy

Check one, Check two  
Damn I'm really making moves  
Don't nothing go better than a taco and a brew  
Getting heading head from a condo with a view  
When she tells me I'm the best  
I'm like "What if this is true?"  
Much love  
Look like five million girls in one club  
Murder, murder, murder  
O.J. with one glove  
And I don't want to fuck that bad  
The rum does  
You know I get to tripping with the rum does buzz  
Not tripping on your man or whatever it once was  
I just only need to hit once  
Do a little movie  
Get a little lunch  
You know they say real hoes know how to roll blunts  
Don't come around me try pulling those stunts  
You've been on my dick  
Don't even try to front  
I mix grey goose with a cold Playas Punch  
And I ain't really had good head in two months  
Dom where you been?  
Tell em I blew up  
And I've got the kind of pockets that'll make you look buff  
Last year was cool but it wasn't enough  
You know it's something wrong if you see me on the bus  
You know it's so right when you see me in the chucks  
Got the hard denim jeans  
And I'm walking like uh  
All the niggas say ho  
All the bitches say ow  
Just cause you got money don't mean you've got style  
I been on this real fly shit for a while  
Two sixteens that's thirty-two thou  
Get out my way if you ain't trying to get down  
Baby keep your head up cause you know I get around  
I go pick her up  
You know I hit her down  
Her man hit me up like  
"Ay, you with her now?"  
Quit jocking my style  
Nigga