

# Feelin It Killin It

Dom Kennedy

They say, They say, They say  
They say AH you be killin it, Dog is you feelin it?  
Stupid dope lines nigga, Dom is you dealin it?  
This my rough draft nigga live on that dealer shit  
Guess what I'm gone drive when I drive off the dealership  
Red leather seats, black trim on some Thriller shit  
Boppin like a Boss Rick Ross on my Killin shit I don't really like you, you  
just gotta deal with it  
I can press the line though, you just gotta chill with it  
Everybody got they own lane till I'm stealin it  
And everybody got they own chain till I'm stealin it  
The way I spit gold nigga you could say I'm grillin it  
Fresh like the prince bitch, you could say I'm Willin it  
Buyin all expensive shit, you can say I'm Hillin it  
Throwin niggas out the house you can say I'm Philin it  
Gettin head in bathrooms, you can say I'm illin it  
And You could say I'm feelin it  
You could say I'm killin it

They say AH you be killin it, dog is you feelin it?  
Stupid dope lines nigga, Dom is you dealin it?  
Leimert Park nigga on my mom we be killin it  
B-S-O-D on my mom we be spillin it  
If murder was the case I'm like naw bitch I'm innocent  
Gangsta LA on arm lookin ignorant  
It ain't even ready yet, you could say we mixin it  
Baby ain't my girlfriend but you could say we kickin it  
Spit that motivational, I just don't be preachin it  
I know how to add fool, I just don't be teachin it  
See me in some foreign shit, I just won't be leasin it  
My Dickies lookin good too, I just don't be creasin it  
Dom in other cities now, bitches want a piece of it  
Don't be chasin waterfalls, I just hope she Creepin it  
Gettin like 25 to life for concealin it  
And you could say I'm feelin it  
You could say I'm killin it

Ay Yo, I'm a let these niggas know, I ain't for the dumb shit  
Daddy name Vince but, I ain't on that young shit  
Ladies love to kick it cause we be on that fun shit  
Keep a pair of air max yea I'm tryin to run shit  
Talk about flavor uh, you could say I'm margarine  
Black and Silver Whips, yea you could say we Raided it  
Yea we did a song together you just said they hated it  
But they ain't got no choice cause the DJ keep on playin it  
Rollin with a Kennedy got life lookin differently  
Linkin with the homie got the West Side feelin me  
Shuttin down stadiums, you could say we Sheain shit  
If you ain't familiar then you could say we Yankee shit  
Champion at 26 yea I'm on my Yankee shit  
When you out of time yea you could say I'm spankin it  
You could call me Benjamin, I'm just bein Frank with it  
I'm a put her ass to bed, you just here to blanket it

Ah man, I just gotta be honest man, for that money for that Gwap, for that P  
eso, for them dividends, for them Euro's for them Pounds, for that Lira, for  
whatever it is you spendin put that money on ya boy Skiddidididot from the

bliddidididock and my man Dom Kennedy from Leimert Park, What's Cool?