

Hellagood Intermission

Dom Kennedy

Ya'll thought we was playin huh?
HellaGood... Polyester the Saint
I told you we was the future of this street shit

Can I blow yo mind, uh oh uh oh
It's a clear sunny day in LA with the top back
Bumpin that 25th Hour, oh yes I still got that
Doublin up my stack, I got that green on contact
Anybody need it we can met on Bronson
But if you get caught then me don't know nothin
What that shit you said "P"
Me don't know nothin
From Long Beach to Compton
Anywhere between, Holla at ya boy if you need that lean

Lean on me I got that good shit
Good shit, Good shit
And I'm so available cause I just don't be lookin
I'm gone be her favorite, she can't get a better one
I had me a bad bitch, came back with a better one
They don't make em like me, she say she gone get her one
Panties drippin wet tell her yes I could get her some
You can ask yo home girl, she know I be doin thangs
I don't got no tool box, but she know I be screwing thangs
Taste like bubblegum, she know I be chewin thangs
Shorty swing my way, songs that you would sang
Like Poison, Poison
I be hearin voices
Bittin on my neck all night and she be makin noises like

Yeah, like we always do nigga
Dom, I got you baby
Who these kids think they playin with
VIP never payin shit
Liemert Park where we stay and shit
Wine cold the trees rolled
Shoes match the bag
We ain't worried bout the tag
These niggas want what they can't have
Everytime we rollin out
They know what it's about
If you quit goin fresh
They gone forget how to dress
But they still keep followin yo steps
Dom Kennedy, Past, Present, and next year