

# Miss Donna Karan

Dom Kennedy

I had the Polo with all the patches on it that say Hilfiger on the back when  
I met her  
So all them niggas that wore a uniform on the first day could forget it

She a brown skinned Goddess, everything she got is  
All labeled up this girl ain't never played the bus  
She just strolled by, but naw can't never wave at us  
My nigga did talk to her once but she ain't never gave it up  
And Damn, I think I wanna Captain Save Her up  
But them older niggas got cars and I could never save enough  
I tell her I don't make cents right now, but I will  
And it don't make sense right now, but it will  
Miss Donna Karen, Body so proper  
Baby sized Jordan's on, all the dudes Jock ya  
Just to get close I think I oughta move lockers  
Instead of telling my niggas, What I oughta do is stop ya like

Miss Donna Karen, I don't know  
If it's the way that you wear it, put me on  
Your the reason why I wrote this song  
I'm a sing it to you on the way home

She like that one Polo Jacket that you missed on sale  
I wanna say they C's and them hips so swell  
That clear Candy Gloss hit her lips so well  
That if I maybe got the chance I'll probably lick your  
Well?... Naw! I'm just trying to take a trip somewhere  
Crenshaw and Fox Hills, let's pick somewhere  
I'll pay for the food, just sit somewhere  
I wanna build a future girl, let's get somewhere, Yea  
I'm Cliff Huxtable and you can be my Clair, Yea  
I saved my Lunchable's just so I could share, Yea  
I gotta stunt for you, so I'm up at lunch for you  
Hoopin in my Tommy's tryin to show you I could dunk for you (Haha)  
So tell me if I made the cut (Yep), Tell me if I made this up  
Miss Donna Karen, Lookin like a poster  
You ain't gotta mess with me cause everybody wants ya like

Uh  
Miss Donna Karen, bubble gum smacker  
Style it like Aaliyah, put the fitted on backwards  
Miss Donna Karen, I'm wishin we was older  
Let's watch the box and just skip all the homework  
Miss Donna Karen, I love you like my Griffey's  
I try to be affectionate and all you do is hit me  
Miss Donna Karen, she like, "I don't want no hickeys"  
"Cause when I come home, Dom my mom gone get me" like

Ay, remember when you would put the PE shorts on over your skirt so your mom  
wouldn't see you? (Miss Donna Karen)  
And you and your home girl used to have them blow pops with the Jolly Rancher  
s around them. It was like a dollar  
And that was back when we was getting in trouble. Dancin for the smallest ch  
icks that hit from last night