

# Mr Champagne Intermission

Dom Kennedy

Hey bitch, you remember me?  
It's Mr. O.P.M. from the westside of the streets  
I got my Sox hat and my black Pumas  
And my nigga P with me, let me introduce him

They choosin', it's gruesome  
How these young boys like to coop 'em  
Cuff 'em, I take 'em on a date and don't touch 'em  
You love 'em, girls come around by the dozens  
She ain't getting mad when I used to date her cousin

I plugged 'em, nigga she was with was a scrub 'em  
She used to say that nigga cool, but I don't love him  
She like me, ask me all the time when you gon' wife me  
I say shut up bitch while I listen to the Isleys

My mind be where the sky be, I'm in the hot seat  
Popping the bub while you knocking them up  
I tell her hop in the truck with your thick thighs, big butt  
Let me slide in your crease, cut

Mmm what, this shit make me wanna get a truck  
Had this shit on loud girl every time you pick me up  
When I'm out of town mhm, I miss you very much  
I love the way you jump girl when I pinch you on the butt  
If I'm ever stranded, she'll come get me in a rush  
I remember back when you was with me on the bus  
Now we super ballin, droppin fifty on the uh  
And that's the reason why I put them hickeys where I want nigga

Like I'm supposed to do  
You looking so good, I could toast to you  
Like I'm supposed to do  
I'm trying to get this money like I'm supposed to do

Know ain't supposed to be doing this...  
Hand me my bag of pharmaceuticals over there  
Couple bottles of Champagne  
This shit is from France?  
Never had that  
Real Expensive, Real Expensive  
Hurry up and buy it  
We need some uh... Champagne to the front of the stage  
Champagne to the front of the stage please  
You know me... I'm Mr. Champagne  
Last name witcho BIIITCH