

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