

South Central Love

Dom Kennedy

Working all fall, just to ball this summer
You know Hollywood, let me take you under
Some south central love, that's gon make you wonder
Them ghetto girls, you know I love em
I'm not yo husband, no I don't trust him
My Bimmer stock, the Impala's custom
No I don't rush em, no introductions
She knows that me, she like my chucks and
The way I'm strutting, the way I function
She pinch my cheeks, she say I'm her pumpkin
That's what you want, that's what I'm missing
I don't want to be alone for another Christmas

I tried the mall, I tried the club
I had the models, I tried the drugs
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I eat at Earlez, then hit the Fox
My hat was low, she seen my watch
I'm in that Sox's, it's from the swap
Oh this my nigga, he from my block
I came on stock, put Leimert on top
I always promised I would give her everything I got
Now she look hot, the money come in knots
And you gon know exactly when we in the spot
When you smell kush, when you hear this
When you see cars, and you do like this
Them ghetto girls, I won't forget
That time yo mom came home and you had me hop the fence