

## Still Lookin'

Dom Kennedy

She was 5'5, sweet with a cool body  
I wanna say I met her at a little pool party  
At her sisters, she was out of town  
So she fixed up, LA house parties  
You know how niggas get mixed up in Gin  
Tonic, Grey Goose, we got it  
Didn't like 03 so we was still on hypnotic  
Then I spotted her, tapped my nigga Dre like, "I got it brah"  
Got at her, called the next day just to acknowledge that  
Pride, had to swallow that  
Trust, don't want to Hollow that  
Your hear can get broken, naw you don't want to follow that  
But fuck it, I jumped, We had our little months  
We took her to 305, we had our little fun  
But your dislikes I did like, yea I remember them nights  
I went home thinkin, "Man, I can't do shit right"  
I'm damned if I stay and I'm damned if I leave ya  
You just wasn't ready and well, I wasn't either

I'm still lookin y'all

Now next it was Sarah, at best it was "whatever"  
Cause I was kind of young, and that she was scared of  
Like "you dream of Porches, I'm goin Corporate  
If you don't want a relationship then I'm gonna abort this"  
I did like any nigga would, make her feel important  
Had a spot on the roster so I had to fill the void in  
A voiding all long term plans, we hold hands like couples do  
Tell her "if you want it, it's up to you"  
But after we go sexin, she would pose questions  
Like, "Like after I spend a night Dom can we go to breakfast?"  
HUH? I didn't knew that, right before I screw that  
You would catch feelings, now love you can't do that  
You say I'm fucked up, but I know it ain't true  
I'm a find her one day, but I know it ain't you

I'm still looking after (SSSHHHH), Yea she was priceless  
The perfect definition what a wife was I liked her  
From AIM to the E-Mails, fly little female  
Wasn't that official yo, A nigga still miss you though  
And Tina was dreamer, I'm 2 years a Senior  
So I didn't really vibe with her demeanor but I leaned her  
She would say I lied to her like all guys do  
But I ain't goin in if I could pull through the drive-thru  
And you done lied to, it's not because I tried to  
Just that I didn't want to be the dude you always cried to  
Leave you I've tried to, but you would always lie through  
Like "What you want to eat, is there some shoes I can buy you?"  
And the neck you provide boo was wet like the Bayou  
I just never did what the next nigga might do  
And when you heard this song, I thought you would flip  
Oh when we first met, I thought you was it

She wants that old thing back

Tease me, I don't want it if it's that easy  
I'm not only a client, I'm the Player President, One more chance

This goes out to you [A bunch of times]