

The Homies

Dom Kennedy

I got a bunch of niggas with me, we trying to get rich
So when I walk up in this muthafucka, watch your bitch
See that new black Benz? That's not your shit
It's no squares in my circle so you not gon' fit
And that's J three on fire, he not no bitch
So if you say something wrong he might pop your shit
Man the girls just like me, I'm not no pimp
I swear she give good head but she ain't got no sense
If I see the cops coming, I'm a hop your fence
I'm from Crenshaw and King nigga, I'm not no snitch
Yea that look like me, but you ain't got no prints
All your nigga make songs but he ain't got no hits
He got signed in '09 why he ain't drop no disc
I would have Dodgin' on that, no White Sox on this
Shit I heard Funkflex say that "Pac ain't shit"
And I hope when you see him that he slap your mouth
Don't be looking for me nigga, I'm at your house
Real early in the morning 'fore you back on out
They got camera's in the club so we act on out
And I'm that nigga they be askin' about

I got a bunch of niggas with me, we trying to get paid
The more money I spend, the less money I save
The more money I got, the more honeys I blaze
But don't let these nice clothes get you carried away
I'm from the place where cousin Harold trying to floss that Bea
mer
Right down on 43rd, right across from the cleaners
You can hear the DPG bumpin through your speakers
And if you get close enough, you might smell that reefer
It's four niggas in a car, get high as the bleachers
And if they don't fuck with you, I can't fuck with you eather
My niggas go to Vegas, so we stay at The Seasons
Like guess who I saw nigga you wouldn't believe it
I might have done some things that you wouldn't agree with
I might have got head from the girl that you live with
I might have just fucked the girl you wanted to be with
I got on my dark shades nigga I can't see shit