

Yesterday Was A Good Day

Dom Kennedy

It goes one for the weather, two for the trees
Three for the Imapalas, four for the Ds
I don't have a job cause I'm employed by the streets
I make dope music, my niggas flow to it
I bring hope to it, like Ali at the Olympics
... Though my vibe is something different
It's live and something rhythmic
Might remind you of the Tribe or something near it
But I strive for something closer
I'm more NWA when they was running through the posters
Remember popping up your toaster
To get your pop-tart to make it back before commercials?
And Family Matters was your curfew
When it got canceled did it hurt you?
I almost crushed up the changer
... But I had a crush on Topanga
And 36 was the Chambers
I wish I knew then that hip-hop was endangered
What I wouldn't do to save her
(... But why wouldn't you just change her?)
I'm all out of tears like I'm M.J. Blige
Don't wanna be LeBron or what MJ was
Cube go (ooh), and BIG say (ahh)
... And yesterday was a good day
Drove it to the pad and I'm coastin'
New fresh tee, pair of kicks and a Oakland
And just yesterday some dude came up and asked me
Where I was performing, I told him "nigga that was last week"
No question, gave him a handshake and showed this girl some affection
So I can run up in her section
I'm at Leimert Park, the intersection
I really love head and into sexin'
And we getting chips like keno
And hitting all them girls in skinny jeans that dress emo
Live in high-def, no TiVo
Ladies love Dom, that blackberry-dash, T-Mo'
And she know exactly where I be though
Right in front of Earl's, Player's Punch with the Fritos
Undefeated cool, so cool like Tebow
I should win a Heisman just for rhyiming on these beats so
Reload, fifteen in the clip
Cause I don't want my mom so sick like Ne-Yo
My sister found Nemo, I found some old Premo
Tell Big I love the do' but I ain't never rolled cee-lo
Leimert Park styling, D's with low mileage
She is so 'bout it, I am so down if
She goes down, goes down like 4s bouncin'
And we can get high, get high off four ounces
Haha, I boardwalk with four houses
All my young niggas waste money, no accountants
Views of the marina, bitches know the outcome
Urban Outfitter jeans, baby come up out them
X with no Malcolm, rose with no stem
I lay it on thick, your flow is so thin
Like opening my front door, you know I go in
Your girl is so wet, she know I'm gon' swim
I guess that's the end...