

Black Bentleys

Dom Kennedy

[H:]

They say they love Hip-Hop? Niggas not speakin' brilliant
Plot my next 2 albums, they gon' make me each a million
I just want the bad hoes, and I wanna reach the children
Take all my royalties and go and buy a Pisa buildin'
I didn't do my homework, still watched Rap City
Seen y'all niggas ride around in them black Bentleys
10 years later I'm like damn how niggas broke?
Then wanna try to hate on me? I'm like nigga "No"

Never fall in love with the game, I might hit and go
Just take a nigga to the sto' when my Henn is low
\$100 dollar bill dice game yellin' 10 to fo'
Westside, OPM 4 Life, yea y'all niggas know
Gave a lot of music out for free instead of bein' sold
But deep down in my little heart man that shit is gold
Shot my videos with my cousin, man that shit was cold
Niggas couldn't tell me back then I wasn't Big or Hov
Now they make songs with no soul just to bathe in gold
Fuck it I know how the shit go - I paid a 'roll
You need to spend more time rappin' 'stead of makin' clothes
You know I be out in Miami, bunch of naked hoes
This year I might stay home, catch Taste of Soul
Take a girl up to Kenneth Hahn to the Laker stroll
Have a party for all my niggas, who ain't make it home
Cuz hard times in Los Angeles? it'll make you cold
So I can't sign no papers, we ain't in control
I rather be back on Vernon, eatin' Pollo bowls
Real hood specials, 4 dollars and shit
We talkin' all street knowledge, no college and shit

[H]