

## Erica Part 2

Dom Kennedy

[H:]

Rollin' up tight reefer sticks, twist with both hands  
I'm from the era of freakin' on the floor to the slow jams  
Wake up, do a song, smoke, that's the program  
So put a nug in, nigga we could smoke both strands

500 horsepower, shhhh on the Interstate  
I'm tired of buyin' cars, nigga I'm tryin' to get some real estate  
And I'm tired of seein' fuckin' Subway on my dinner plate  
Every single night in the booth I'm eatin' dinner late  
On the 101, windowns down, let it ventilate  
We don't be kissin' in the mouth, I just penetrate  
Life is a bitch from day 1 and not a minute late  
And niggas be thinkin' Super Bowl, but it's a pennant race

The honey name was Erica  
I met her in America  
Only in America  
Only in America

[H]

[Outro: Letter from Joey Supreme]

I think about goin home all the time  
I think about the times that can't be relived in my children's lives  
I think about how I much rather be free than here  
But I do not resent the calamities which have arrived  
Or the disasters that may occur  
For perhaps in these unpleasant instances-  
Something which I do not like may be my salvation-  
And perhaps in something that I may prefer, will be my doom  
There's a blessing behind this all  
One that a wise man such as myself will not ignore  
For I have been given the opportunity to attain the reward for patience  
Dom, continue to be good bro  
Be there for Chip, don't withhold the knowledge you acquire  
Remain steadfast, keep an open mind, don't stop loving love  
Don't stop believing in life and yourself  
More importantly, keep supplying that dope music

I Love You Bro

Joey Supreme

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