

Honey Buns

Dom Kennedy

Let em know we live my nigga say something
(Aye!)

You know what I'm saying
Check this shit out though
New OPM, all money in type shit
Uh, this might be too expensive for y'all little niggas
Check this out though

I'm tryna ball like Jalen Rose
Go gold
Buy a crazy Rolls
Crazy hoes, eye contact and baby chose
I didn't tell her who I was
Nigga, baby knows
Yeah it say Versace, but to me it's just a navy roll
She wanna rip the tag on it
I got dressed, threw on an OPM shirt with my dad on it
Then I hit Crenshaw
Then I ran into Kim
Aww shit!
I might as well call her up and see what's happening
"Do you got a man?"
She said, "Why you asking?"
You really don't care
You niggas is scandalous
Cause I'm from Los Angeles
I know how to handle shit
Don't rap for no panelist
I might mack to a Spanish chick
And come to think of it you're a terrible analyst
To think that niggas wasn't finna get this money
I might pass your girl a joint
Tell her hit this for me
And today's forecast say "Bitch, it's sunny"
And never hate the west side
Nigga we gets money
Yeah, that's whassup
Cause that's the truth
I got four cars
And all of of 'em coupes
Two of 'em black
One of 'em blue
One of 'em white
What's up with some soup?
These niggas is sick
My bitches is thick
My pockets is fat
My name is legit
Like Meechie I'm slick
Like David I'm quick
OPM, til its over
After that it ain't shit

Lyrically, I'm untouchable
Yeah, I'm with your ho
10 toes, blunted
In a 600 Benz

Yeah, y'all niggas don't want it
Yeah, yeah, yeah, y'all niggas don't want it

Mr. 7-11

Fuck Frank Drebin

The phony police

Not the homie Kevin

Just rolled a 7

Black chevy revvin'

Yeah, I'm riding dirty

Weed and my weapon

Niggas mad cause I'm goin where they ho heading

Slumped on the block not learning your lesson

My prefession

Stay finessing

Fresher than them other rappers

Look how they dressing

Sent your girly to store and rolled another one

For a big bag of ice and some bubble gum

She calling me a nigga cause she wanted one

And you softer than a hundred pack of honey buns

Black Benz, black K, hundred drums

(Damn, honey buns?)

Yeah, nigga honey buns

Lyrically, I'm untouchable

Yeah, I'm with your ho

10 toes, blunted

In a 600 Benz

Yeah, y'all niggas don't want it

Yeah, yeah, yeah, y'all niggas don't want it