

# 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