

# Lemonade

Dom Kennedy

Can't make no real decision based on emotion  
You especially can't make no money  
And I'm here to get paid

Sit with my son in the shade, sippin' lemonade  
If that's his favorite, I'll buy it  
I mix mine with iced tea, I let him try it  
If I told you I have fo' million in the bank, I'd be lyin'  
If I told you I was broke, you wouldn't believe me, anyways  
So it's a good thing I'm not, takin' pictures in the fox  
I remember when we used to be in here eatin' Whoppers  
Rollin' five homies deep, mall security would stop us  
'What ya'll up to? Ay, ya'll ain't shoppin', ya'll ain't workin'  
Ya'll just makin' people nervous with them backpacks  
Size thirty-eighty jeans, and you got your hat back'  
That's another trademark, we was on the fast track  
In the midst of growin' up, memories from, like, threesome  
Through all the ups and downs  
I always felt we was gon' be somethin'  
At eighteen months old, through a smile, I see teeth comin'  
Now all he wanna drink is lemonade

Good thing it don't take much to make that  
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Water, sugar, lemon, squeeze  
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Just another Friday in the studio  
Truck ain't ready yet, just got the text from Julio  
Rydell Chevrolet in Northridge, yes, I did  
'Aren't you Dom Kenne--?' 'Yeah, yes, I is'  
And I might have never blew the charts out  
But girls still rock my T-shirt with they hearts out  
Ay, and you know what I mean, player  
250 a pop, them A.P.C. jeans, player  
Uh, I be shoppin', I ain't frontin'  
I could buy you what you wanted with my backpack  
Let me get my notepad, a pencil, or a pen  
Leave me in the studio  
I guarantee when you come in I'll be finished  
'Cause I probably got a ticket f\*ckin' parkin'  
Hate quiet neighborhoods, I'm used to hearin' dogs barkin'  
Kids runnin', now formula is no longer the formula  
'Cause all he wanna drink is lemonade

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