

# New Jeeps

Dom Kennedy

We blowing wet weed  
Your baby moma got an Wanna shot a movie and shit, I'm the directing  
Spend a lot of money on gold, I'm investing  
Talking to the president, from the west wing  
Watching the jet's game while I'm jet skiing  
Yeah, I got diamonds on my neck, damnnn  
You know I got come correct  
We getting more money than a lot of them expect  
I'm the type of rapper that a lot of them respect  
We selling more records than a lot of them forget  
Yeah, I'm in the hills, counting bills  
You still in the projects, I am progress  
I am pop fresh, my Rolex on, ain't them rob thet  
I'm in my sweats trying spin my lex (Lexus)  
You in my way, all in my steps  
Yea, I said it's fin to be a crash  
When I hear shots from the enemies I laugh  
I'm styling on every single enemy I have  
Them cheap ass clothes should be giving you a rash  
I bring grace to this, put my name on your list  
Before I erase the shit  
You know we fin to get a little cake with this  
If the money looking good come taste it bitch  
I get cake for this, I wanna see some pretty girls shake to this  
All the bad hoes can't wait for this  
2 girls try to have me raped to this, ah  
I got mix to get, big money shit I got banks to hit  
Niggers, you got drinks to get  
And roll that motherfucking stanky shit

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Flea flicking and fly girls that freak nick  
Picky particularly when on weed shit  
Neehses, neatly at ease  
I don't need shit  
Beefing, keeping the pieces in then the trees lit  
Prefix mixing with chicks I tell them read lips  
D tits gets you c seat on my me list  
She said it's Gemini crickets, give me 3 wishes  
Take sit right on the beach, fresh off the G6  
Far east moving out, few things I do without  
Smoother than a hooper through the legs and hit the turn around  
Murder in the urban town, swear that they can burn it down  
Heard that I was working be sure that I deserve the crown  
It's what's the world's about, get your money get on out  
Sneak around the house if you mama said you ain't allowed  
Ain't nobody perfect child, we just make it worth a while  
Urbs getting nervous since I started wearing turbans out

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One time for bitches with their hands up  
You know, the ones who quit the switch their plans up  
As Shawty sending me, you a winner, I seen ya  
The queen, them other bitches is going to the ringer  
You used to date tatyana ali  
Was kinda freak  
The crib on the side of the bitch  
Now I'm a tell you, but I gotta be brief  
The hole of the economy is deep  
Deeper than the bottom of creeks  
Well fuck you, call me anything but broker stupid  
We getting paper and you ain't gonna do shit  
As I a introduce it, 2 girls on the camera guess who coproduce it nigger  
I got a dice game to get to, in the range new issue  
The champagne toast to sip to  
Some bad hoes chilling in swim suits  
And they probably down for anything that we in to  
The gold chain old range mustangs jeeps and drops  
Rolex watch and all the essentials  
Got the phil gamble right on the gym suit  
Man, in the condo that I just moved in to

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