

## South Central Love

Dom Kennedy

Working all fall, just to ball this summer  
You know Hollywood, let me take you under  
Some south central love, that's gon make you wonder  
Them ghetto girls, you know I love em  
I'm not yo husband, no I don't trust him  
My Bimmer stock, the Impala's custom  
No I don't rush em, no introductions  
She knows that me, she like my chucks and  
The way I'm strutting, the way I function  
She pinch my cheeks, she say I'm her pumpkin  
That's what you want, that's what I'm missing  
I don't want to be alone for another Christmas

I tried the mall, I tried the club  
I had the models, I tried the drugs  
South Central love  
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I eat at Earlez, then hit the Fox  
My hat was low, she seen my watch  
I'm in that Sox's, it's from the swap  
Oh this my nigga, he from my block  
I came on stock, put Leimert on top  
I always promised I would give her everything I got  
Now she look hot, the money come in knots  
And you gon know exactly when we in the spot  
When you smell kush, when you hear this  
When you see cars, and you do like this  
Them ghetto girls, I won't forget  
That time yo mom came home and you had me hop the fence