

Sunset Strip

Dom Corleo

I don't feel stressed (I don't feel stressed)
In my Rick Owen trench (In my Rick on Rick)
I get high and I'm blessed (I get high)
Bitch, I'm the best (Bitch, I'm the best)
You got somethin' to say? Yeah, say it with yo' chest (Say it)
Hit him in the head (Yeah)
Put a foot on his neck (Put a foot on his neck)

And I'm just really tryna F-U-C-K on yo' bitch (F-U-C-K)
Yes, I'm just really tryna go up with the gang and get rich (Go up)
And they all know that it's me when I pull up in that Ghost (Yeah)
You could catch me in first class, front of that plane, I don't rock coach
Roll the window down, got five percent tint, you can't approach (Yeah, oh yeah)
Roll the window down and I'm shootin' up the whole bitch, better get low (Better get low)
You better get some sauce (You better get some sauce)
You better take that off (You better take it off)
Bet I had that boy runnin' (I had that boy runnin')
Had him taking off (Yes)
And he ain't take a thing from me
No, I got them bands on me (Yeah)
And I got Givenchy on me (Yes)
Shopping like it's free money (Shopping like it's free)
Cop it like it mean something (Cop it like it means)
They all know it means something (They all know what it means)
Mama said I'd be something (Yes)
So I keep a pole on me (Yeah)
I ain't got no fuckin' soul up in that bitch, but I ain't dead (Yeah, yeah)
He better not let me catch him over that 'Gram, do his ass bad
He better not let me catch him, I'ma need that boy with a toe tag
I'm joshing on these hoes with a fuckin' Drac' like I'm Josh Peck (Like I'm Josh Peck)

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