

# Around Midnight

Dom Kennedy

Honeys

This is for the honeys

Ain't up on me get educated

Tell the higher ups, cut the paycheck

You don't wanna see me aggravated

Put me with the honeys it get x-rated

Get you on the dance floor, that's my task

Think I wanna take you home now and stab

You cute and that's fasho, pockets never low, so I know you got me if I ever  
hit ya phone

Ring ring, new number, who dis?

She still think about me if I ever put it in

Back in '01 we used to rock our clothes big

Hung up when she said 'I got fo' kids'

No fear, really I'm the only pro here

Puttin in work and I got the most shares

So I really might leave the store with both pair

I observe...

Everybody got the same sound now days

Everybody claim they from the town now days

Everybody say they got money

Everybody claim they got a drop top

All these pretty girls you better pick one

West side the whole time, never switched up

Invite me to ya shit I might twist one

All the real ballers freeze ya wrist up

Chili Fritos, Playa's Punch, we been doing this for years yall just catchin'  
up

Program directors is a little out of touch

Ask her if she fuck with Dom K

She like 'Duh'

Meet up at the pier one time, chop it up

Squares can't figure why these ladies watchin' us

Is it these Gucci suede loafers, I don't know

Been to Cabo, and I dipped the 5.0, I wanna help her out them clothes

Here to stack these O's, the Super Sport sit low with white letters on the t  
oes

Keep a bank roll and never will I fold

Never!

Everybody got the same sound now days

Everybody claim they from the town now days

Everybody claim they got money

Everybody say they got a drop top

These niggas ain't got nothing for me

Everybody say they keep a Glock hot

Same nigga take off runnin

Soon as the muthafuckin shots pop

She movin like she ain't got no hubby, yeah

Me and the buddies bout to hot box

Them bitches can't come if they ugly, yeah

All of my boppers gotta be top notch

Look, gangstas don't dance or do the Dougie, yeah  
Them titties lookin lovely in they crop top  
Gold 100 spokes on the Cutty, uh  
The leather Cortez with the high socks

All these pretty girls you better pick one, (you better pick one)  
West side the whole time, never switched up (never switched up)  
Invite me to ya shit I might twist one (I might twist one)  
All the real ballers freeze ya wrist up

Wrist up

Check this out nigga, what's better?

A '87 GNX Max Numbers with the pink slip, or a Ferrari nigga, when you on 60

Thought so

Everybody got the same sound now days  
Everybody claim they from the town now days  
Everybody claim they got money  
Everybody say they got a drop top  
[x2]

All these pretty girls you better pick one  
West side the whole time, never switched up  
Invite me to ya shit I might twist one  
All the real ballers freeze ya wrist up  
[x2]

West side the whole time...