

Bite Me

Dom Kennedy

My homie "G" told me once you got it in a week
They didn't know I rhyme, but now niggas send me beats
Now I hooked a couple fans, booked a couple jams
See me at the party, nigga shook a couple hands
And damn you such a dick blower, yo whole click owe us
And ya own bitch know it, this my lane get over
And Jason had to change the kicks on the on the drums
Cause niggas bite like Tyson when they finna lose
They like "Dom what you finna do?"
Nigga more photo shoots, more interviews
I'm tryin to boost my status up before my minutes through
Cause niggas out in Philly like, "Dom we feelin Tennis Shoes."

And you said you didn't like it though
Nigga Damn what you bite it fo'?
I'm just tryin to party with them lightskinned hoes
Take a couple shots and we might get blown
Hit a couple spots before the night get gone
Like bitch you better look hot when these lights click on

Please pardon, the way that I be guarding
My flow I don't spit, it's more the way that I be barfing
I'm on fire more the way that I be arson
I already palmed her in the way that I be Carson
On the daily I lay back in my car and
I do nothin, but I work too damn hard Man

And on... and on

And I'm convinced we, fresh like Mintly
Sometimes I ask myself, "Is this for real nigga pinch me"
To keep Dom sane cause dang
All this pink champagne got me tipsy
And I speak all flame nigga meet champagne
Nigga drench me and send me to Disney Land
With some girls in a Jiggy tan
Ass like Diggy Damn, Saran and a dingy can
Don't you know you can't help style?
Man I'm just tryin to be like myself now
So when I show up, put yo self down
Black Chucks, with the Gucci belt
And you said you didn't like it though
Nigga Damn what you bite it fo'?
If I'm ever onstage and the mic is broke
I'm a just make it rain till the my life is broke
And I know that's not political
Kennedy's don't do that but no we is not identical
And no we is not a syllable
So when they say we back, that mean me they not feelin you
On the beat I rock lyrical
Feel it in the air yes indeed I drop spirituals
Belonging to the Lord, rescue me I got miracles
Can't take the car or SUV I got With no SUV I knock Erica, we shine so hard
How can people not stare at us
How girls not marry us (Fuck that)
How could MTV not carry this
Roll the Kush with the Berry shit

And don't come to Leimert Park with that scary shit
Every trend change and you bite the style
That's why people don't like you now!

To all my liars
To all my bitters
You could get inspired
But don't bite us