

Duplex

Dom Kennedy

I don't argue over dumb shit
Back of Barneys top floor on my lunch shit
Chicken salad don't mind that we here
Make a purchase or two then we disappear
[?] hand rug
Exec mindset and thug
The Jay 305 laminates
Ooo I see they got you standing in
Slide me the Crown kid
This shit poison like Bell Biv DeVoe
These little rappers can't fuck with me, I quote
I trained 'em all like Freddie Roach
You want a building start banging
Guess that's the cost of being famous
I remember you was more cool than that
I used to be around the ones that could shoot craps
My niggas ran out with the Ralph outta TJ Maxx
Creatine in the beats let me hit the abs
Buy yourself a duplex get your chick a Jag
I got the next hundred years yea it's simple math
Fuck what you claim this rap shit is lame
Don't even own nothing not even yo name
Can't go through formulas the label gets paid
6'1" and a half and I don't play no games

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Kings handle business we don't pout about it
If nothing else, make sure the ounce exotic
I live in the mouth of goddess
Walk around looking like a house deposit, uh
Too many niggas, had to bounce, was crowded
If only all these daps could amount to product
Uh, I guess I'm guess I'm wishful thinking
I never compromise my brand with risky instincts
Might cuff the whole plate
Oversize tees youngins [?] the whole K
Businessmen sitting business class
Six hour flight and I slept the whole way
Don't hate doggie, be better
I don't dwell 'less I sea dwella
I'm on bullshit time
Arm warmed up, out the bullpen flying

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