

Mr Champagne Intermission

Dom Kennedy

Hey bitch, you remember me?
It's Mr. O.P.M. from the westside of the streets
I got my Sox hat and my black Pumas
And my nigga P with me, let me introduce him

They choosin', it's gruesome
How these young boys like to coop 'em
Cuff 'em, I take 'em on a date and don't touch 'em
You love 'em, girls come around by the dozens
She ain't getting mad when I used to date her cousin

I plugged 'em, nigga she was with was a scrub 'em
She used to say that nigga cool, but I don't love him
She like me, ask me all the time when you gon' wife me
I say shut up bitch while I listen to the Isleys

My mind be where the sky be, I'm in the hot seat
Popping the bub while you knocking them up
I tell her hop in the truck with your thick thighs, big butt
Let me slide in your crease, cut

Mmm what, this shit make me wanna get a truck
Had this shit on loud girl every time you pick me up
When I'm out of town mhm, I miss you very much
I love the way you jump girl when I pinch you on the butt
If I'm ever stranded, she'll come get me in a rush
I remember back when you was with me on the bus
Now we super ballin, droppin fifty on the uh
And that's the reason why I put them hickeys where I want nigga

Like I'm supposed to do
You looking so good, I could toast to you
Like I'm supposed to do
I'm trying to get this money like I'm supposed to do

Know ain't supposed to be doing this...
Hand me my bag of pharmaceuticals over there
Couple bottles of Champagne
This shit is from France?
Never had that
Real Expensive, Real Expensive
Hurry up and buy it
We need some uh... Champagne to the front of the stage
Champagne to the front of the stage please
You know me... I'm Mr. Champagne
Last name witcho BIIITCH