

Thank You Biggie

Dom Kennedy

Things change when you grow up
Now everybody want to show up
Talkin' 'bout, 'I knew that you would blow up'
When I was young, my favorite song was
'Get money, get money' Weight of the world on my shoulder
But I'm still gettin' colder, so keep it real

Like, on a comedy about who run rap
Cause L.A. is on top now and who run that?
I've been all facts, I base my shit off that
But for sixty-five grand, y'all could switch my hat
To the Seahawks cause I'm always down for the money
And niggas always talkin' 'bout me when they strugglin'
I guess that's why my champagne always bubblin'
Two girls in the indoor pool out in London
At Dizze Rascal flat, they sent my ass some cash
But all he do is rap, you want to hang out and relax?
Go shoppin' in Saks, hella bags in the back
And when I see her again, motherfucker, she next
I don't talk to her everyday, but we text
And when I throw that Biggie on, she don't even trip
I asked her to roll a joint and she don't even flinch
Dom K. is a pimp, you don't even need the blimp
I know you could tell I'm nasty, though my lyrics is classy
I'm not really that flashy, but I do like shrimp
Wit' some lemon butter sauce and a cold white Zinf
Somebody to talk to and share a view like this
Cause I been rollin' fashions, at least them attraction
Got dressed up for me, I do appreciate that, woah

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