

## What I Tell Kids

Dom Kennedy

And all they know  
Could tell his VS by how the chain glow  
Or how the Range roll  
It's a man's world and it's all about money

And who am I to interfere?  
When that new Benz drive, foo', I'm tryin' to change years  
See how you changed tears  
Grandmama never thought we'd be as hot as we is  
I'm rappin' for the kids, eatin' lima bean and ribs  
Cleanin' off my rims, man, I used to dream big  
And now I'm the focal point  
Me and Krondon show in Poland at a local joint  
Tryin' to get my lettuce fixed, my credit "Fuck y'all"  
I'm just gettin' the rust off, she lickin' my nuts off  
My R. Kelly T-shirt, I think that it rubbed off  
We eatin' that Roscoe's, what's up wit' the hot sauce?  
You lookin' like you got somethin' in that big-ass purse  
Your daddy got you that  
Would you run up in this bank though wit' a stockin' cap  
Anybody move, guns up, then cock it back?  
That's the decision some men got to make to feed they families  
I'm not tellin' you this story to win a Grammy  
I'm just sayin' you should consider that  
Next time you're in L.A. wit' your jewelry on like it's Miami  
Feel me? So did I make myself clear?  
Cryin' to my mum to buy me a new pair  
Now I need enough to last ninety-two years  
I got ninety-nine problems, but cars ain't toppin' them  
I'm just like my uncle, I just can't stop coppin' 'em  
I could be president, but I ain't that popular  
  
Uh, I don't know what's stoppin' you  
Too bitches kissin', rubbin' each other  
I'm just layin' back watchin' 'em  
OPM, bitch, let it rain like the Doppler  
No matter the weather we put shit together, yeah  
Bring me closer though