

South Central Love

Dom Kennedy

[Verse 1]

Working all fall, just to ball this summer
You know Hollywood, let me take you under
Some south central love, that's gon make you wonder
Them ghetto girls, you know I love em
I'm not yo husband, no I don't trust him
My Bimmer stock, the Impala's custom
No I don't rush em, no introductions
She knows that me, she like my chucks and
The way I'm strutting, the way I function
She pinch my cheeks, she say I'm her pumpkin
That's what you want, that's what I'm missing
I don't want to be alone for another Christmas[Hook]

I tried the mall, I tried the club

I had the models, I tried the drugs

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South Central love[Verse 2]

I eat at Earl's, then hit the Fox

My hat was low, she seen my watch

I'm in that Soxs, it's from the swap

Oh this my nigga, he from my block

I came on stock, put Leimert on top

I always promised I would give her everything I got

Now she look hot, the money come in knots

And you gon know exactly when we in the spot

When you smell kush, when you hear this

When you see cars, and you do like this

Them ghetto girls, I won't forget

That time yo mom came home and you had me hop the fence[Hook]

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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