

# On the Regular (feat. DOM KENNEDY)

## Polyester the Saint

[Verse 1: Polyester The Saint]

When the sun falls, I better rise up  
You say you swinging in the streets, homie put your ride up  
I be in the late night, dipping from the coppers  
The birds all buddy but that ain't the only chopper  
I'm finna cop an L go and name her Cyndi Lauper  
Up in the gate, don't wanna be tamed, you know you can't stop us  
Leather on the seat with the custom moon roof  
Pop up the hood, that's a LS booth  
Don't talk if you bluffing, we all pulling up here  
I started out with a bucket, now I'm out here slumping  
I had to hit the brick just to brush up on my hands  
Double up my bands, hustle hard, I'm in the field, you in the stands  
You seeing it, huh? You feeling it, bruh?  
No need for it, bruh  
So now what's up? Come try your luck  
I can't be touched  
My squad's full of a chosen few  
Go get us doing what we supposed to do  
Hella gang, I been cheddar king  
Building paid by breaking rules[Hook: Dom Kennedy]  
Chose a righteous path and I doubled up  
Southern California where we coming from  
Cause to all them schoolers like a movie  
I be putting that in 91 in my [?]  
I just need to go fast  
I just need to go fast  
She ain't tryna slow you down when you coming up with me  
I do fly shit on the regular[Verse 2: Polyester The Saint]  
You be doing all that talking but never pop off  
If you step you leaving with nothing so don't you run up  
Picking up the pieces, now watch as your boy cut up  
Focus 4 in the morning before ya little bum's rush  
They say you reap what you sow, I guess I been here before  
My rolls go past the flow and I laugh at foes  
I could hit you with the gangster lean, still in my creeks  
Ain't no faking, I'm freeze, all my haters deceased  
Plus my paper don't sleeve, ain't no waiting the week  
I want that cash in the bag, don't be cutting my cheese

I'm a walking one man show, baby gon' take you a seat  
Now put the pedal to the metal and turn the keys  
Now you dogging, Yoda chosen  
Palm tree coasting, the world is open  
With the alpine on blast  
Beating up the block, ain't no coming back, ghetto slap[Hook: Dom Kennedy]  
Chose a righteous path and I doubled up  
Southern California where we coming from  
Cause to all them schoolers like a movie  
I be putting that in 91 in my [?]  
I just need to go fast  
I just need to go fast  
She ain't tryna slow you down when you coming up with me  
I do fly shit on the regular

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