

# Hennessy Beach (feat. Dom Kennedy)

## Curren\$y

[Hook - Dom Kennedy] x2

My niggas trying hard to get it  
We making sure the cars is tinted  
I'm making sure the broads is with it  
I hit her with the extra large addiction

[Verse 1 - Dom]

Clicquot, hope you hoes is all legal  
I take the most thickest and leave the rest with my people  
Guns kill niggas and her pussy is lethal  
Raised in West Philly, her favorite team is the Eagles  
Got one dog, I think that shit is a beagle  
She dress like one of them girls at Fred Segal  
Totally! I just make her buy a bunch of clothes for me  
Then we go out to eat, I order steak with the rosemary  
Before we in the house, I be digging in the hosiery  
She goes for me. I put that on the father and the rosary  
The older we become, life is just begun  
You like how that drink taste?

Mix it with some pre-cum

I hang around millionaires cause I could really be one  
If you don't understand that, you are really D-umb  
If you know a nigga real as me, I would like to see one  
A couple homies locked away, I hope this city free 'em  
Goin' to the pros, I'm tired of playing D-1  
Can't stay in the same place, life is not a re-run  
I broke out, hit it one time, then I choked out  
When the plane land, that mean Spitta in here smoked out  
Tortoise shell frames on, yeah niggas Loc'd out  
Can't wait to bring the '62 with the spokes out  
Cause it's all in our reach  
I be waiting for you nigga, right here

On Hennessy Beach

[Curren\$y]

Now I never had a glass of Hennessy in my life  
I can't lie. but I did have a shot of XO this morning  
Shout out for the housewarming gift  
They sent that over to the crib  
I didn't drive over here, not drinking and driving  
Tish brought me. aite.

Sand in my Nike Cortez, beach front home  
Cause I was stacking and playing the back, all along  
Niggas is dead over raps gone over songs  
I'm rolling something Herculean  
Trees past strong like it gotta be on 'roids, boy  
Here's another hit, that Barry Bonds  
Spitta know how to treat a woman, sugar  
Cut all that real girl shit out, I prove it to ya  
Versace Medusa, I get  
Highed up to do my work. I'm a roofer  
Instead of paying attention you niggas paying  
Them bitches. That's why you in that position  
Looking up at the jets, waving bye  
Straining your eyes cause we satellite high  
In 1997, I dreamt about riding around in Porsche 911's  
Now I'm plotting, opening a car lot to sell em  
My bottom bitch saw it all go down  
But she never tell it.

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

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