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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