

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]
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