

# 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

South Central love

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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