

Dominic

DOM KENNEDY

Keep the party going... yeah
A lot of shit, (yeah) a lot of shit about me (yep) Yeah these niggas talk a lot of shit, a lot of shit
about me

Yeah these bitches talk a lot of shit, a lot of shit about me
Yeah they probably say a lot of shit, a lot of shit about me I was born in August so im just gon
protect you

He left you in the garbage, he don't even respect you
I didn't go my hardest cause I don't wanna sweat you
I caught her in the target just walking out the restroom

Her hair in a bun, them some nice shoes
Looking like something that a nigga might do
Album finna drop we on that vice too

Them niggas from the H got you on that sprite too
Daytime lights every time I slide through

So how you sign Dom nigga Dom will sign you
Don't do that OPM thought you knew that

J Fresh got some bitches he calling me like where you at?

Tell'em we on the way with bottles weed condiments

Altoids fucking red bulls all kind of shit

Might fall asleep on you though no promises

I gotta be up at 6: 15 when its time to dip

I tell her calm down you don't know what you doing

Party every night and yo' life is gon be ruin

Maybe just yo' stockings, got everybody oohing

Told me turn down for what you know I'm trying to get straight to it

Her hair in a bun yeah thats that steeze

She like mister c's I'd rather fuck with Micky D's

Cause an hour in a restaurant really ain't my speed

Trying to finish school early wanted to go straight to the league

Heard about the Goyard store thats overseas

With the royal blue wallet I can get you what you need

Don't do that OPM thought you knew that

Circling LAX she texting me like where you at?

Tell her I'm on the way with bags, hugs, chocolates

IPad couple magazines all kinda shit

Might fall asleep on you though no promises

Asked me what my real name was told her Dominic

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

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>

