

By My Lonely

Dom Kennedy

Got it figured out
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Coming anyway

I'm a cool nigga if you get to know me
Don't spend my time tryna kiss ass
250 large in a book bag
I do my dirt by my lonely
That's probably why these bitches know me
I order \$50 guacamole
And my diamonds hit hit hit
Why your Rollie tick tick tick
A blue fur for my main
Kill these niggas boo they all lame
Put it to his head and make it bang
That's for even thinking you fuck with us
We don't like jokes don't be fucking with us
Saw the car keys and now she fucking with us
Rocoos on the table that's for breakfast
Four high roller they get naked
Ice-T told me I'm special
I know the big niggas by the exits
For this money they get reckless
She wanna risk her hands froze
Come get me in the lambo
Playoff game at Lambeau
Air Max 97 on my toes
Top came off and I told her just post
Influential artist like Givenchy
Might switch it up and buy a Bentley
Regular on the mic y'all don't get me
I head he turned down 500
Expensive taste in his mom stomach
All these wack songs y'all running
These rap trap niggas don't want it
These back pack niggas don't want it

Shots going to your head like
Girls kissing on your ear like
Shots going to your head like
Girls kissing on your ear like

By my lonely
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She got her hair down
I might just get some