

Long Way Home

Dom Kennedy

I think this is about that time we ride out again
We gon' hop on this 101, take it to the 110
Wrap it around to the 10
Exit Crenshaw, maybe exit Arlington
Make that right on King
Take it on in to Leimert
Pull up, you know, watch the stars
And just reflect...

Yeah

We the fireworks that light up the city
It's a rare occasion when I bring both chains out
Show 'em what that game 'bout
Welcome to the party, let me cross your little name out
First beat that came in, first hit that came out
I'm the type of guy them R&B girls be singin' 'bout
Tryin' to become a man, and all she think I do is be hangin' out
Time costs money now, and ain't life funny
How I could spill the whole bottle like
"Pshh, it's just some hundreds now,"
We used to be them little niggas, we runnin' now
And any time we see a Polo store, we gotta shut it down
Cleaned up nicely, golf jacket, button down
A belt with 2 G's on it
Let them hoes squeeze on em
I make a girl drop to her knees, then she freeze on 'em
I tell her we like Method & Mary; all she need on 'em
I try to open my heart on these beats, then I bleed on 'em
So when I take the long way home, I don't speed on 'em
A T-Bone Steak, two eggs, a little cheese on 'em
Since a juvenile, I was like "400 Degrees" on 'em
Yeah, yeah, if that ain't cold
My Jordans from '85, homie
If that ain't old
I'm the realest nigga out
Shit, if that ain't bold
And I'm greater then and now
Shit, if that ain't flow
And I'm shining like a king, bitch
If that ain't gold
I think I'm gonna take the long way home
Yo

We taught each other how to hustle, it wasn't handed down
And if you didn't feel me before, you understand it now
I used to didn't ask for much, but I demand it now
It's people relying on my talent, so I can't panic now
I used to love to chase women, but I can't stand it now
Your nigga had a Maserati, but he a mechanic now
And it ain't nothing I can't have on this planet now
All because I took my dreams and I planned 'em out
Then I made a wish, then I man'd it out
Y'all stood in line, I was standing out
I was landin' in, you was wiping out
I was stealing bases, you was striking out
I earned my spot, they hyped you out

They liked your look, then they typed you out
They didn't put you on, they psyched you out
They didn't mic you up, you just got Tyson'd out
So take this home with you
I'll probably sock you out before I do a song with you
I've been killin' shit since "This Where I Belong" with you
And I wrote this on the long way with you
So take this home with you
I know sometimes I make you cry
But I belong with you
And not speakin's the only way I get along with you
And I wrote this on the long way home with you

I do appreciate y'all stopping by tonight
Everything's going good as you can see
As I reach my final destination
I just wanted to
("You know" [repeated x16])
You know, provide y'all a little inspiration
Leimert park is the perfect location
Yeah
And I go by the name Dom Kennedy
Gone