

Lil' Keke "Phenominal"

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Class is now in session...ghetto activity
dats right...time to raise the garage [Oww] and pull out
large
[ooh ooh]..ha ha...quiet money gangstas baby
[Take it to em baby]...fresh out the driveway
[Take it to em baby, baby]...rollin' n holdin'

[Hook]

I make the slab look phenomenal, everytime im up in
the whip
And when i pull up in front of you, you gotta stop in look
at the rims
You know what it is
ya dig...ya dig...ya dig...ya dig...ya diiiiig
You know who it is
ya dig...ya dig...we always on phenomenal shit

[Verse 1]

I'm a 4th handman, postman calculating plenty paper
The slab full of grass im feelin like a landscaper
Old school critical stash and digital dash
71' top down welcome to my history class
The watch real spiffy, the jeans \$650
The Lac' Cincinnati Red call it Ken Griffey [Griffffey]
I'm on them big rims slow down in front of me
Black skin, Yellow Gold, lookin' like a Bumble Bee
Super tight, chrome pipes tell me can u picture this
I'ma show u how to make the slab look ridiculous
The seats perferarted, the wood decorated
My car kill relationships thats why them suckers hate it
I'm in the Welch's Grape Dark Purple if u missed it
Soft leather Light Tan Hungry Jack biscuits
I'm known for holdin' boy rollin' up another kind
Fresh out the shop and on the streets feein blow ya
mind

[Hook]

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[Verse 2]

Chevrolet suburban, 26 perelli tires
Its Charcoal Gray at midnight it hurt ya eyes
Swisha House crime family, H-Town wise guys
The Lexus value meal the rims come supersized
Slab is commercial, the foreign is a posterboard
Ya outta line tryna fix up a Honda Accord
I'ma show u how to pull up in cut a curb
I'ma show u how to make that thang look superb
Grain in ya left fist, cup in ya right hand
Air conditioner on 60 nigga I aint playin'
In a Fruit Punch Impala, Root Beer Cutlass
Pineapple Cush wit the Strawberry Crushes
Mink floors, Black n White feelin' like a Polar Bear
Troopers on the Interstate so i aint even goin there
Avalanche All Black same color Ashanti's
DTS Cadillac and i dont need company

[Hook]

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[Verse 3]

Graduated too kool, comin' outta slab school
Hit the black top in watch out for the damn fool
I'm switchin' gears and pullin' off on the regular
15's bangin' baby don't call it cellular
Ain't no Noss because its touch screen new
Its spaceage visual it all equal blue
Boys playin catch up, welcome to Millenium
7 figure hot rods and cozy condomeniums
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious
I'ma show ya how to make the slab look ferocious
I'ma make' em fold, then teach' em hold
Then i might just pull up ridin' Rolex Gold

[Hook]

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