

Doms (feat. Domo Genesis)

Odd Future

She sound like some out green shit, nigga. Yo dom, please, hit these niggas.

Woohoo hoo hoo. Shiet. Whoo. This is perfect. This beat is fucking perfect. Domo motherfucking Genesis.

These pants go perfect with these shoes. And I got a cold caprisun. Whoo.

I'm a motherfucking asshole. It's natural to act bashful in the presence of niggas with cash flow.

I spaz ho, laying somewhere close to where the grass grows. Listening to jazz cause these niggas mad trash, yo. And that, kicking dust. My shit is ridiculous. Quickly put my dick in sluts who noes tend to be sticking up.

Silly niggas, give it up.

No person is sick enough. The doctor needs to fix me up, fix me up. Miss nurse in the red shirt, I'mma need some fucking head work.

Talk you into anything with talking, I'm an expert. Just talking to you niggas and it's sounding like my best work. Best work? For now, yes. With every drop I'm better. Better than the rest.

These niggas apply pressure. These niggas, every verse is lyrically def to these niggas.

When that hearse drop, 6 feet death for you niggas. Many men opposing me, no success for you niggas. And

I'm still on my bullshit, loc'ing with a full clip. That's the iPhone full of verses that I could spit.

Preaching to the real, why he standing at the pulpit. Throwing middle fingers at the haters like, "what's good, bitch?" Nah, really, what's trilly hood, bitch? Hair ?, nigga extra mayo. That's the Friggedaire billionaire Bruce

Wayne flow, Show the fuck out. Dunk on a nigga and just hang yo.

I'mma boss, nigga. Fuck what it cost, nigga You wanna oppose me? Chalk up a loss, nigga

Get lost, nigga, out my vicinity. Cause I terminate your kind, lames is the enemy. And these haters won't get my energy. T the C, we did it, G. And I'm higher than an Asian score on SATs. And yeah whatever.

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