Super Market

Domo Genesis

[Tyler]
In this fuckin' line at Ralph's buyin' granola bars
Left my member's card and now this shit gon' have an extra charge
This old bitch in front of me buyin' a color printer
TV dinners, tampons, soy milk, paint thinner

[Domo]
So here I am at the store for some chips
That I'mma pay for with dimes, nickels and quarters and shit
And I'm still high, so I'm tryna dip
But I'mma cut through the line to get outta this bitch

[Tyler]
What the fuck, who the fuck's this gay nigga in fake Gucci?
Jordan numbers, whatever, wood chain with a Jesus
Hey you, what the fuck you think you doin'?

[Domo]
Nigga fuck you! I'm just eatin' ruffles, gotta lotta stuff, fool
So, why don't you fuckin' wipe that stupid look on your face

[Tyler]
Don't make me shoot up this place with light sabers and guns
And shoot caps at knee caps to make it harder to run
And put your ankles in some boards and pissy water for fun

[Domo]
Nigga, I'm a samurai, cut your skinny ass in half
Look up at the aftermath, blow some fuckin' hash and laugh

[Tyler]
I'm a fuckin' ninja and a jedi and I am from Compton
Better pick a better option 'fore these Nikes get to stompin'
Chompin' at your oxygen chords, you fat fake Kenan Thompson
Like a virgin, cherry faggot, we could get it poppin'

[Domo]
I bet you lock and drop it faggot bitch, you ain't from Compton
Dumbo ears, you Mary Poppin with the piece that Kel was rockin'
I will fuckin' beat yo ass, box logos through the glass

I'll hit you hooky like you skippin' class, Lee would get the math

[Tyler]
Oh really? You're silly givin' tip drills to nilly
Get them Ruffles no Lays cause Kiara might kill me
Aw, fuck this, I'm grabbin' two kitchen knives
And stabbin' this Ice Cube look-a-like to show you a nigga with attitude

[Domo]
Wait, I heard about you from that other nigga Earl
How you traveled to Milan and now it only likes girls
I'll roundhouse you into a fuckin' basket
Push you into an old lady baggin' plastic
Hope you get the message, I will stomp you into potholes
And fill you up with shells but you're used to eatin' tacos

[Tyler]
Oh, a Taco joke, Domo smoke, I heard
Your album sound like some shit a fake Wiz Khalifa papa wrote
I'm insulted, shit, damn, somebody grab the Charmin
Nevermind these messages, Monica her nigga armin'

[Domo]
Swift-made switch blades made a big incision in him
Red dot his forehead cause Riley's into Hinduism
And hipsters who happen to be your listeners
Doobies roll your booty ho Alexis know the truthy, bro

[Tyler]
Oh, a Lexus? I drive that all around
The western hemisphere like all of Kiara's ex's
And bet this, I'm a mothafuckin' monster
Fuck talkin', I'll stab you with this fuckin' rocket launcher

[Domo]
When I cock the beam back, I'm aimin' for Supreme hats
Go to hell, I mean that, burn you like green backs

[Tyler]
You don't mean that, you faggot, I'll get your back and I'll snap it
And strangle you with that fuckin' leather jacket
Fall, bitch, give me everythin', I'm takin' all this
And fleein' the scene on Rufus, my evil walrus, bitch
Fuck you, I'm out

[Domo]

I'm high as fuck and I didn't call for all this
I'mma get on my zombie shit, wait, here's my carcass

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