

Drunk

Domo Genesis

Yeah... Domo Genesis

"Rolling Papers"

I'm high as fuck on this one, heh heh

Yeah... yo

Maybe it's all this smoke in me that's loc'n me, got me thinkin ocean deep
Always want it close to me, I'm driftin in this potency
If you niggaz cool, then ain't no one in here as cold as me
Domo Genesis, Hodgy Beats and Mike fuckin G
Appropriately fuckin beats, MP3s all in my sheets
Bustin on the bitches, wipe me down and put it on repeat
Hot shit like Mexicans sittin on toilet seats
And I'ma keep it G cause that is all I had a choice to be (Wolf Gang)
Fuck lovers, play fight with rubbers
Wolf Gang I hunt her, then feed it to my brothers
Eat big for supper, scrape plates of butter
All to keep that green bouncin in like Flubber (nigga what?)
Sweet shit, we spit, these is, Reese's Pieces
Sweet hit, we shit, these bricks, we disrespect
Fuck a beat
I'ma be sick, Domo G shit, fuck with me

I'm drunk, rollin through the interstate
Peddle to the metal on these bitches while they niggaz hate
I'm buzzin, this is how it goes in my life
Fuckin all these niggaz' hoes while you masturbate
I'm tipsy, wild as I want to be
About thirty feet deep darin any nigga to fuck with me
I'm fucked up, drinkin off this beer umm
Nigga I'm drunk

I swear, last year they ain't know about Domo, bro
Now they all lined up for the Domo show
I don't need much, give me beats and an ounce of 'dro
My main bitch, we just sit and watch the dollars grow
like a hate plantation, and I just been waitin
for my season and watch them crops start flakin
If I'm awakened, more than likely I am bakin
Watch the world fall into my hands, I am Hatian
I just got a dollar and a dream
I mean a wallet full of green and a pocket full of steam
Man I've been on the scene with the hardest of the teams (whattup)
Me and my goals, ain't no stoppin in between (nope)
I gotta keep it clean, I'm fly by any means (what else)
High in the air on a Rocket, Yao Ming
Middle finger up, fuck what y'all think (fuck you niggaz)
Middle finger up, fuck what y'all think (uhh)

See we beyond def, so for respect O.F.'ll never need a pass
Far from the average that the most will probably see me as
I'm elevated, these niggaz don't want to step up
I spit bullets see that's a real audio tech, huh?
But I ain't aimin, don't let it hit you
and have me lookin' for a place to put the bodies when I'm through
He bluffin, I might shoot - fuck it I'm like you
cause then again, a gun ain't the weapon I might choose
I'm a regulator, a hater decapitator

Just after sunset it's murder on a elevator
So, be scared when you see them Wolves mobbin
After all you prima donnas like Hoskins
Trompin, no lust I, give no warnings
Stil ill, will, kill, I'm stompin
Hot boxes don't stop my nigga I gotta fight on
Rasta Mike G, I'm a lion, right on

Yeahhhh

This is, what you put your favorite shit on to
Cruise around the city, wit'cho bitch
Roll a J to it, and enjoy life
"Rolling Papers," Wolf Gang

I don't know 'bout what you heard about cash, but
My niggaz get money, nigga get money
I don't know 'bout what you heard about ass, but
Domo Genesis got them honies, we got them honies
They up in the Jeep smoking hydro
I'm like crazy bitch, she like I know
Yeah, homey we gon' ride slow
Odd Future, I shoot ya, die slow