

Rolling Papers

Domo Genesis

Cut it short, break it down, couple pounds, roll it up
Add heat, kiss the end, let the colored vapors in
Pass it round, counter-clock, let her show her titties, stop
Cops rollin' past, rollin' papers in the passenger
Then swag it out, ounces and the bags is out
Bitches and they asses out, money-countin' cotton mouth
Yeah, we rollin' papers over here, nigga
Yeah, we rollin' papers over here, nigga

My swagger's straight through the roof, bitch
Maharishi kicks and Bape Tee's I really do this
Snappin' necks since '05, ain't gotta prove shit
Smokin' joints with mixed breed bitches, right where the pool is
I never press, just relax, don't start choosin'
Take a note so high to wing you fuckin' students
Left my main chick now the new bitches I'm scoopin'
Stacey Dash type, I'm cheatin' and they clueless
I'm from the gang or the pack or the litter
Better guard your daughter or your mother or your sister
Chances are she is an avid O.F. listener
And when we exit she will proceed to exit with us
To the Homestead Suites to drink liquor
Party all night, it's her dream to be with us
She'll Tae Kwon Do anythin' that we mentioned
Just because she know that we the Wolf Gang niggas

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I kept it G, kept the good weed fired up
It's been a good year, record labels wanna hire us
But O.F. just chillin', let the fuckers admire us
My shit's so swift, I could gay Miley Cyrus up
But if she ain't gonna smoke it ain't gon' happen
Ice water cold, I'm the coldest nigga rappin'
Y'all was cool in high school, what the fuck happened?
Still low like Laurel parkin' ticket is, I'm dashin'
Are they gon' pay us and will they make it rain? Yup
Ignorant as fuck but I swear I won't change up
That's a bad call, bitches catch fastballs
Smack 'em out the park, delete their number, that's my last call

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