

Sweatshirt, Domo Genesis
Throwin' chairs, killin' shit
I'm half privileged, think white and have nigger lips
A tad different, mad smart, act ignorant
Shit, I'll pass a class when my dad starts giving shits
But as long as our relationship is turdless
I'm a keep burning rubber and fucking these beats with burnt dick
Who dat? Oh, that new coon John Cusack
A Mecca button-up, shop and bring Fubu back
Hands full of coke, mouth full of crack muzak
Odd Future on the doo-rag, guess who's back?
With no hint, we're egg'in' with no tint
Plus there's a shotgun under the seat where your ho sits
The Night Striker, I'm riding her, up-tying her
There's nine Vicodins stuck inside the windpipes of her
A little bit of sherm sure provokes the fucking fight in her
She started biting 'cause I'm giving cock like it's advice to her
Take that, I'm on top like wave caps
This is grade-A rap, Domo bring that bass back, nigga

Um, Domo couldn't be here...
I don't like to talk about it