

Domo Genesis

"Double Cheeseburger"

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[Verse 1: Domo]

Six-fifty, three hundred my shirt free
Shoot for the sky like a church league, y'all heard me
Absurd G, Chickens clucking for bird seeds
But I gotta apologize, no grease like Xerxes
Won't heat or burn me, I'm the coolest n*gga here
Usually defecation, now I'm pissing in your ear
My tablet is the ratchet and the pistols in the rear
I'll bang if it was bangless, now the tracks no longer
here
Metaphor, chilling with better whores
Smoking then later on, I bone them like Skeletor
What would I sell this for, this is free distribution
Style, they straight jack it like mental institutions
Outfits is ruthless, now your b*tch is choosing
She floating round winners, now your b*tch you losing
Yeah, cause I'm the Super Sega Genesis
Salute me gaining into it and you can't get no
membership, little b*tch

[Verse 2: Tyler]

Six hundred sixty-six, leave it for the tip
Of my dick, head, melon off and let it rip
Just like a cannon from the teen in Nick
That's equivalent, to the poison in a cigarette
Tyler the creator invented some new shit
And it probably from the Illuminati, nazi decent, so
If I give a f*ck, it's probably from my dick
When I'm chaining in your daughter, she's tied up
inside a tent, yeah
Odd Future Wolf Gang, Wolf Gang presents
We're back like a black b*tch's hairline, indent the
Shit I represent is killing n*ggas and shit
That's why I traded R. Kelly my sister for a new hit
I get it cracking like the lips of a nigger, actor
Or a Dahmer, when he invited me in for cheese and
crackers
Just to watch the Grammy's
(Oh that's Taylor Swift) Man she's so attractive
Now he's mad and tryna run me over out with Jason's
tractor

Hop over, run backwards, with a nap sack of green
Supreme hats
Like I was sponsored up by the f*cking Packers
Shitting on n*ggas, my tongue considered a laxative
Maxi pad, leave the beat brown like Rihanna lip
Back washing to my gang, you don't wanna take a sip
F*ck Wolf Gang, f*ck what? Here let's take a trip
Take a look, to this bullet, now my finger slipped
My only purpose in life to kill myself up on accident
Fresh jive, yeah I get it no charge
Dick soft as f*ck, but somehow I go hard
Forearm with my gang name, that's an old carve
Chima Ferguson's bangin', you Ace n*ggas is low carb,
Wolf Gang

[Jasper]

N*ggas rolling deep, burners pulled out
N*ggas in the street scared, cause I got the burner in
the head..

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