

Domo Genesis

"Elimination Chamber"

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[Verse 1: Domo Genesis]

Oh so cocky you can't stop me in this old versace
Nigga, watch me, in the streets like it's roller hockey
Your bitch is floppy, giving sloppy, while she call me
papi
Taking the doggies right to the face like she Kobiyashi
And niggas' flow is washy, I'm getting mine's dry
cleaned
Tight scene it might seem I'm selling bitches pipe
dreams
Hi fiends, I'm back with a bag of them packed white
things
My knives clean, I see these niggas hating through my
ice blings
I'm a bad motherfucker, I ain't use a rubber
Super lover, so soon you say hello to your newest
brother
The truest colors what I bleed but you ain't seen
enough
A nigga leaking, you gon' have to see the deacon you
stupid sucker
Young Doms say you old niggas should wrap it up
You wack, focus back on the craft
You hardly wrapping up the fattest blunt
Death to that pop hop I ain't asking much
And stop asking for the collabs cause all you bastards
suck

[Verse 2: Earl Sweatshirt]

This that thirty deep as Saugus shit, fire starter;
squadron
Dodgin' coppers since, ask her why she droppin' cuz,
it's probably cause
He prodigious, pay the rent easy, leave the bank
cheese
And bass leave your face greasy, artisan, paint easy
Thick-bristle-tight nigga on a bitch stease
Stanzas diesel like Vic Tanny on a fritz, whoops
System overload, itchin' for a foe to poach
Spittin' like the engine on a motherfuckin' motorboat
Gold glisten under overcoat; missin' all
Affection for these niggas, redirectin' all these niggas

Very literal, type to sip the Mickeys out of cereal
Drunk and driving twisty, how he inked up in a
swimming pool
Hundred stand against me, I'm a menace,
Vaudevillian, sue me
Drivin' into fences cause I hit the whip a little woozy
Bitch, I'm busy cruising
Excuse me

[Verse 3: Vince Staples]

Can't even walk up in the church without these niggas
trying to testify
I live to die, better that than to live a lie
I rap better than most these rap veterans
Hard headed and hopeless, hope that God let us in
Mama didn't want to give birth to a nigga
Should've murdered a nigga, I'mma cancer to the
youth
Automatics out the roof, three 80 with the weave in it
On sight, scariest prom nights with Carrie
A car ride with Berry, that's Halle not Brent
Shooting like Brent and his brother
Doing what Daddy had did
Niggas want Grammys and shit, that's funny to me
Cause since the first take it's been about money to me
I'm just trying to get what Diddy got, doing what got
Biggie shot
They told me that I wasn't shit but left me in the litter-
box
Give it up and get a job

[Verse 4: Action Bronson]

Get a job, bitch
I'm like the boss at the end of the Nintendo game
My brain is on another level, I can feel the devil's pain
Only address me by my Reverend name
The good doctor, the good author
Good brain in the good Porsche
Dancing drunk in dress pants like I'm a hunk
Back flip in the jacuzzi forty floors inside the Trump
Front flip into this hot yellow Chinese bitch's rump
Then she make me chicken broccoli for lunch
I roll a joint like a Mutombo arm
I'm high cousin
Every time I roll the dice it's 500
When I order wine it's 900
French chefs kneel before me
End of story, take shorty to the sortee
That's the bathroom, you already know what happens
there
I pull my swimming trunks down

She suck me through the boxer
While I'm wearing flip flops
Shit's real
Grip the wheel
Lift steel
That's it

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