

## Domo Genesis

### "Super Market"

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[Tyler]

In this f\*ckin' line at Ralph's buyin' granola bars  
Left my member's card and now this shit gon' have an  
extra charge  
This old b\*tch in front of me buyin' a color printer  
TV dinners, tampons, soy milk, paint thinner

[Domo]

So here I am at the store for some chips  
That I'mma pay for with dimes, nickels and quarters  
and shit  
And I'm still high, so I'm tryna dip  
But I'mma cut through the line to get outta this b\*tch

[Tyler]

What the f\*ck, who the f\*ck's this gay n\*gga in fake  
Gucci?  
Jordan numbers, whatever, wood chain with a Jesus  
Hey you, what the f\*ck you think you doin'?

[Domo]

N\*gga f\*ck you! I'm just eatin' ruffles, gotta lotta stuff,  
fool  
So, why don't you f\*ckin' wait that stupid look on your  
face

[Tyler]

Don't make me shoot up this place with light sabers  
and guns  
And shoot caps and knee caps to make it harder to run  
And put your ankles in some boards and pissy water  
for fun

[Domo]

N\*gga, I'm a samurai, cut your skinny ass in half  
Look up at the aftermath, blow some f\*ckin' hash and  
laugh

[Tyler]

I'm a f\*ckin' ninja and a jedi and I am from Compton  
Better pick a better option 'fore these Nikes get to

stompin'  
Chompin' at your oxygen chords, you fat fake Kenan  
Thompson  
Like a virgin, cherry faggot, we could get it poppin'

[Domo]  
I bet you lock and drop it faggot b\*tch, you ain't from  
Compton  
Dumbo ears, you Mary Poppin with the piece that Gill  
was rockin'  
I will f\*ckin' beat yo ass, box logos through the glass  
I'll hit you hooky like you skippin' class, lee would get  
the math

[Tyler]  
Oh really? You're silly givin' tip drills to nilly  
Get them Ruffles no ... cause Kiara might kill me  
Aw, f\*ck this, I'm grabbin' two kitchen knives  
And stabbin' this Ice Cube look-a-like to show you a  
n\*gga with attitude

[Domo]  
Wait, I heard about you from that other n\*gga Earl  
How you traveled to Milan and now only likes girls  
I'll roundhouse you into a f\*ckin' basket  
Push you into an old lady baggin' plastic  
Hope you get the message, I will stomp you into  
potholes  
And fill you up with shells but you're used to eatin'  
tacos

[Tyler]  
Oh, a Taco joke, Domo smoke, I heard  
Your album sound like some shit a fake Wiz Khalifa  
papa wrote  
I'm insulted, shit, damn, somebody grab the Charmin  
Nevermind these messages, Monica her n\*gga

[Domo]  
Swift maids, switch blades, made a big incision in him  
Red dot his forehead cause Riley's into Hinduism  
And hipsters who happen to be your listeners  
Doobies roll your booty ho Alexis know the truthy, bro

[Tyler]  
Oh, a Lexus? I drive that all around  
The western hemisphere like all of Kiara's ex's  
And bet this, I'm a mothaf\*ckin' monster  
F\*ck talkin', I'll stab you with this f\*ckin' rocket launcher

[Domo]

When I cock the beam back, I'm aimin' for Supreme  
hats  
Go to hell, I mean that, burn you like green backs

[Tyler]

You don't mean that, you faggot, I'll get your back and  
I'll snap it  
And strangle you with that f\*ckin' leather jacket  
Fall, b\*tch, give me everythin', I'm takin' all this  
And fleein' the scene on Rufus, my evil walrus, b\*tch  
F\*ck you, I'm out

[Domo]

I'm high as f\*ck and I didn't call for all this  
I'mma get on my zombie shit, wait, here's my carcass

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