

Domo Genesis & The Alchemist

"Till The Angels Come"

Visit "[Till The Angels Come](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I let you niggas have your 15 but I'm runnin' next
Abducted when I'm questioning something fuck only
nothing less
Use to hustle suckers for packs of gushers and tons of
sex
And I puff some pounds every month, I don't be fuckin'
stressin'
No need to up the flexin', got it till it's nothing left
Showing no contest, just laughing of who I'm up
against
Bunch of frail fucks, bitches with their tails tuck
Hope you ain't pick any believin' that things will tell us
Hope you ain't thinkin' 'bout some beefin' cuz that's the
air bra
Wolf Gang counter with that pack like an armored truck
Niggas could not stop me, Dom drops kamikaze
Out loud the chop to the top notch, you got it buddy
Snoop to the Maserati, well not even knives is lobby
Nigga watch me droppin' that concert shit that you got
it comin'
Show me that shit you be on, already got it probly
Nigga hella copy on my hustle, don't you fuckin' lie to
me

Try impressions from our angles to go against of these
dangers
To maintain it ain't no thing to us
You niggas claimin' that famous stuff
We just stayin' the same, stackin' papers till the angels
come

Try impressions from our angles to go against of these
dangers
To maintain it ain't no thing to us
You niggas claimin' that famous stuff
We just stayin' the same, stackin' papers till the angels
come

Ain't no loving cuz a thug with multiple drug addicts
Rippin' nigga automobiles with this automatic
Record label drop me, I drop the package to my knees

Flip on some catches, chop some ounces, now I'm even bigger

Stay by the whipper, that gangsta nigga - gangsta shit
Under surveillance, got federal agents at the get
They crackin' say I'm movin' things on airplanes
So spare me with the stress, I shot my load to some spare change

Them G packs, back in the streets - jack
Back in the spot that keep the smokin' off their knee caps

Turning with these into regulars could get free shots
I got them duffels, bigger choppers than the police got
And them niggas know it, bigger shit I'm flowin'
I know they gon get me one day in the morning
So when I wake up I praise the Lord, roll up a blunt and fuck my bitch

Make that ass get up and whip it, a turkey, bacon and some criss

Nasty Gibbs

Make that ass get up and whip it, a turkey, bacon and some criss

Smokin' dodo cu some jungle just got smoked over some priests

Play with y'all just like the west, I'm up for life cuz life's a bitch

Nasty Gibbs

Try impressions from our angles to go against of these dangers

To maintain it ain't no thing to us

You niggas claimin' that famous stuff

We just stayin' the same, stackin' papers till the angels come

Try impressions from our angles to go against of these dangers

To maintain it ain't no thing to us

You niggas claimin' that famous stuff

We just stayin' the same, stackin' papers till the angels come

Baby girl tweekin' on that moon rock

May I just keep it simple like it gon pop?

You let the champagne splash on the girl's head

It ain't a party till some champagne glass break

Get in that stupid dough, spittin' that future flow

Grand poobah bars, the infamous large

This is how I do it, get this money, live large

My head is not a stairway for me, I fire arms

Thug out hittin' super dope with the rap shit

From the saddle to the floor, all kind of charge

Counts of robbery, assaults and battery
I'm just a fellow with a talent for spillin'
This dog back at me, shit over these great beats
Police, Miami means the all when they got me straight
to the pound box
Straight up, out well
Curl a nigger body up then peel off in a hot wheel
I thought I told you, these niggas never listen
I popped a Desert eagle off a naked bitch pissin'
Side of your car, I'm tryin' to relax
But you push me to the limit, I'mma take you to the max

Try impressions from our angles to go against of these
dangers
To maintain it ain't no thing to us
You niggas claimin' that famous stuff
We just stayin' the same, stackin' papers till the angels
come

Try impressions from our angles to go against of these
dangers
To maintain it ain't no thing to us
You niggas claimin' that famous stuff
We just stayin' the same, stackin' papers till the angels
come

Visit [Domo Genesis & The Alchemist](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.