

Elimination Chamber

Domo Genesis

Yo, um, yo

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, givin' sloppy while she call me papi
Takin' the doggies right to the face like she Kobiyashi
You niggas' flow is washy, I'm gettin' mines dry cleaned
Tight seam, it might seem, I'm sellin' bitches pipe dreams
Hi fiends, I'm back with a bag of them packed white things
My nikes clean, I see these niggas hatin' 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 of
Nigga leakin', you gon' have to go see the deacon you stupid sucka
Young Dom, say you old niggas should wrap it up
You wack, focus back on the craft, you hardly rap enough
The fattest blunt and death to that pop-hop, I ain't ask for much
And stop askin' for the collabs cause all you bastards suck

This that thirty deep, it's 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 cheesy
And bass leave your face greasy, artisan, paint easy
Thick bristle type nigga on a bitch steez
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 drivin', twisty, how he end up in the swimming pool?
Hundred stand against me, I'm a menace void a villain, sue me
Drivin' into fences cause I hit the whip a little woozy
Bitch I'm busy cruisin'
'Scuse me

Can't even walk up in the church without these niggas tryin' 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
Momma didn't wanna give birth to a nigga
Should've murdered a nigga, I'm a cancer to the youth
Automatics out the roof, 380 with the weave in it
On site, scary as prom nights with Carrie
Or car rides with Berry, that's Halle not Brent
Shootin' like Brent and his brother, doin' 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 tryin' to get what Diddy got
Doin' what got Biggie shot
They told me that I wasn't shit, but left me in a litter box
Give it up and get a job

Uh, get a job bitch

I'm like the boss from 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 a good Porsche

Dancin' drunk in dress pants like I'm a hunk
Backflip in a jacuzzi, forty floors inside the Trump
Front-flip into this high yellow Chinese bitch's rump
Then she make me chicken broccoli for lunch
I roll a joint like a Motumbo arm- I'm high cousin
Every time I roll the dice it's five hundred
When I order wine, it's nine hundred, French chefs kneel before me
End of story take a 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 wearin' flip-flops
Shit's real, grip the wheel, lift steel
That's it

Woo, fuck yeah, hello
Fan fare, bravo, encore
Thats' a wrap