

## Rare Form Doms

Domo Genesis

Uh, one shot, one ques  
How you bitch niggas feel?  
More soul than a lil' bit  
Visions of it all, ain't no comfort in this lil' shit  
You got it and I need it, consider this, I'm about to hit a lick  
Switch, show these baby gill niggas who they dealing with  
It's I, you geeks are just speaking of still images  
You fear me in my physical form  
I'm killin' anything you niggas picture me on  
It's been a minute, penny-pinching, we eventually spawn  
I was to get up, fill up  
Machine gun raps for all my niggas rollin' with us  
And whoever wanna oppose, consider them niggas hit up  
For all the days with no pay, we still lit up  
For the money, yeah I get a gut feeling like a sit up  
Go and give up, you niggas pathetic  
I had to scrimmage for the trenches  
Never been so pathetic, this some shit, I regret it  
But slow me down, never leaded  
I'm still spitting this fire like I've been sipping unleaded  
He too sick for the medics, I cut him deep like a open heart  
More beast than the passengers in Noah ark  
See me in the streets, be discrete or get broke apart  
Man, it's a thin line, rest in peace to Owen Hart  
Damn, don't need you tellin' me who I am  
All that tellin', tellin', man I'm tallying up the grams  
Smoking killer Cali, man, that package that's in demand  
Spoke with Dom's on the work he makin' it crack with spoon  
It's dope nigga, it's too dope nigga, there's no hope nigga