

# Rolling Papers

Domo Genesis

Cut it short, break it down, couple pounds, roll it up  
Add heat, kiss the end, let the colored vapors in  
Pass it round, counter-clock, let her show her titties, stop  
Cops rollin' past, rollin' papers in the passenger  
Then swag it out, ounces and the bags is out  
Bitches and they asses out, money-countin' cotton mouth  
Yeah, we rollin' papers over here, nigga  
Yeah, we rollin' papers over here, nigga

My swagger's straight through the roof, bitch  
Maharishi kicks and Bape Tee's I really do this  
Snappin' necks since '05, ain't gotta prove shit  
Smokin' joints with mixed breed bitches, right where the pool is  
I never press, just relax, don't start choosin'  
Take a note so high to wing you fuckin' students  
Left my main chick now the new bitches I'm scoopin'  
Stacey Dash type, I'm cheatin' and they clueless  
I'm from the gang or the pack or the litter  
Better guard your daughter or your mother or your sister  
Chances are she is an avid O.F. listener  
And when we exit she will proceed to exit with us  
To the Homestead Suites to drink liquor  
Party all night, it's her dream to be with us  
She'll Tae Kwon Do anythin' that we mentioned  
Just because she know that we the Wolf Gang niggas

Cut it short, break it down, couple pounds, roll it up  
Add heat, kiss the end, let the colored vapors in  
Pass it round, counter-clock, let her show her titties, stop  
Cops rollin' past, rollin' papers in the passenger  
Then swag it out, ounces and the bags is out  
Bitches and they asses out, money-countin' cotton mouth  
Yeah, we rollin' papers over here, nigga  
Yeah, we rollin' papers over here, nigga

I kept it G, kept the good weed fired up  
It's been a good year, record labels wanna hire us  
But O.F. just chillin', let the fuckers admire us  
My shit's so swift, I could gay Miley Cyrus up  
But if she ain't gonna smoke it ain't gon' happen  
Ice water cold, I'm the coldest nigga rappin'  
Y'all was cool in high school, what the fuck happened?  
Still low like Laurel parkin' ticket is, I'm dashin'  
Are they gon' pay us and will they make it rain? Yup  
Ignorant as fuck but I swear I won't change up  
That's a bad call, bitches catch fastballs  
Smack 'em out the park, delete their number, that's my last call

Cut it short, break it down, couple pounds, roll it up  
Add heat, kiss the end, let the colored vapors in  
Pass it round, counter-clock, let her show her titties, stop  
Cops rollin' past, rollin' papers in the passenger  
Then swag it out, ounces and the bags is out  
Bitches and they asses out, money-countin' cotton mouth  
Yeah, we rollin' papers over here, nigga  
Yeah, we rollin' papers over here, nigga