

Super Market

Domo Genesis

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

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

What the fuck, who the fuck's this gay nigga in fake Gucci?
Jordan numbers, whatever, wood chain with a Jesus
Hey you, what the fuck you think you doin'?

Nigga fuck you! I'm just eatin' ruffles, gotta lotta stuff, fool
So, why don't you fuckin' wait that stupid look on your face

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

Nigga, I'm a samurai, cut your skinny ass in half
Look up at the aftermath, blow some fuckin' hash and laugh

I'm a fuckin' 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'

I bet you lock and drop it faggot bitch, you ain't from Compton
Dumbo ears, you Mary Poppin with the piece that Gill was rockin'
I will fuckin' beat yo ass, box logos through the glass
I'll hit you hooky like you skippin' class, lee would get the math

Oh really? You're silly givin' tip drills to nilly
Get them Ruffles no... cause Kiara might kill me
Aw, fuck this, I'm grabbin' two kitchen knives
And stabbin' this Ice Cube look-a-like to show you a nigga with attitude

Wait, I heard about you from that other nigga Earl
How you traveled to Milan and now only likes girls
I'll roundhouse you into a fuckin' 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

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 nigga

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

Oh, a Lexus? I drive that all around

The western hemisphere like all of Kiara's ex's
And bet this, I'm a mothafuckin' monster
Fuck talkin', I'll stab you with this fuckin' rocket launcher

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

You don't mean that, you faggot, I'll get your back and I'll snap it
And strangle you with that fuckin' leather jacket
Fall, bitch, give me everythin', I'm takin' all this
And fleein' the scene on Rufus, my evil walrus, bitch
Fuck you, I'm out

I'm high as fuck and I didn't call for all this
I'm a get on my zombie shit, wait, here's my carcass