

# The Most Subtle Flex Ever

Domo Genesis

It's the subtle flex and know that imma creep right in  
Screaming love, peace, and chicken grease, my deep fried friends  
I'm on the street until I complete my ends  
Can't sleep but fuck it, life is just a dream I'm in  
And can't call it, man this weed is anabolic  
Got me stalling trying to leave the crib  
And I can't find my wallet, them just stoner nigga problems  
Man, I manage, although at times outlandish fella  
I'm cooling with a bitch from Spanish novellas  
Twisting like a propeller  
It's Dom's house from in the attic to down in the cellar  
I'm brainstorming for the one's who ignored they umbrellas  
Let the sky fall cause we already high above it  
Ain't no need to check on how I am and how I've been blunted  
And I ain't feeling nothing, your rap sheet is all cheats  
All heat, blazing a trail, you niggas is frost feet  
I'mma be the reason that you shook and you lost sleep  
You baby ass niggas still locked in your carseat  
I'm slept on like Mark Price  
But I'm the voice of the kids like Nancy Cartwright  
Come on dog, bark right  
You need to get your heart right  
Flow down, Act right, fresh beats and a mic  
And I'm in that bitch all night  
You love life? Well I'm fucking your girl  
Before I'm done, I'll pull it out and just bust on the world  
Money make the globe spin and I'm in lust with the twirl  
This is a gem, my flow covered in pearls  
Nigga who selling churros

Cause, cause them bitches is fire. (Churros is good).  
Yeah, and they go good with horchata.  
Horchata taste good with 'em?  
Ya know I be on my Spanish shit.  
My Spanish bitch.

Yeah [laughs]

I want some of yo Brown Sugar [x2]  
This for the bitches right here. Here look:  
I want some of yo Brown Sugar [x2]  
Y'all like that? That's my lil Ray J  
I want some of yo Brown Sugar  
Yeah that was fire right there.  
I wanna hear that back, lemme hear that back.  
Let me here just the singing part, that shit sound fire  
I want some of yo Brown Sugar [x2]  
I stretched that one out

[Skit]

Hey nigga, you did get some more Zig-Zags, didn't you?  
Oh shit nigga I forgot  
What the fuck you mean you forgot nigga  
That's the whole reason we went up in that motherfucker  
My bad man damn I just want some rubbers man you know  
I'm just tryna go to Monique's house tonight  
Whatever man, hey man, ya'll wanna hit this shit, homie? we cool  
Fuck ya'll Muslim's or sumin  
No we just don't do that

Fuck it mo' for me  
Tryna be generous to you little nigga's and look  
how you do man I don't understand youngsters nowadays boy  
A man pass that shit back this way  
Fuck you boy you ain't getting no zig zag  
You ain't getting no drig drag punk  
That shit raw nigga, I should be a motherfucking rapper or summin  
Yeah right, I'm harder than D.M.C  
Man you crazy nigga  
I'm more serious than a motherfucker, make a whole album about smoking weed  
Nigga ain't nobody 'bout to buy no album about smoking weed  
If I get some fresh ass beats like this right here boy, we'll sell millions,  
Weed is universal, you name me one great that don't smoke bud  
See, nigga I'll sell millions I'm telling you, call that mo'fucker the weed  
album, errybody getting high