

We Major

Domo Genesis

It's clear to see that this is fucking manslaughter, bodies in the water

Beats in the casket, and preachers at your altar
Tweetin' from the sky like I'm finna land on ya
And bitches get pumped like Fishburne's daughter
16's'll cost ya, 20 years I'm boss(ta?)
You just in the closet, nigga I'm a monsta
Full blown stick, you niggas a little nausea
Snappin' on shit, like what's served at Red Lobster

Rasta; but no dread-head, I'm too proper
I'm breaking down the game for you niggas like Bob Costas
Impostors; mighty Wolf Gang, you can't stop us
And I'm getting neck from your bitch, like dog collars

Ya'll be bullshittin' but I dodge it like a boxer
Weavin' like a ghetto black bitch gettin' primed up
Can't knock me, and besides I'm too high up
I ain't seen you niggas in a minute like Fine Dutch

It kinda feels like I'm living with my eyes shut
Walking on a dream, all the real niggas gon' rise up
Punks stay away my dro heads are like nine sluts
My old heads tell me go ahead, you doing fine son
I know that you faggots don't like us
But you'd be winnin' if you did it just like us
It's a celebration, so I might just-
Fly to New York, sour diesel light the night up