

Cap N Crunch

Domo Genesis

I got sixteen, sixteens and if I'm right, one more song and I'll
be at seventeen again like Zac Efron (Damn)
You punk motherfuckers get stepped on and I'm best on any beat
that I take a mess on
I see right through you like you got mesh on a hard body, beyond
the dead I get my flex on
The best one, my name gets spoken 'bout cuz I spit crack verses
that bring smokers out
So know your route filled with unleaded as I escort this beef to
death like the paramedics
Yeah I said it, everything thing I touch is deaded Tyler directed
the funeral and this just got beheaded
Forget it, the killer's in the booth and I'm drunk off this serum
so all I spit is truth
And I don't really rap I am panic on this muse, how you get killed
using verbally abuse
It's dead, somebody call the coroner this is what it sounds like
when Domo Genis cornered you (Ha)
You're gone, knife to the neck just for respect, bitch this is
OF
Yes I'm crazy, I'm a bastard, all I spit is dirty like pornographic
rappers
Stop, you're dead honey, cuz I eat you all up like I was Ted Bundy
No funny, where the fuck you bunchin? I'm a serial (cereal) killer
come get your Cap n' Crunch (Bitch)