

Honestly, Just Wanna Have a Good Time

Domo Genesis

[King Chip:]

Hi-Tek whaddup uh, I'm always gnarly
I'm always tardy when I'm at parties
Don't need no Raury, bag yo' bitch in parking lot at Hardee's
I tax Carl and his junior and shit on them rumors
Of course you pay me but baby you should have paid me sooner
I'm tryna cave in your adam's apple and power slap you
I'm tryna invade them pockets after I power nap you
For all them times I heard sorry sir unfortunately
I'm tryna make sure you leave here disproportionately
I'm just tryna have a good time makin' shit last
I got some headphones on while I'm kickin' yo' ass
Bobbin' my head while I'm bobbin' and weavin'
I'm from Cleveland
Every evenin' we don't count on survivin' the evenin'
I'm might just crash on house party and leave you scorn
Drive a truck through your living room honkin' the horn
I got a chip on my shoulder only King Chip ain't over
Long as that pussy got no odor, I'm fuckin' shit over

[Domo Genesis:]

I rob ironically, constantly contradicting everything you just thought of me
Look, you never catch my pattern bruh I move methodically
And fuck your feelings I ain't issuin' no apologies nah
I'm just tryna get grands like yo' mom's pop
Nonstop, gotta roll dimes gotchu on child lock
I'm all ya'll big homie
This smoke ain't fadin' at all
Nigga ya'll still know me
Try me I'ma switch to villain on 'em
Mick Foley no friends I'm on my lonely
Put the kush in the stogie
It's only business before me
Don't try to different approach me
Keep the business appropriate
How I spit that I get high, as the physics bestow me
You never hear of a slow me
Any problem I ball my way out that bitch like I'm Kobe
If you really want the business then show me
Triple double digits shit like I'm Brody
I'm just tryna chill bitch quit [?] ah
I'm just tryna have a good time makin' shit last
I got some headphones on while I'm smokin' this grass
I'm in my zone and I ain't tryna hear words from a haters
If you got nothin' to say then bitch just save it for later
[?] ain't take no pay cut
I ain't got time to be fuckin' around with [?] deal type niggas
Bob the builder head ass it's over for that
Just tryna chill witchu

Yeah

I'm just tryna chill
I'm just tryn'
I'm just tryn'
I got too many problems just layin' on my conscience
They say they understand but all I hear is nonsense
They say it can't be nothin' I think they baller blockin'

I say with human super patience all I know is profit
I know enough to know to focus on what's on the line
Takin' [?] complacency and payin' time
I make my lighter line, come check my vital signs
Show me some vital signs this little light of mine
I keep the fire high glowin'
'Cause I'm already known
Yeah I'm already