

## Rick Fox

Domo Genesis

I keep arriving on my favorite timin', this shit is straight divine  
Sometimes the pressure don't even make a diamond  
But we gon' find out, save a little place to space my mind out  
if I need it  
Made a promise that we not conceding  
Wasn't in a solver state of mind  
They couldn't see it  
No weapons for the weak  
It's feast for every nigga I eat with  
Stay out of cycle all sequence  
The quicker they come, the harder they fall  
I'm on my Idris  
The harder the route, the better the chances that it's scenic  
Made it a weather storm at least  
Pourin' my head out  
Crossin' my heart, I play for keeps  
I shoulda told em that  
This shit ain't never been a secret  
If it ain't in your heart, then keep it, keep it gangsta with me  
You really ready or not  
Uh you really ready or not, uh

I don't think they ready, uh  
Yo, I slid to the left, belly of the beast, sat by the steps  
I seen and did a lot, I'm keen on my rep  
You needed me  
I was there off respect, off greenery made connects, the money  
cheat was plotted, started coppin' pounds from my  
Mek  
They honor me, but get washed like some laundry, they play possum  
um and wannabes  
Me and Domo like Shaq Kareem  
In the middle of the summer make it feel like it's Halloween  
Love blue hundreds, but my third eye open like Socrates  
I want money  
Got the mask on, blessin' you like a sneeze, movin' funny  
I'm on point like I'm crossin' my T's, build a summit  
Got all my niggas around  
Me, camaraderie my circumference  
Add it up like I'm hittin' the lottery, we want, nigga