

# Dom Pachino, Problem Child

(sample repeated throughout the song)

"And you can tell what the problem, that boy is going to hell"

(Intro: Dom PaChino)

Yeah, Tera Iz Him

The shit is real, Problem Child

Yo, yo..

(Dom PaChino)

My first born, birthed from shorty in the next project

Chinky eyed, little nigga had to gain his respect

So I bust my gun, sold drugs to they dunn

A hard rock, little nigga, runnin' two thirty-one

Made a few kingpin moves, neck rose to pretty paint

Rock cold in the trail, I'm out of state drinkin' Henny

Layin' low in places, and never seen Puerto Ricans

Bitches lovin' my style, cuz it's slang how I speak it

Blow up back to 4th's studio, burn, smoke a bloom

LP comin' soon, first niggaz was cartoon

I got touched when the day Christ died, my Earth cried

Explosion so high, though his promise to dry

As I laid in the hospital bed, leg full of lead

Sick thoughts went through my head, eyes blood shot red

On the hall, where my lawyer case ain't lookin' too good

Fake niggaz on my dick, talkin' shit in the hood

Rumors that I got merked off, get the story straight, jerk-off

A year later, spotted in a Beamer wit my shirt off

Wildin' out, burgundy doubt, went all out

Low profile, chain swingin' heavy when I'm pealin' out

(Chorus 2X: Dom PaChino)

Peace, be true, deal with that

Leave ya seed and watch ya back

Wit the jake, avoid contact

And on the world make a large impact

Yo, cuz ya'll can talk all the shit ya'll want

And ya'll can smoke all the blunts and front

And yo, when funds is low at the end of the month

Re-up, and cop the Terrorist shit

(Outro: Dom PaChino)

Save ya life, word

What ya know about problems?

And got a big one, knowwhatimean?

Shout out to my God, word