

Dom Pachino, Bad Radio

(Intro: Dom Pachino (L.E.S.))

...what the fuck the deal, huh? (you know)
L.E.S., what's going, on, baby? (word up, word)
I'm right here, youknowwhatimean, Bad Radio
Dred & Star, Smooth and the rest of the click
NahI mean, up in the joint, like what?
NahI mean, all my soldiers out there, throw ya grenades up one time
Killarmy has dropped the third bomb (word up)
Kid, Terrorist shit, Terrorist shit, niggas
Yeah (word up, you know how we do son)
Aiyo, what's cracking with the album right now, son
Let these niggas know) Man you know
It dropped the same day and the joint got hit
Like psst.. (knowwhatimean) it dropped the album, the same day
The World Trade got blown up, knowmean (that's real)
Knowman, peace to all the families, knowmean
That got it bad or whatever
And everybody involved with the whole thing
The whole New York is hurting right now
Youknowwhatimean, one love to whole New York right now
For holding strong, you know? (Word up)
But, word, we up in here, you know the album dropped
Whatever, you know, just, knowwhatmean?
Out here politicking, man, I'mma be all over man
All over... look out for that Terrorist shit
Coming real soon, man, my solo joint about to splash ya'll niggas
Knowwhatimean (word up, let these niggas know son)
Aiyo, aiyo, check this shit out there, you know this is live
We the illest pirate niggas in the world
Aiyo spit a dart real quick for these niggas
Let these niggas know how you do right now son)
Yeah, uh-huh (let these niggas know how you do, it's war time
Come on, come on) Yo, son, I tell you what
Yo, for all ya warcats, check it out, all ya warheads
Yo, yo, yo

(Dom Pachino)

Offical warhead, infect ya brain tissue with poison lead
Global patrol, first to make it go, buzzin' with morse code
Strike 'em out, three in a row, power like Castro
Bustin' stardust, blind-folded, machine gun gold coded
Banana clip, all iced out, my man sold it to a foreigner
P.L.O. man, hold down a store with it
Got robbed, fled to his country and went to war with it
The bi-coastal, rhymes loco, darts'll toast you
Short trimp, Powerule man, Terrorist vocals
Complex murderous mind'll smoke you
When I black out, you wanna bet money? Kid, pull ya stack out
Terrorist, in the daylight, expose the Mac out
We dangerous, I be a strong link within the chain of this
Bobby be the lock, you get a shot when I'm aimin' this