

Dom Pachino, Hard Copy

{*sampled singer "ohh-ohh-whoa"ing in background throughout song*}

(Intro: Dom PaChino)

Yeah, yeah, yo, Terrorist (Tera Iz Him)
Bang that shit in ya whips, niggaz
For real, yeah, rock that shit, mama
Sing that shit, soul
That's what I'm talkin' about, 'bout to lose control
Yo

(Dom PaChino)

Posted in a Nynex phonebooth upon the Juice
Smokin' a trey-duce, drinkin' from the fountain of youth
Rockin' a bulletproof, the hell with armor body, top loose
What you wanna do? Down fall all of ya crew
Return somethin', burn somethin', you might learn somethin'
Crab ass niggaz, I'm headbuttin', stop frontin'
On the Terrorist, my shit phatter than glutton
Intoxicatin' like a substance, uncontrolled by the roughness
While ya huffin' and puffin', I'm burnin' down ya house
Wit the surround sound, right out the mouth
Brainstorm, you came raw, flooded by my rainstorm
Weak man without enough strength, even to hang on
LP explosion, it's all on Napalm
Production, soldier what's ya malfunction?

(Interlude: Dom PaChino)

You can't function? This is some ill shit right here man

(Dom PaChino)

Masterpiece release, mark of the beast, increase
Heat flooded the street, street walkin' on beats
Love fuckin' freaks, pull it back, let me see pink
Right by ya team, before you get a chance to blink
Love fuckin' hard, only get the love and the queen
Who treat the God, wit the loyalty of a king
Study all things, require the knowledge, as sharp the swords swing
The force I bring, lift you off ya feet, blow ya physique
Take niggaz cheap, rugged like the front of my Jeep
Puff it up and take a ride wit me, through my diary
Mapped on the S-T, poisonous like ivy
Ivy, come and try me

(Outro: Dom PaChino)

Nothin' but lyrics, back seat
For all my real niggaz who support this shit
Terrorist shit, know what I mean?
Hard Copy shit, as is, as I did it to you
Know I mean? Straight up and down
Puerto Rico to Brazil, Terrorist shit, word
Shaolin, Killarmy