

# Dom Pachino, I Got Music

(Intro: Dom PaChino (Lord Superb))

It's like everything I think about I jot down (That's right!)

My week.. distorted

Yo.. come on man! (Aiyo)

Ya fuckin' wit the Terrorist now (It's him)

Falling Down on the trizack (It's P.R.)

'Bout to get ya back

Yo aiyo yo.. (The Wu is back.. The Arm', the Team, yo yo)

(Dom PaChino)

It's like everything I think about I jot down

My week distorted, combust and cause a glide sound

To say the least, my best is yet to come

Every since the tender age of young, never thought to be a vete-ran

Veteran makin' niggaz run, still trapped in the slums

Jums under my tongue, razor blade in my gums

Thought he was real but he sung

like the bitch-ass I thought he was from his first impression

He had a weed session, but he need lessons

Plus he need life, he dealin' with death

Suckin' on his last breath, like a pacifier

Thugs for hire, fake thugs expire

Tried to call me a liar, but the truth is in the cypher

Like the proof is in the Port and niggaz in the hooded

Actin' like Dwight Gooden, insane hoodlums

Domination, elected in the hoods, inaugeration

Thoughts be racin, facin' the fear like NARC's erasin'

Stationed in an undisclosed location

Keep food for thought, plus keep the thoughts in activation (Wu!)

My eyes chinky like an Asian

Blazin' radio stations 'cross the nation

Remain patient, plus ready like rotation

Poker face durin' interrogation

Know what you facin', like a bad situation

Niggaz become erased when

the God demonstrates his skill, beyond a record deal

Checkered steel specs with icy fronts in the grill

A neckless is reckless, respect explicit next shit

Hangin' out the Coupe like ya should've expected it

The Terrorist, on this mic piece, I disconnected it

Hang that shit up, son!

(Interlude: Lord Superb)

Emperbalism, come on!

Yo.. get that shit together.

Get that shit together.

Aiyo aiyo.. it's crazy

Yo yo yo.

(Lord Superb)

Jumped out the Hooptie, caked up experience

Like "Who wanna battle?" Say ya words, don't play with Perb

Verbs is murder, emergency, words is water

Battle for ice, MC's I will freeze ya career!

Torture, first enflamed, Rakim taught ya

Then Kane, then it was the Wu/Biggie/Nas era

Ghost the protege, who holds life, we be the

best MC's to bring these niggaz to a close.

(Outro: Lord Superb)

Holla! We big.. aiyo.

Aiyo Dom! We back! Get my rhyme book!

I got another dart.. for the next piece

It don't matter.. who want it? {\*echoes\*}

They don't make it.  
Oh.. I thought so.  
Wu.. Tang.. we back!

"I got the music with me.. yeeeeeah! yeeeah!" - sampled singer (x2)