

# Dom Pachino, Illusions

(Intro: Dom Pachino)

Fuck that R&B shit...

I don't wanna hear that shit

Shit, is analog, shut up, nigga

Say, illusions, what what, illusions, I can sing

Is real, fuck that, it's fake

I'm God, fuck that, I'm a devil

You stupid, it's an illusion

Fuck, it's real, baby, I'm Allah, I'm Allah

Aiyo, what up, baby, it's real, yo kill that shit, God-God

Yo, yo, yo

(Chorus: Mateo)

Illusions, makes my fantasy, reality

Illusions, or maybe, my mind playing these tricks on me

Illusions, as my brain, going insane

Illusions, everything I see, turns into a dream

(Dom Pachino)

Time's change, taught the long range, rips your airplanes

Adjust your spaceship, guns with wooden grips & rubber grips

My mind drifts, into the myst, as God exists

Was the first question asked on my list

I dug into the past, dealt with math's of getting that up

So I subtracted it, kid, yo try to adapt to this shit

I'm rugged, the Terrorist, rocks gold nuggets

Crush your whole fucking shit, you're crushed

Could I bumrush, could I come through?

Blow like the wind, kid, stomp on your crew

Ya'll shitty, your whole commitee, you try to fuck with me

Get with me, get-get with me

Get at me dog, I move like that

Black, I'm strapped with the automatic mack

Double dub it, we Digital, Bobby told me that!

Put away the guns, kid, I always come strapped

I'm with it, got with it, shit, on it

Do it, oh! My nigga, he with it

Mateo, he did the R&B shit, on my shit

Baby, girl, let me suck a tit, peace

(Chorus)

(Dom Pachino)

It's war, my father only spoke of it

Ever since he took his first breath

Momma left, she came back in the picture

She birthed me, now I'm here, yo, it's war

Within the body, blood and bed cells

White and red cells, they all fighting together

It gets deeper than that, digital splat

When I come through, hold a gat

It's war, it's war

It's war, as an encore, grenades

Hand grenades, switch blades, rusty screwdrivers

Knives, try to survive in this trife world

Devices, magna vices, this is digital

(Outro: Dom Pachino)

I come through, it's war

Killarmy, I love ya'll niggas

Killa Sin, 9th Prince, Born

Beretta 9, ya'll the same nigga

ShoGun, Islord... what? Bobby Digital

Free, where ya'll be

I love all my niggas, N.Y.C.  
Philly, that's where I did this track, baby  
You know it, I run all over the globe  
I'm global, fuck ya'll niggas  
By my album, Tera Iz Him  
Terrorist, what, Terrorist shit, that be the name of it  
Peace...