

# Dom Pachino, My Right Hand

(sample)

Hey Leroy (what?) Your mama, is callin' you man

(Intro: P.R. Terrorist)

You better find out what the fuck she wants, son  
Terrorist is in town, you know how we get down, son  
Ya'll niggaz play too many games with me... yeah

(P.R. Terrorist)

Melodic tunes, bangin' off walls and mic rooms  
Excite goons, with my mental excite, provide the boom  
Write all night in my cacoon, til I hatch  
An awful moon, well awaited by my fans, the album is coming soon  
Abnormal birth, never spent no time in the womb  
Trees and liquor confumed, til my names in the tomb  
Autograph signed, with the imprint, I'm hard to find  
Wouldn't even fake my death, I got way too much shit on my mind  
Last night's crime, how it went down, no one around  
Had the silencer to muffle the sound, a culture pound  
Shit was ugly, my brand new Jordan's was lookin' muddy  
That's what happens to fake niggaz, posin' like they my buddies  
What a snitch, I put the cat on to gettin' rich  
His whole dress code, slang that he use, to bag a bitch  
Was fathered by me, gave him knowledge to know, and I succede  
Shit for what it is, but trick knowledge was used against me  
Now he's left in the cold, like arms lookin' for sleeves  
On the witness stand, singin' 'nigga please'  
You was my nigga, now my sweaty finger on the trigger  
I remember, all the shit, we've been through together  
Now it's over, too bad you signing off soldier, I'm out  
Ya'll niggaz is snakes just like a cobra

(Chorus 3X: P.R. Terrorist)

You my right hand, my nigga who fights back to back  
When the shit's on, make it out safe, split all the stacks

(P.R. Terrorist) (Black Fire)

When you bustin' shots out the window, who drove the Ac'?  
(When you was pattin' niggaz down with the mac, who watched your back?)  
When I was on the block countin' the stack, who cooked the crack?  
My right hand, my right hand, my right hand, my right hand

(Chorus 3X)

(Black Fire)

I spend nights, rest in Al Pacino's crib  
Layin' on the living room floor, hurtin' up ribs  
Tossin' and turnin', thinkin' of this bitch I was burnin'  
She wasn't learnin', not enough money I'm earnin'

(P.R. Terrorist)

Yo, get off the floor, if you wanna earn somethin'  
Stop frontin', nigga, money don't grow on trees  
That's why I keep my nine millennium, hooked under my sleeve  
Plus momma always said, the'll be days like these  
That's why, we robbin' still, stickin' up kids for they cheese

(Black Fire)

Love burglars, crooks tooks it in the N.Y.C  
Two the hardway, just about the sickest M.C.'s

(P.R. Terrorist)

In your continent, in your state, in your city  
International, nationwide publicity

Me and my right hand, millionaire simplicity

(Chorus 3X)

(P.R. Terrorist)

You was my right hand, til you broke the code of silence  
Now I'm left with no choice, gotta resort to violence  
Heat out, mud of my feet, I heard the sirens  
Jetted off, ran out of breath, drunk from a hydrant  
Poison blew, I got guns too, let's start the firing  
So I can really see, where's your heart  
Get blows, story told, watch me rip 'em apart  
You ain't that smart, act like you mastered the art  
Of Tera Iz Him, but yet, there's one lesson to learn  
If you go against the God, and Black Fire, you burn

(Outro: Black Fire)

PaChino, thou shall never betray  
I'll shall slay, any enemy that's headed your way  
Word..