

Dom Pachino, Victims

(Intro: P.R. Terrorist)

Not enough liquor, man
Go to the L.Q. or somethin' man
This shit is crazy right here, yo
The fuck... Terrorist shit, bitch
Yo, yo, yo

(P.R. Terrorist)

Rap's so vicious, attack tracks like bats on bitches
I'm sorry captain, but I be clappin' snitches
Bury a bastard in digits, rap for riches
Peel a cap back for my life, and my little misses
Big bushes from a seldom, seen dreams you choose to follow
Either it's soul or the slugs, and his toast was hollow
They part team will follow, surround the enemy
And talk about the shit tomorrow, while I'm loadin' my cargo
Stamp the barcode, on the CD's and ship 'em out lovely
Before the bootleggers try and dub me
Came a long way from nothin', and I still got a long way
Who would of thought some day, would of been makin' music
Could of been all up in your pockets, rock it to your eye socket
Don't knock it, please tell your man, don't cock it
Chances is slim, nigga take a glance at your kin
I'm countin' one -- any more seconds is the end

(Chorus: P.R. Terrorist)

I fell victim to the game (who to name, who to blame) (8X)
When I find out I'm gon' make them feel the pain

(P.R. Terrorist)

I'm on the block like any man
The difference between and you, is I understand
You askin' questions, 'what's that shit up in my hand'
Answer the questions, I fry that shit up in your pan, bitch-nigga
Understand, I'm the P.R.T., Error is this
His lyrics are unique and his vocals are crisp
Bang that shit in your jeeps, or in a block with the fifth
So, front on this, kid, front on this
So I can let the shit that's in my hand, light up my wrist
And let the shit that's in it, like, eat through your chest
I'm far from the best, I'm more like the worst, you've ever seen
Spit green phlem from blunts, same colors my jeans
And my boots'll be brown, geared up with street dial
Let the beats pound, cuz beef hound round the block
This is hip hop, niggaz fuck around and went pop

(Chorus 8X)

(Just Da Barber)

I'm like the Phantom of the Opera, from the Little Shop of Horrors
It be Da Barber, slash rapper, slash reporter
I keep the revolver, tucked near the waist, don't even bother
With the all-starter, who get down like Vince Carter
Got it soul proper, cut your face like a chopper
Be the heart stopper, on the drop-of-the-dime rocker
Got it locked for all the Pradas, stash box under the rock
Keep a hard glock for hard knocks
So when the ball drops, I lick off four shots for four cops
Bounce outta state, open up four spots
More props to game, blocks to claim
Grown my own weed crops, spots the name

(P.R. Terrorist)

Knowledge to gain, Terrorist and Just re-aim

And when find the muthafucka, we gon' make him feel the pain
I feel victim to the game (who to name, who to blame