

## Buitres

### "1000 Dollar Watches"

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[Dom PaChino]

The Terrorist..

Here's your opportunity to judge as my plea I set in  
unity

These tough guys, rockin' blue vests in my community  
I purchase one, camouflage sun, with my machine gun  
That holds more, spits more power you never seen  
before

Faced, in the trial of your life, you never been laced  
or felt the slug rip through ya flesh, shorten ya pace  
It's a pity to see the dirt caked up before my face  
Tongue kept a nasty taste, right-hand grip the toast  
another hammer huggin' my waist

You was raised on a whole different side of the place  
I was strugglin', feedin' my seeds, trapped in the pleas  
While you was Downtown in ya man's jeep listenin' to  
sounds

Elevator action, diggin' pockets with .44s

You was hangin' out with local friends at liquor stores  
Did a bid, elevator came out, LPs in stores everywhere  
Terrorist shit is all you hear

When you creep through the streets where I live with  
four Taurus's

the chorus is just a reflection of what the verse is  
New fish, lookin' nervous upon the surface  
Terrorist, at your service, split you on purpose

[Hook x2: Dom PaChino]

1000 Dollar Watches, chains and iced out rings  
2 for 5 baby is the song that we sing  
Phone-blowin' racists gettin' sent to the bing  
The Earth is my kingdom, I'm pronounced King

[Tommy Whispers]

Once again, I find myself back in the pen  
Gettin' it on, 50 men strong, swingin' sharp gems  
Long bolo's, runnin' for solo in this danger zone  
The God, told me to stay away from po-po  
couldn't, got caught up in a chokehold  
No control of my actions  
plus blazin' on these Staten streets

Missin' the hell out of fuckin' wifey on satin sheets  
Jeans whackin' my meat, bash they faces 'til blood  
reaches they feet  
German thugs put you to sleep, prepare  
Cell-house locked in a square  
Niggaz stare you down, No Smiles, on the Island you  
the clown  
Maytag, dirty inmates, scared to take baths  
Rip you in half, build with the God, today's math'  
Razor and Nash, it's real now, get your steel now  
All my inmates, tell me how you feel now

[Hook x3]

[Dom PaChino]

Offical warhead, infect ya brain tissue with poison lead  
Global patrol, first to make it go, buzzin' with morse  
code  
Strike 'em out, three in a row, power like Castro  
Bustin' stardust, blind-folded, machine gun gold,  
folded  
Banana clip, all iced out, my man sold it to a foreigner  
P.L.O. man, hold down a store with it  
Got robbed, fled to his country and went to war with it  
The bi-coastal, rhymes loco, darts'll toast you  
Short trip, Powerule man, Terrorist vocals  
Complex murderous mind'll smoke you  
When I black out, you wanna bet money? Pull ya stack  
out  
Terrorist, in the daylight, expose the Mac out  
We dangerous, I be a strong link within the chain of this  
Bobby be the lock, you get a shot when I'm aimin' this

[Hook x3]

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