

## California Randy

### "Who's the Spanish Kid?"

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[Intro: Dom PaChino]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Uh, loud and clear, yo, yo, yo, yo

[Chorus 2X: Dom PaChino]

Who's the Spanish kid, damagin' shit, leave ya in  
bandages

Tera Iz Him, Tera Iz Him

You water heads about to splashed upon the canvases

Tera Iz Him, Tera Iz Him

[Dom PaChino]

Who's the Spanish Kid? Damagin' shit, leave ya in  
bandages

You water heads about to splashed upon the canvases

Talkin' shit, I got my dogs in Los Angeles

We worldwide, a treacherous threat, across the indus'

Make a bad muthafucka vanish, we get a genie

I be touchin' up, on my Spanish, drinkin' Martini

On the Island, stone real off the coast of Puerto Rico

Instant chico long distance shot, it can be lethal to  
many people

Found, thrown in lakes, capture the great

Even found in bed, bloody wit make, it's all a take

Here's a football, bounce the ball straight, within' my  
gym

Before I take a slam-dunk, on ya ass, and break the rim

End ya shit, when I fuck +Hardcore+ like Lil' Kim

Battle cat, when I rap, snap tracks just like a pen

Illegal alien, from planets unknown, let me begin

Like the worst verse, smokin' while in ya playpen

Six months old, in the projects, stickin' up men

Rap veteran, don't even ask why I have no friends

Only family, I never liked drivin' Toyota Camry's

Only German cars, Cuban cigars, land in Miami

Wit palm trees and pussy, I'm paid, deserve a Grammy

For my lyrics, contribution, is like I'm spiritual

But don't cross my path, study my math like a ritual

This Spanish individual, blast, career criminal

Camouflage posted at large, just like a liberal

Signs of all kind, sentences just like a sentinal

Convincin' you to pick up the album, and get digital

[Chorus 2X]

[Dom PaChino]

Whilin' out in the urban division, rhymin' prism  
Razor blade collision, cut wit position, in death or  
prison  
From a lonely stone, a spiritual clone, whichever known  
Had you shook by my voice and my tone, over the  
phone  
How that cat feel, leavin' that ass wit broken bones  
Try to ignore, I'm hard to pass through like kidney  
stones  
When I zone, wish I got cop copies from out the dome  
Nigga, I G.T., and try to find ya ass back home  
Rhymin' cyclone, smoke a fuzzy bone wit Capone  
In his early years, when he had Chicago sown  
Now I'm blowin' out the water, manslaughter in the first  
quarter  
Causin' disorder, to ya tape recorder, track disorder  
Win the team championship, Tommy Lasorda  
Out of order, snipin' niggaz off roofs like Michael  
Rappaport  
Then blow port, home fort, in the Port of Riches  
Sunbathe wit naked bitches, Dom Pachino  
They call me Scarface without the stitches, without the  
stitches..

[Chorus 3X]

[Outro: Dom PaChino]

Yeah, yeah, Terrorist shit  
The arch nemesis, Dom Pachino  
Yeah, yeah, LP shit, nigga  
Word up, for my real muthafuckas  
All my Puerto Rican muthafuckas, knowwhatI mean?  
My real niggaz, not them snake muthafuckas,  
knowwhatimean?  
Word up..

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