

Dom Pachino

"Can't Find It"

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"That's when I've got to understand..." [Dom Pachino]
Monopolize, tropical guy who rock it right Keep his
pockets tight, filled wit the dead pres, the weed res' On
my point of fingers, successful, but not a normal nigga
Expressful, I have to warn a nigga, I bomb a nigga I
make the waters splash, when my ships come in He
deserve to pass, my guns talking like we need a blast
Once they get it, yeah, we need it bad, I have to talk to
him Like, but only if we need that, the gemini mind is
extra feedback Leave that alone before the heat at
your dome, I don't get paid for this shit Nigga, only my
poems, don't have to make me have to run up in homes
I'm not young no more, the next question Is you still
hardcore, forever, just alot smarter And a hell of a lot
better, and a hell of a lot more cheddar Let's get this
shit together, I rock it in any weather I ride on all
terrain, it don't take rocket science to figure out, man
My shit is off the chain, I 'bring the pain' like Method in
his old days I'm riding with road rage with a "smile on
your face" Remarkable, look at me I'm shining, look at
me, I'm shining Look at me, I'm shining, "living in
disgrace" [Chorus: Dom Pachino] Look at me grinding,
look at me shining They been searching for a style like
mine, but can't find it Nah, they can't find it, nah they
can't find it Searching for a style like mine, but can't
find it Nah, they can't find it, nah they can't find it Nah,
they can't find it [Dom Pachino] Smile on my face, nine
on my waist You feel this heat in the place, when Dom
P's in your space Atmosphere, stratosphere,
hemisphere, dear Kicking it rapping, what's cracking,
crack a beer Keeping it stacking, oh, he's a racqueteer
Just an investor, making the investment of the year Like
my freshments in your ear, they been looking for a
style like mine But hard to come by, they tried to say to
this one guy My son fry was close, but not cigarito I
laced none of the niggas that we know, the masses,
the people The shit's like trash, man, and ours is the
lethal The first to get served, man, and they are the
sequel In other words, I'm saying, these niggas is not
equal I supply the street music, at the same time, I slip
a jewel in it Like a slug in a clip that's tight, but it fitted

There's no limit, to my existance [Chorus]

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