

Dom Pachino

"Chop it Up"

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[Dom Pachino] I rhyme like, up in another time like twilight
If this is my life, you ain't paid for my beans and rice
And my jeans that's nice, and the things that I've seen in life
Are priceless, it's a gamble like rolling a dice
In a whip with no license, three heaters, two divas
And if it go down, we all lifers
And when we get out, we'll be old timers
And what I look like, an old rhymer?
Breed soldiers like Osama, connect thoughts like a unibomber
Rock armor, like they rocked Pearl Harbor
[Chorus 2X: Dom Pachino] Chop it up, fiends pour blood like liquor
Got war, got raw, got 'dro, got rich
And drop CD's that fit the scriptures (we gonna) [Dom Pachino]
I do this the greatest, I do it for haters
So much ice in my chain, you would think I'm a skater
2012 Olympic travel, getting that paper
Get ya bitch out my face, she's dying for me to scrape her
I'm from where the Latins rock yellow like LA Lakers
Making cake, I'm a color and every scoop, I'm a baker
It's an art, I'm an artist, plus I'm a beast
Put me on beats, put me on streets, I show you something
A brick, an O of that shit, I triple something
Have niggas on the block pumping, and if there's any beef
I cripple sons, drive off, smile in my face like Jack Nicholson, we gonna [Chorus 2X]
[Dom Pachino] Aiyo, pump that, slump that, dump that
Body in the trunk, where the skunks at I'm making stacks on point like a thumbtack
And this is for them niggas that ain't want that
Shit, I'm rolling like a blunt where the dubs at
Had to get my weight up, been on the grind and
Hit the mixtapes up, created a buzz
Single getting pressed up, more CREAM, more steam
So I gotta stay vest up, cop me a coupe same color as the chestnut
Straight off the lot, grab the bitch, and caught the best nut
All in the face, her hair got messed up... Pulling off... we gonna [Chorus 2X]

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