

Dom Pachino

"Fam Mail"

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[Dom Pachino] Think clearly, sincerely, I write this letter
Just try'nna let you know, that it's gon' get better
More time, more pressure, beyond the measures
Son, I just seen the kid roll out on the stretcher
I seen him too, back, when I was doing my bid
But stay focused, let him know, who you repping with, kid
They straight vultures, try'nna rush me off with a foam
My man spazzed left him open, the size of the phone
Chant to Killarm, as he touched him, total's rushed him
Then they cuffed him, and duffed him, and duffed him
again It's disgusting, the shit they try'nna do to my man
They tried to do with me when I was caught inside
the Devil's hands Surrounded by the Devil's plans, but I
got others Plus I got some strong brothers, so figure it
out P.S., fam forever, see you when you get out... I'm
thinking clearer now, everytime I look into the mirror,
now I see a man, no longer see a child, though my
childhood Was wild, and fucked up, I'm trynna stick
around, to see my daughter grow up And on my V.I.,
she make me smile everytime she show up She listen
to my music; "Daddy, when you gonna blow up" Very,
soon, I promise, tickle her in her armpit They try'nna
make my daughter, look at me like a convict It make
vomit, when I'm all alone I'm sick with this shit, dunn,
and I wanna go home So repetitive, in and out of jail for
years I'm a changed man, I mean, and I'm so sincere
This is the end of my trouble, beginning of my career
Let's make music, dunn...

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