

## Dom Pachino

### "Fuk Critics"

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[Chorus 2X: Jay-Z sample] Fuck critics, You can kiss my whole ass hole If you don't like my lyrics you can press fast forward You can press fast forward If you don't like my lyrics you can press fast forward [Intro: Dom Pachino] Yeah, Yeah, You could press fast forward Yo, Yo... [Dom Pachino] Fuck a critic, You can suck my did-ick Don't like the way this spic spit it then don't go get it Don't go cop it, When the kid drop it One thing's for sure that they can't stop it Cause it's, Real hip hop music And those that criticize can do it themselves And they talk shit, Just to feel better themselves Fuck a two thumbs up, This is two guns up Fuck a five mics, When it's five star general rights It excites and hypes fans like the cocaine man Do you hear the shit they utter out they mouth Like it's hard to talk when the bell rell's in their mouth Now should I shot they publicist Or make em deep throat the hammer til he write'n that he love'n it They still talk'n bout Killarmy hate the Government Yeah that might be true like the Jay-Z blue But you don't know all the shit that my team been through All the charges and cases, Investigations Rifle retaliation is what we face'n Verbal assassination is how I'm lace'n Tracks upon occasion, It's so amazing Lyrics they be blazing, Hot like Cajun My new LP gone shock the nation man Don't get it curled like a Cali raisin Catch me posting in the cut, Undisclosed location Got my troops close by, Militant formation Crack holding, Get diamonds, Crush stone and get gold But the only true jewels are in the mind I hold A hundred degree weather still my heart stays cold Five thousand pounds of pressure still the kid won't fold If you don't like my lyrics you can press fast forward While you at it you can kiss my whole ass hole. [Chorus 4X] [Dom Pachino] Yo, Yo, If you don't understand this rap Do hip hop a favor nigga shut your trap Don't hold out your hand I won't give you that You could turn the other cheek and still get a slap From this revolutionist, Hip hop contributionist Part of one of the few teams that bring truth to this Heart like Mozart, Dart like Shogazoogi Do the right thing like Moogi, I'm old school like holding a toolie Watching Coolie High with my light skin cutie pie

Remember your dude died on one-two-five Sad  
memories, Bad energy, O.D.'d like Hennessy Can you  
relate, Born in Sin City man Can you escape, Hoping to  
see the Pearly Gates, Talking bout fate That's the  
definition of my whole life ahead of premonition Little  
fish big tank whispering, For this a camouflage mission  
It's too hot for Hell's Kitchen, Is my Grandpops listening  
to my cries Plus the fire in my eyes, The desire in my  
flow My heart pull it into snow, Flow on point like a  
splinter Power Rulez militant inventor, Peace test me  
I'm the super Joe Pesky but messy like spaghetti don't  
test me The Jake's try and arrest me cause I rock like  
Elvis Presley Aint shit sweet like a Nestle Lord bless me  
with this strength to make it through this song in the  
right way So I can't go wrong, Regardless of the funds  
man I must go on Man I must stay strong and fuck  
critics, They can kiss my whole ass hole And if they  
don't like me now they can love me when I'm gone  
[Chorus til fade]

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