

## Dom Pachino

### "If Words Could Kill"

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[Intro: Dom Pachino] Playtime's over... And you a bitch ass nigga... For real... fam this, fam that... Ban that... nigga please... [Dom Pachino] Aiyo, the truth is, these niggas is ruthless Keep guns in they gooses, like razor blade convicts, I'm goofing You snoozing, you losing, I came to this conclusion The streets keep it moving You stand still, or wait for no man to get his weight up It's like your first day up north, your face is getting ate up Buck fifty smile, you think you look good cut, come on, man... You call that keeping it real? I call my pretty face, guarding my grill You get locked, you starting squeal Eating ya face, you starting to kneel Bow to the king, young prince... yo.. [Chorus 2X: Dom Pachino] If words could kill, you would be dead If these lyrics was bullets that be loaded in my head And my head was the clip, my mouth was the barrel I'd spit this shit at you, til you laying in the gravel [Dom Pachino] If words could kill, you would be dead But they can't, that's why I got the snub to ya head I'm bout to rock you to sleep, make a child go to bed Infrared all at your head, I remember doing business with the dred In the heart of the Bed-Stuy, do or die, who am I? Dom P., from the Killarmy Remember back, when I used to drop bombs continently Ain't nothing changed, same thing, different day No image to potray, I'm just real [Chorus 3X] [Dom Pachino] I bust them things, plus I still kick them fly ass verses From '96 to 2-04, leaving asses in herses You blast, if you move first, who get blasted the worstest? Dom P., who would of thought I'd get cash from my verses I remember when I used to get my cash snatching purses Cop a slice of pizza, then, smoke a bag and be nervous I remember when I used to think that rapping was worthless Now I can't stop, it seem like it's a bad ass curse I got a fetish for it, like I do a bad ass nurse I had to realize, I had to put the business first It's only natural, to come up with an ill ass verse But only right, to get the current, forward is first Shit's real when you got babies, three albums, still in the projects It ain't gravy, it's like slavery, Dom P., is like the navy From underwater to the top of the charts, with no maybes [Chorus 3X]

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