

Dom Pachino

"Makembleed"

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[Chorus: Dom Pachino] Make 'em bleed, stumbling while they running Got them big ass slugs that be humming Make 'em bleed, no one around to help ya Got them big ass cannons that'll melt ya Make 'em bleed... [Dom Pachino] By the baker's zone, you faking cousin Your faith is nothing, I make 'em bleed, make 'em bleed Like a new born seed, true indeed No matter race, color or creed, I make 'em bleed Leave the barrel smoking like weed Eat your food like a sesame seed, bun My gun, real chunky, I dare a nigga try and punk me Like ach said, you wanna run with me? Empty a clip, you won't get done with me I spit shit for niggas that be in the slum with me And my dun-duns, that sold a jum with me Got to come with me, out the country I've been places and seen things and seen different faces Shootouts and parking lots, and high speed chases Niggas getting hit up, suicide with shoelaces Bitches getting up, fat ass with a thin waste Remember there's, nothing sweeter than the taste [Chorus] [Dom Pachino] I catch 'em off guard, suprise, right between they eyes Make 'em bleed, make 'em bleed, til they feel they gon' die I'm adamant about these savages, they like faggots Think it's time for them to eat the maggots, they're new address Is Potersfield, they spot is filled, they seen a nine They start to yield, then cat is peeled Make 'em bleed, cuz they wasn't smart enough to wear they shield They so fake, they start to shake when they see the real Next take, lock and load, always hold a steel Just got a thought that gave me a chill Make 'em bleed all over the streets, stomp 'em out Blood all over my cleets, I make 'em bleed out loud Or silence and discrete... *gunshots* [Chorus] [Dom Pachino] Straight off the block with gorillas and killas, drug dealers Feel it's the realest shit, so bare wit', and let the snake kick The kid you can't compare with, see black like Blair Witch Poly with alligators in a swamp full of fish I'm a go getter, gun under the sweater Wanting more better, for my career endouver Sever any head, I must, spit fire, smoke ya ass like dust Now you never to fuck with us It's Napalm, the grenade arm brigata Got shit for the streets, got a shipment of product Plus I'm

psychotic, smoke herbs to calm my nerves Got bitches
in the P's, got bitches in the 'burbs Come on, one day in
the life'll have you bugging We be straight thugging,
cousin, you thought we wasn't? [Chorus] [Outro: Dom
Pachino] Yeah, ya'll niggas thought I was playing? Aiyo,
Rock, go get the whip... He just turned the corner,
follow him up the block...

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