

## Dom Pachino

### "Speculations"

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[Intro: Dom Pachino] Niggas talking this, niggas talking that Man, get the fucking story right, man, shut the fuck up You don't know what you talking bout Yanahmean, and I'm Dom P., by the way if you ain't know my name, nigga [Chorus: Dom Pachino] Lotta speculations on the niggas I stuck, and bitches I fucked Is that nigga really real, is the jewelry really truck Niggas that slept on, didn't knowledge my weap-on Thought I was another, nigga that they could step on Niggas I stuck, and bitches I fucked Is that nigga really real, is the jewelry really truck Niggas that slept on, didn't knowledge my weap-on Thought I was another, nigga that they could step on [Dom Pachino] Hear me out, if I didn't have this gun in your mouth Would you really hear me out? Think not, but when I came in the spot With the things out, niggas was getting popped, BONG One by one, shine til the son's job is done And that'll be never, so count my funds While I, just drink my drink I'm in the house, bitches, just look at my link Ching, cuz the shine so bright And when I leave, she's with me at the end of the night Why, cuz my chips stacked up I got her lips on my dick, in the back of my truck Mmmm, I'm the one that they love to hate I got one question, why they still speculate [Chorus] [Dom Pachino] Is it a conspiary theory, or niggas just fear me Cuz everytime I come around, they don't wanna be near me And more than one bitch'll want me, so I just let them share me They want to feature me with M.C.'s, but they never compare me I got rhyme stacks, longer than the lake of Erie I got bars that get felt like 2Pac's 'Hail Mary', you hear me? That's not half of my stash Don't make have to spit some shit that I wrote in my past I'm kind of bugged, considered a thug Stuck niggas, leave 'em curdled up and they pockets dug [Chorus] [Dom Pachino] I'm the Don, call me Magic Juon The way the ladies huddled up, curdled under my arm Yeah, I'm a freak, before the Delta Force goochie sneaks Bitch, couldn't fuck with the kid, the kid was at his peak, please Don't even blink and shit I might snatch ya muthafuckin' link and shit Talking bout being iced out, and shit like that Muthafucka, go through my

hood and be like that In inherit ya lifestyle, wouldn't be  
like that What... it just be like that... [Chorus] [Outro:  
Dom Pachino] Yeah, yeah, game extortion Staten  
Island, what up? It's Dom P., nigga Repping to the  
fullest... No more speculations...

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