

Dom Pachino

"That's a Fact"

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[Intro: Dom Pachino] Yeah, (Napalm) militant way of life, (Napalm) gear up, yo, yo [Dom Pachino] Aiyo, the game keep growing, his name keep growing Dom Pachino as a solo artist, niggas knowing His music is street, and on the streets, niggas know him Now let me do the honors and introduce you to the Terrorist The gat dreamer, the flat screen, hoody rocking With the red beam, the lead screams, even the blood streams Through the creases of the concrete, silence when the don speak The Killarm' G, gorilla arm, let's build upon me I need to do my laundry, to clean the money I'm making Plus the records I'm breaking, the rep that was created I'm so dedicated, the first Latin rapper to ever rep Staten Twenty minutes from Manhattan We get the money too, just look, check out my honey, dude See the attraction when money moves, I dead funny crews Pockets look like the ears of a bunny do I get cake right in front of you, I'm not one of you Got the power, bout ten of you, to hell is where I'm sending you I'm not a friend of you, I'm the worst thing you ever intended to do, word... I'm a beast in my own right, rock stones that shine like strobe lights I'm the street so get the code right, or you won't last a whole fight Must of had me up all night, drugs ain't cool unless you sellin' em, right I'm livewire like my nigga Brim, expired Over old gin, for a wild night, I kept the Trojans Close by, coast to coast, hope the most high Is watching you to, I don't knock what you do Just keep it militant, diligent's the way that we move You be killing it, tell me who fucking with you If it was up to me, Killarmy 4 be coming soon Because ya'll want it that bad, and you deserve it Shit, who spit better than the team? Now Cypher Knowledge, the kid's flow is polished, the kid's day demolished Everything they touch, we fuck it up, we fuck it up [Chorus 2X: Dom Pachino] Innovator of this militant rap, that's a fact First Latin rapper to rep the Stat', that's a fact Caught charges for, busting my gat, that's a fact Man, shit just be like that, that's that [Dom Pachino] I'm tired of, all these affiliates that's ain't affiliated with shit Wu-Tang this and that, man, get off the dick Be a fan, cop the music, man, keep it as that You done

fucked up the game when you started to rap Now
family ain't family no more, like Ghost said Tell me
who's fault is that? The Hip Hop Hippie? The same
argument from them all, he jipped me At the same
time, he introduced me to the game Would of forgot
about me, if I didn't maintain But it's '08, and bygones
is gone I'm still Killarmy, I'm just reppin' Napalm To the
upmost, the game's cutthroat, don't make me bust
coast For R-E-S-P-E-C-T, or you will S-E-E T-E-R-R-O-R-I-S-
T In your closest, or studio session, any beef I be, brief
with addressing Better sleep with the weapon, new
year, no time for half stepping I'm ass betting, or you
see me with the masked weapon [Chorus 2X]

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