

Dom Pachino

"The Race"

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[Intro: Dom Pachino] Yeah... yo... yo... [Chorus: Dom Pachino] The race is on, my face is gone Niggas I face, see the face on my arms The race is on, my face is gone Niggas I face, see the face on my arms The race is on, my face is gone Niggas I face, see the face on my arms, then blaow The race is on, my face is gone Niggas I face, see the face on my arms, then blaow [Dom Pachino] Son a bitch? I'm the son of a bastard child Lyrics I craft this wild, shit in my past is foul I don't talk about it, though I could be about it See how this place is crowded, bet you, I could empty it out Oh so simple, but it's hard to figure me out Move quick, fast, but could slow it down like ya Dirty South Disrespect me, get slapped in your dirty mouth I've been struggling too long to be playing these games Been hustling for the fortune, all I need is the fame Who the name, who the blame, that's a hook in my song Had to backpack to Brooklyn, see what, how, went wrong '97, now that's the birth of the Killarm' Three LP's to my click, now I'm convinced that it's on This is the year of the Power Rule, got lyrics that inspire you Plus retire you, what you try'nna do, I can assist When it's done, take a look at the wrist Bitch, nigga, ya ice is gone [Chorus] [Dom Pachino] Yo, niggas always tell me, I move too fast I guess I don't like the thought of coming in last I come in silent like a weapon and go out with a blast I move, like a man in whip, with jakes tailing my ass You see, time is money, dun, money is cash Cash for infesting, and cash to beat ass Check the statistics, life spans is shorter Plus I got a daughter, that need me to support her My mans in the yae business, he copped him a quarter A week later, chopped a key, now he thrown out the water Now you know what I mean, when the race is on Hop state when the police chasing is on You work at a bank? I wonder why the safe is gone Fix ya face, bitch nigga, before ya space is gone I was raised on the same street this waste is on Stuck niggas, fuck bitches til the break of dawn [Chorus] [Outro: Dom Pachino] And the winner of the race is... Dom Pachino...

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