

Dom Pachino

"Victims Pt. 2"

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[Intro: Dom Pachino] Yeah (uh-huh, uh-huh), nigga, it's fucking Dom P., nigga P.R. Terrorist, ya'll niggas heard me, yo [Dom Pachino] Who to blame? Stick and move like Sugar Shane Catch me on the Cayman Isle, chewing on sugar cane With a bad ass dame, I brought from the grain She hold me down and her pussy hold my cocaine Pretty thug, usually dressed in Gucci, carry a black uzi Kick ass, you thought I was trained by Mr. Fuji Smoke trees and blunts, never looseleafs, my life's a real movie Shot real niggas, with real toolies Spit facts of hot tracks, that be real groovy Excuse me for my '60's slang, but I've been in a '67 Mustang Just doing my thang, or maybe in a Chevy truck Sitting on 24's, bitches looking very stuck Some time my situation seem like luck, but I work, hard for this Stick to the script, real nigga rap, I got my gat on my hip Don't need no back, I got a tight ass grip Plus keep a stack, in case I gotta take a trip Keep a bitch with a onion, case I gotta make a tip [Chorus 2X: Dom Pachino] I fell victim to the fame... I fell victim to the fame... I fell victim to the fame... Stacks and dough, groovy bitches and cocaine [Dom Pachino] Who's the Spanish kid, damage your shit and he be reppin' True and nasty track, get the track moving just my weapon do Dude disrespecting who, playboy, I thought you knew Killarmy's a congegration of niggas that'll murder you You talking prime time, no bells ringing, never heard of you And if I did, and you fucking with fam, then I'm serving you Personally, ain't no rehearsing this speech I give you chills, when I come through like a chalk board screech I never ask for nothing twice, I usually take it You'se a tool that don't work right, and usually break it I'm a keep a real nigga, that usually fake it Ya'll play around with bitches, I spit for naked I'mma hit you with that Smith & Wess' I found in the lake, kid Ya'll don't hear me? Then ya'll don't need to be near me I'm not insane, I think it's just a life of pain Rap, stacks and drugs, just, run through my vein Not to mention, all that life'll do up All the time I had to pull out and hit the floor Exchange shots, empty the clip, and serve one more And if no one got hit, then we call it a draw It's hood

life, if you been there, I don't need to tell you If you
smell like spider pussy, I don't need to smell you Play
ya part, my thoughts is like, state of the art X-ray, don't
play, slugs'll rip you apart [Chorus 2X]

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