

## Dom Pachino

### "War Sindrome"

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[Intro: Dom Pachino] Yeah, Yeah, Shit is sick Fuck you thought it was, Yo, Yo, Yo, Ayo... [Dom Pachino] I'm sick like the pain I inflict son I'll long dick your vixen for talking that shit son For me I'm on a mission you niggas is wishing, That I hang it up But I can't leave this rap shit alone and so I bang it up Bruise cruse you snooze lose that's how you fools do And I can't even tell who's who, You all doo-doo Plain flows you play shows the crowd boo you Promoters don't want to pay up, They tryna screw you Big star, Myspace, Got you feeling good You have a million views, Can't sell a unit in the hood Do the mathematics, Your fans must be crack attics They'd rather smoke then buy your CD, So how you gone G.P. You see me, I talk less, Manifest, Success Damage ya amateurs, Hammers tucked under the vest [Interlude: Sample] Two groups, smashed glass and liquor bottles flying The shooting continued outside, Two men What are they going to do about it, What can they do about it [Dom Pachino] Nothing, They gone watch P ruff em up Duff em up, Like life aint tuff enough But I'm hard as nails and stay crisp like two dollar bills My true fam from back in the days still hollow steels They told me to smash this game son, I might as well My last LP was okay, This one is hot as hell What you think Napalm is, A fire ball The same shit I'm living for same shit that I'm dying for I read your post on the forums, You niggas yall be crying for That soldier where's your war face, Lets take em to war I'm still Allah Rule Master, Why just ask the guy We planted our flag in his dirt we're not just passing by The originators of mic combat and there's a lot of new troops I just had to remind you of that [Interlude: Dom Pachino] Kill em all man, I just wanna see blood everywhere [Dom Pachino] Riddle em, Chop Suey niggas and get rid of em War Sindrome out my dome is what I'm giving em I'm sick and been diagnosed, The mind's where I hide my toast Keep it stored in the same part of my brain where my rhymes are wrote Can't let this ship sink, We gotta stay a float You cross over that bridge son, You gotta pay the toll Staten Island hip hop is the new rock n' roll The kid's unstoppable, Stop drop

and roll The code of the street's hold heat and don't  
sleep Keep an eye out for the sheep that creep in  
wolves' cloths Over here shit get deep like three feet  
of snow Don't make me melt your snow man with the  
heat that I hold That orizell thin your body being found  
cold It's 08, Looking good, The team's in control  
There's nowhere else to go from here except blow  
There's nowhere else to go from here except blow  
[Outro: Sample] Shoot that motherfucker, You gonna  
kill me I said not right now but I will later I mean you  
had to respect him cause the guy He came in with tuff  
talk, Guns And all these people would be talking about  
a guy Anybody coming in anywhere with an enter rush,  
And go this guy is somebody Although he was as bad  
and probably killed more then any of the other ones I  
was a bad boy from the very beginning, A stone cold  
killer To tell you the truth I didn't like the guy very much  
Because he used to brag to me about like people that  
he had killed And that sort of thing, I thought I put my  
weapon down And I shot him with my mach eleven on  
the face I kill anyone in the United States, I'll do it  
Anywhere they send me I'll do it As far as working on  
U.S. soil, I will bet Reputation was there was someone  
after you, I will get you If you run, I will catch you

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