

Dom Pachino

"What's Ya Position?"

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[Intro: Dom Pachino] You know what I'm saying? Yeah...
I'm through with this shit, yo (bout to hurt something)
Yeah, yo... [Dom Pachino] What's ya position and I'm
posted with goggles and toast My vest hold the most
ammo, commando's take notes What's the scandal, I
strangle and mangle your folks I'm dope uncut, never
get stepped on I rep strong, kevlar and teflon, the
ex-con Run laps on tracks like Rocky My theme music
be di-deh, ya fags can't stop me Papi gave me a brick
on cosignment, he love my rhyming I flipped it, tripped
it, shipped it, I'm grinding Reminding him of him in his
prime in short timing Don't forget, that the clock don't
stop So don't take a break, shake and snake Yo, I'm a
like an earthquake, typhoon, tsunami But it's the kid
from Napalm, Killarmy el grande Magnific when I
speak, so street on the beat Make you leak from the
heat, lay you down like concrete [Chorus 2X: Dom
Pachino] What's ya position and, I'm posted on the
block What's ya position and, I'm holding down the spot
What's ya position and, Terrorist shit, Terrorist shit
They really don't want it, son [Dom Pachino] Yo, check
the punchline, it's lunch time, I eat your food, dunny
Tell you a Staten Island tale, like my name was Sonny
Use my head to get money, step out of the country
With my duns from the P's, that stay on hungry, grungy
My tongue spit lungies, run from amongst me If you not
brethren, I bring pain that Excedrin couldn't relieve
Please breath easy, please believe me, cock and
squeazy for sheezy My steeze and stature won't match
ya, and plus degrees You lucky if I let you fuck with me
Make green the American dream, I gotta live
comfortably [Chorus 2X] [Dom Pachino] Yo, like a seed
in a pot, I grow, watch me blow Lots of flows, slide on
the scene like Mop-N-Glow Lots of dough, rocks and
foes, cops oppose Lock and load, far from aiming so
you can spot this pro Don't wanna hear me out? Then
the glock explode A head banger like rock & roll, take a
stroll with this S.I.N.Y., official I won't say peace, to the
game, cuz the game won't miss you And if you try to
come back, they won't reinlist you Unless you hotter
than the strap, straight out the barrel of a pistol...

[Chorus 2X]

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