

Dom Pachino f/ 9th Prince, Live Brim

"Cripple U"

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[Timmy from "South Park" sample] You faked being handicapped to win? [Dom Pachino] Yeah, niggas stay ice grilling me, acting like they ain't feeling me I make 'em disable, collecting social security I dare for one sec, they try and check my credibility My resume flawless, my mic's are cordless Plus I, got with pharaohs, upon request, man I represent the borough that starts with S And you ain't got to like and respect it, ain't gotta love it, but check it This real shit that I spit on the record That bullshit, that you spit on the record, real hard, man You sound like a dick on the record I feel bad, I'mma send you a bitch in a second While I hold it down, O.G. style, golden crown S.I.N.Y. bound, man know the town Bang that Napalm shit, til they know the sound Got a new generation I'm about to expose Man, a new breed of killas, new stable of hoes Just graduated, from the Napalm Academy They hate me now? Man, they bout to be more mad at me Like a new world tragedy, we rushing in Like there's no such thing as gradually, we touching men Like Denzel in 'Fallen' been a long time coming But I hear 'em calling, can't be peace and without war Niggas stop the balling [Chorus 2X: Dom Pachino] I'm getting kind of sick you, wanna show you what clips'll do Nothing ain't funny, these slugs ain't here to tickle you Splash, you see the flash, but the D's ain't taking flicks at you It's Terrorist shit, nigga, here to cripple you [Live Brim] The slugs ain't here to tickle you, they only here to rip a few Bones right out the cartilage, show you just what the fifth'll do Cock it, lock it, then pop it, ya'll faggots need to stop it Talking this and that, in they raps, but where's logic You lacking the proof, only a killa in the booth Stories you telling, lie after lies, so where's ya truth You ain't no three time felon, big time drug dealer Pimping these hoes, or popping bottles at your shoes Only crack and 40's on the corners, far as your story goes Lying ass nigga, I see you whining ass nigga Try and play tough, I leave you dying fast, nigga Hear of a lion, Brim love, all I see is hats I rep the Stat, 700 block is where I'm always at Grab the strap, see if you build for this, the blueprint you rap You ain't official, Lex Luger the

track and leave the shit crippled Rap is back, Lex Luger
the track and leave the shit crippled [Chorus 2X] [9th
Prince] Yo, verbally I'm a killa Off the charts like
Michael Jackson in Thriller Loaded guns, banana clips,
cuz I'm a gorilla Hold it down, blue steel on the battle
field, it's either kill or be killed So grab ya blue steel for
real, slice ya face like Seal Let the truth reveal, yo, yo
I'm sick of ya'll, weak individuals Coming in my cipher,
with that weak subliminal My body's free, but I'm still a
criminal So don't double cross me, I'm from the school
of gladiators Heat up shit like a radiator Verbal
Terminator, put holes in ya face like craters Move static
major, I'm all about Cash Money Like Lil' Wayne, blood
in my eye Blood stain my Gucci frames, bulletproof
Mazaratti She's a hottie, I'm being followed, by Megan
Fox in a Ferrarri [Chorus 2X]

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