

Dom Pachino f/ Crunch Lo

"Double Up"

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[Intro: Dom Pachino] I... yeah, yeah... I'm coming in, don't be scared Don't be scared, Dom P.'s here Yeah... I'm gon' show my energy, man [Dom Pachino] Give me one good year, I'll go diamond, straight off of rhyiming Straight off the line and where I'm signing Please keep the hate off your mind and we grinding, force to carry iron The boys be spying in pictures, snitched, they be lying But that's how they live and even give their own kids and Fuck with them soldiers, and doujia's is good riddens I put on my good mittens, we boxing, should be knocking Shit be rocking, and them dreds be blood clotting Dom P. keeps the shit locked in, they want some They get some, the kid's a vet, son, from east to west, son Third countries be the best, son... [Chorus 4X: Dom Pachino] Double up, whatever you got, we want double up Smack 'em up, shake 'em down, kid, double up [Crunch Lo] I'm on the building, on the struggle, on my grind, on my hustle The faces done changed, and the game remains The beast is thicker, steroid ass, looking niggas And white boys with toys, on the hunt for black boys It's hunting season, you the duck, what the fuck? Illuminati in effect, get ya vest, get ya tech It's war and you fear, only God keep me safe Beat the devil in the race, and my uptown's was laced Seen son, got grams and bags of the fifty eights The fiends went wild when they got their first taste Devil pie, white girl, she in the corporate world The green gets world, just to balance the earl From the yac, we on track to blow like Iraq It's Crunch Lo, a nigga from the Island of Stat Now, you can bring it the front, or you can bring it to the back We got beretta nine, m-1's and the macs [Chorus 4X] [Crunch Lo] Get money, get grungy, four, flip like a coin toss We in a rat race, but, yeah, I'm a thorough horse At all costs, I gots to get mine I'mma grind, in the snow, rain, sleet or the sunshine Big doves and small dimes of haze Traffic' so mean to keep you up for days We gon' burn the streets down like we gon' burn the stage I'm here to spread arms, and drop the Napalm [Dom Pachino] Now I try to triple up, quadruple til my pockets is filled up It's simple enough, not complicated and such Sell CD's like keys

and pounds of that good stuff On blocks where, either
you're tough or your scuffed Then ya bluff, will be
called simple enough Keep ya shit rocked like Tommy
did Paulie in Rocky Spit fire and smoke broccoli, ain't a
damn thing gon' stop me I be damned if I move sloppy,
napalm, nigga, don't knock me

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