

## **Dom Pachino f/ Crunch Lo, Just Da Barber**

### **"Move on 'Em"**

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[Chorus 2X: Crunch Lo] Late on the roof, all them creep, on them fours Hot box will spread and the fire will blow That's how it is, nigga, that's how it grows We want the passion, the finest of hoes [Dom Pachino] If I get caught, hustling bricks, I'm gonna go away Want stress, and all this bullshit can just go away Get locked, ain't worth my career to just throw away As a matter of fact, I think I got a show today After that, I'm on the road all day like Moris Day The weather weren't too good, I didn't wanna fly today I'mma slide in luxury Mobil, on my mobile I'm used to being global, you don't know, I will show you I'm a pro and I'm noble, I'm grimey with rhythm and blues I'm soulful, got popped, got rocked, my hip hop'll roast you Got women from coast to coast, I think I told you Hot rocks will spread and Napalm will blow too [Chorus 2X] [Crunch Lo] I got plans, to move units like grams The rap Son of Sam, slam like a sticky The trigger finger itchy, they ain't no bitch in me Only a semi, with a long chrome barrel I'm strapped with my apparel, so call your goonies And don't play around, where I'm from, niggas, get laid down I move swift, straight blessed with a gift To spit dope, so you can hang ya own self and you can tie your own hook Can't cope with the kid, and chasing like polig Yo, I straight blow ya wig from a few yards away Let it spray like a passenger side Yo, I'm here to rectify, who I be, rep N.Y.C. So infinitely, smoking the finest of green My whole aura's Baneen, plus I rock with a team Minds with dangerous schemes and plots Always down to rock this and the heart to rep the blocks [Chorus 2X] [Just Da Barber] Come like the phantom, blast through any anthem The shit'll burn a whole through ya speaker The size of some tweeters, my rhymes are ether Plus they grab ya soul like the reaper Lines are keepers, next Summer official style steepers Now follow the leader, follow the knowledge seeker Follow the hollow to your dome, now it's hard to see ya I give ya heart a seizure, and watch you fall off like a leisure A cop a plead and then turning into a nose bleeder Chromes beat ya, like government cracks or reefer Now pass the heater, so I can swiss cheese the cheetah I'm a shifty

misdemeanor, slide my dick in between her Damn, you  
should of seen her, had her splitting like a ballerina I'm  
on my way to Pasadena, passing right between her  
Blasting an Ike then Turner Tina, I'm a lonely steamer  
Balls always pleased to meet ya I'm a grown man  
teacher, bombing 'em like a preacher And I'm featured  
on this track known as Just Da Barber Some niggas  
shouldn't bother, might of cut ya father It's a Napalm  
World, now, word to mamma I bring the drama like an  
animal, get savage like a cannibal Head cracked,  
game over, nigga, I dismantled you, bitch...

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