

Dom Pachino f/ Crunch Lo, Shyheim

"1st Come 1st Served"

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[Intro: Dom Pachino] Yeah, yeah, they all gon' have to bow down eventually They gon' have to bow down eventually And face up to the facts, man I'm killing the underground right now, murder [Dom Pachino] I had the other side in a snatch, atleast I thought so Until I got a wake up call, they hit him in his torso Now that's a major loss, whoa, committed by a major loss soul Let's get back to the source, though How much did it cost, bro? About the same amount as his Porsche do But that's what happens when niggas floss too Much and they forced to, surrender their lives It's what it cost do, and I ain't gonna lie My niggas like to floss to, my niggas like to sport new Whips and kicks and, bitches that are thick Son, and bitches that suck dick, son, that is addiction Not discipline, cuz if so, niggas won't be missing Found by a couple fishing in the morning When sun glissen and the birds are whistling Damn feel, look like they dumped the clip in him Did the fishes yet get to him? Man, they gon' have to get a net for him [Chorus 2X: Dom Pachino] First come, first served, you got it, you get it White white, leak beige, tablets of relish Sorry we only deal in cash, no credit or debit If you don't got it, you get it, nigga forget it [Shyheim] I was on the A.V.E. playing my post When a white Porsche hit the block like falling snow I ain't know it was your dude until, niggas did the one-two Wish I would of knew, I could of stopped the wolves But by the time I recognized and realized it was him They had the nine MM's, applied to him And they times him by five, he had the four-five on him when he died Peep the grind, they took his shine and his ride I feel bad cuz it happened on my side Of the P's, I fuck with you, that's why I'm calling you P You see how I see, but shit be how it be, you know? [Chorus 2X] [Crunch Lo] I'm in the pizza shop, I hear the shots, I'm like oh shit That's the sound of a nigga getting hit Come on, we making moves to the ave, I heard another blast Damn, yo, the tech was spitting fast We seen niggas running in black, I took a step back Then analyzed the situ', hoping it don't hit you My man running out the building, men, women & children Is screaming, the air is cold, it's

killing season Niggas got they hoodies on, cigarette
smoke Bum broads, wit they beers and they 20's of
coke Whispering to each other, 'The God is on the
floor' EMS cut his clothes and his chest was all raw And
you seen the smoke from the shells, all hell broke loose
Now his fam is on the set, and they wanna know the
truth

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