

## **Dom Pachino f/ Infinite**

### **"Cash & Bucks"**

Visit "[Cash & Bucks](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: Dom Pachino] Yeah, yeah, yeah, uh-huh... Pat 'em down... roll him over... Make sure he clean... word... Ain't nothing stopping us... [Dom Pachino] Aiyo, the industry can't lock 'em out, let 'em in, let 'em breathe Let 'em meet, and let 'em feed, a grown man has a seed Please don't make me squeeze, this filth penitentiaries Filled with young latin brothers, just like me I'm on my way up to the top, ain't no stopping me Niggas getting dropped, and stop it, I get it popping Like Snapple caps, ain't no turning back, it's on That's word to my first born Ever since my first song, I had to go strong SoundScan at half a mil', I was just getting warm Now that I'm heated up, ya'll niggas gon' eat it up Verse for verse, plaque for plaque, the kid is back But I never left, I was cooking shit up, like a chef For a hood chemist, that cook crack on the scrimmage I'm Dom P, look at me, fuck an image I already loved, and if I got hate, it's some petty thugs Not for made men, it's not rap, it's my testimony and my statement I made much music plus toured the world Some jail time, been shot and shot niggas Seen real money, so there's not much that you can tell me, dunny Unless you try'nna show me more, and that's exactly what I do it for [Chorus 4X: Dom Pachino] Can't call for back-up, bout to smash this game like a Mack truck Making cash bucks, cash bucks [Infinite] Ain't buying what you saw, kid, why you next to me? I'm higher what you thought, won't let 'em get the best of me You cooked good, but I wrote the recipe Been certified, on old concrete, no need for testing me On everything I loved, joke, get stressed Scoop with mami in the Landrove', you got the indo Cool, let down your window, you can stack tools Just do what I say so, yeah, uh-huh Take my own advice, stacks for sure Reason why you niggas sick, but I pack the cure Vanessa, baby girl, I click-clack the four Turn nothing to a prince, I crick-crack a jaw Infinite, little nigga, yup, that's the law Maryland to Manhattan, zip pack your raw Infinite, little homey, yup, that's the law Eastern Shore to Staten Isle, click-clack your door [Chorus 4X] [Dom Pachino] My grass be, green as fuck (how you know?) ask them niggas I stuck It was their product, they

acting like they selling narcotics If so, then we acting  
too, we the ATF, run up in your spot And plus we, do it  
the best, who want come test? Your revised team, how I  
know? Cuz I ran 'em through my screen Plus they ran  
through the scene, cuz they know what I mean Nuff,  
nuff, nuff session, nuff questions Nuff shit, I can't  
mention, cuz you not brethren And you don't ride with  
my engine I'm so sincere, look at me, I'm not  
pretending

Visit [Dom Pachino f/ Infinite](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.