

## Dom Pachino f/ Islord

### "Duck Tape"

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[Islord] Aiyo my mind is like a nine, I shoot my thoughts  
at ya'll Bitch ass niggas, corny rap niggas Claiming  
that ya'll live and shit, but hell no Cuz I do this, kid,  
through rain, sleet & snow Yeah, kid, what, I'm just that  
live Cuz me and Dom P, blacking niggas eyes So ya'll  
best to realize the realism How Islord get down on the  
rhythm, cuz I hit 'em wit that -- [Dom Pachino] Run up in  
the game with the duct tape, to the shit ya'll rape I don't  
know how much more shit can I take, and fuck jake And  
the fatman too, I bring the gat land through Turn him  
into fatman fondu, and this cockerspaniel My glock  
handle, too hot to handle My next drill's left field, to  
make your next feel vandal My tech can't stand you, my  
chips, you better fork them over Or you be treated like  
a Hunt for the Red October I sink ya ship with the flare,  
from my brother grip Get smothered quick, for fucking  
wit me, dick, on some G shit I see shit in 3D, you won't  
be shit, and you definitely won't defeat me I'm so swift,  
breath of fresh air on the airwaves Aren't you tired of  
the same shit you hear every day? And here we go  
again, the heat holding, the beat swollen Just speak  
golden, his flow's frozen, the whole world knows him  
[Islord] Since '97, I was rocking ya'll to heaven With  
classical material, machine gun funk Right out your  
stereo, so here I go, lyrical assassin Quick to attack,  
any nigga acting Like he invincible, and can't get  
returned to the essence Kid, you must be stupid,  
thinking like you adolescent Like your whole family  
won't get duct taped Then get tossed in the lake,  
somewhere upstate For fucking with my plate

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