

Dom Pachino f/ Mateo

"Illusions"

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[Intro: Dom Pachino]

Fuck that R&B shit...

I don't wanna hear that shit

Shit, is analog, shut up, nigga

Say, illusions, what what, illusions, I can sing

Is real, fuck that, it's fake

I'm God, fuck that, I'm a devil

You stupid, it's an illusion

Fuck, it's real, baby, I'm Allah, I'm Allah

Aiyo, what up, baby, it's real, yo kill that shit, God-God

Yo, yo, yo

[Chorus: Mateo]

Illusions, makes my fantasy, reality

Illusions, or maybe, my mind playing these tricks on
me

Illusions, as my brain, going insane

Illusions, everything I see, turns into a dream

[Dom Pachino]

Time's change, taught the long range, rips your
airplanes

Adjust your spaceship, guns with wooden grips &
rubber grips

My mind drifts, into the myst, as God exists

Was the first question asked on my list

I dug into the past, dealt with math's of getting that up

So I subtracted it, kid, yo try to adapt to this shit

I'm rugged, the Terrorist, rocks gold nuggets

Crush your whole fucking shit, you're crushed

Could I bumrush, could I come through?

Blow like the wind, kid, stomp on your crew

Ya'll shitty, your whole commitee, you try to fuck with
me

Get with me, get-get with me

Get at me dog, I move like that

Black, I'm strapped with the automatic mack

Double dub it, we Digital, Bobby told me that!

Put away the guns, kid, I always come strapped

I'm with it, got with it, shit, on it

Do it, oh! My nigga, he with it

Mateo, he did the R&B shit, on my shit
Baby, girl, let me suck a tit, peace

[Chorus]

[Dom Pachino]

It's war, my father only spoke of it
Ever since he took his first breath
Momma left, she came back in the picture
She birthed me, now I'm here, yo, it's war
Within the body, blood and bed cells
White and red cells, they all fighting together
It gets deeper than that, digital splat
When I come through, hold a gat
It's war, it's war
It's war, as an encore, grenades
Hand grenades, switch blades, rusty screwdrivers
Knives, try to survive in this trife world
Devices, magna vices, this is digital

[Outro: Dom Pachino]

I come through, it's war
Killarmy, I love ya'll niggas
Killa Sin, 9th Prince, Born
Beretta 9, ya'll the same nigga
ShoGun, Islord... what? Bobby Digital
Free, where ya'll be
I love all my niggas, N.Y.C.
Philly, that's where I did this track, baby
You know it, I run all over the globe
I'm global, fuck ya'll niggas
By my album, Tera Iz Him
Terrorist, what, Terrorist shit, that be the name of it
Peace...

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