

# Killarmy, 5 Stars

&lt;9th Prince&gt;

Yeah, yeah  
Master of all self-hate  
Shaolin cipher heat, niggas  
For my militant soldiers  
Yeah, check it out  
Yo, yo  
As night falls the commando's teams seize the palace  
Fiercely assault commands the volts  
Explode in the air like lightning bolts  
We rippin' out your spleen  
At battlegrounds like the dense jungles of Phillipines  
Drunk monk sip O.E. out the canteen  
Men at war with guillotines  
So far we all (?) Japanese  
Troops not waiting  
All you hear is bullets penetrating  
Deep like the assassination that almost killed Reagan  
War troops in army suits with spiked boots  
Lyric proof brutes  
Camouflage the haunted igloo  
Eskimo commando  
Dressed to kill in camo  
Black Rambo  
I civilize for ammo  
Bulletproof parachutes  
We motorate helicopters with green bags of loot  
Bloodthirst heroes  
After Vietnam he made the wheelchair  
No fear  
Warfare at its highest (?-mixed with Beretta 9's first line)

Yo, yo  
I snatch up defeated troops in desert Tim boots  
Camouflage like the sands I locate in Iran  
For war be the issue  
Elite crews and God jewels  
Snipers on the rooftop watch out for the Pitbulls  
Waited 'til sunsets and moving like ninjas  
Camouflage masked avengers  
Y'all niggas best surrender  
We servicing your weapons we be the Armageddon  
Killarmy bring on board this military acquisition  
Your crew will take position on the seven seas mission  
Beretta 9 be wild like (?-mixed with 9th Prince's first line)

&lt;9th Prince-Chorus x 2&gt;

Yo, 5 Star General giving killing orders  
Militant assassins surround the headquarters

&lt;Shogun Assassin&gt;

Let's go to war with break beats  
My battleground is in the streets  
Shogun  
Samurai assassin the professional spectacle  
Mental terrorist  
Plant a time bomb in your ear  
And hold your brain for hostage  
Killarmy equipped with detonating swords

Captivate the crowd leave 'em praising the Lord  
In the Asiatic War we chop heads off  
Like General Monk and his swordsmen  
The reason is burning season  
My brothers is guilty of high treason  
So I decapitate them  
As they lay motionless bleeding on the canvas  
I put away my weapon which is stainless

&lt;9th Prince&gt;

Yo, it's the 5 Star General  
&lt;9th Prince-Chorus x 2&gt;  
5 Star Generals, word up

&lt;Dom Pachino&gt;

Here's the non-carnivorous  
Lyricist rhyming protagonist absorbing thoughts through my elements  
Rip out your pancreas  
Try to exit and get caught like a venereal disease  
Niggas freeze before I sueeze  
It's impossible to run when I'm done  
Dom Pachino the son saving my universe now  
Awaiting trial  
Unidentified profile  
Got you sewn like a textile  
Lyrical navigator exploring different worlds  
Mixelplick (?) style  
Equipped with a vest  
Killarmy vigilantes got MC's marked for death  
Evil targets  
Taking their lives like Grand Auto Theft  
Then motivate like Dr. David Banner  
Moving in bulletproof air crews with CB scanners  
I channel  
My life can never be a manual  
Unpredicable historical like a Greek oracle  
Words pronounced plural  
And shot through my (?-over Masta Killa's first line)

&lt;Masta Killa&gt;

Scinece is the study of all things  
Knowledge their sword swing  
Guns go off in the east wing  
It's a blessing to deliver this lesson  
Who's resting  
You've been summons to awaken  
A nation of sleeping giants who are clients to the devil civilization  
Migration expands my plan to the maximum capacity  
Nothing can hold me from launching out over the Earth then disperse  
Ritual darkness niggas return  
Unscathed and at ease and as you were  
But the thought of not being able to breathe and leave these worldly  
possessions  
Have MC's fret to step in my direction

&lt;9th Prince-Chorus x 2&gt;

Word up, militant assassins