

Killarmy, Clash Of The Titans

Take em to war son (Yeah)
Yo wassup dog?
Seven commandments, knahmean?
Yo son, with the seven commandments

Chorus: (6x)
Yo I'm about the army shit, the raw shit
The military war hits with gun clips

(Shogun Assasson)
Yo, my battleground's where I lounge
Fightin wars from dusk til dawn
In the trenches of hell
There's more blood spilled than Hamburger Hill
The planet Earth is the battlefield
Enemy troops can't come face to face with death
Black mission caught for cold steel
The last art drill when I open fire
Better aim to kill
As the destruction that I reveal like revelations
Drop Jews like parables that can't be seen with the eye like constellations
You're lost in the nation with no mental vision
Unseen strikes your vital like precision
I'm camouflged in the large with ammunition

(9th Prince)
I'm in deep meditation like the great Indian monk Dowmo
Lyrical desperados thrown like a torpedo from black masks like Zorro
I froze all the scriptures and literature of killers
Riddlers and Hitlers
Sick photographers who paint bloody pictures
Wu-Tang is the foundation, we movin populations
And you can not stand then control the minds of Asians
Candy cat raps gets your tongue cut off and run through his back
Sabotage savages got stabbed as I watched blood drip from their fabrics
Madman ran up in the church and stuck the reverend
Stabbed him with a cross, some say he was stuck by the seven
The seven commandments
Metric equivalentents
Meaning many niggas died for pleasures

(Dom PaChino)
I wagin guerilla warfare, supply the yellow jackets
Each one containin a mini sovereign homing missile
Fittin your sides ragged
Puerto Rican terrorist from the Middle East refusin the mark of the beast
Increase your energy by one bar while I unleash
Thoughts that remain on your brain like scars for life
Made possible by the mic device
I slice wieldin a sharp instrument
Sharpened in the temple of pyramids
Used to drill a hole through the minds of the ignorant
It's my assignment burn up the climate usin rays from the sun
Dom PaChino madman assassinatin tracks with Shogun

(Street Life)
Yo bring it on, I deal with this like my first born
My brain form blow MCs away like Desert Storm
21st century crime for you being born
US currency got me itchin my palms
P.L.O. killer tactics like I support a fact
Dead back was the feedback, Park Hill's badass
I deal with this shit like it's my last
So to speak what you say son go have a blast

I'm livin for the city, I burn as the world turn
First degree poetry
Hold your headpiece, when I release I clear the streets
Killarmy passed the heat so I'ma dead the piece
P.L.O. is the Street Life out in the streets

(Beretta 9)

Mentally I be ready, pass the machette
My thoughts travel fast like Mario Andretti
Racin through this hellhole or ghetto through the poverty
It's all about survival so I can risk the robbery
Goin through the struggle, trials and execution
This is my solution to this revolution
Pay close attention, lyrical precision
My mind be my war guide, observe, learn and listen
Knowledge before your wisdom unleashed for the children
'96 be buildin the stat or be killed in