

Killarmy, Militant

(feat. U-God)

helicopter sounds

(Hook: 9th Prince + (U-God))

Shoot down planes, war games, in the black Range
with the snipe for aim cuz yo (it's militant)
Phillipine bitches in the black tint, commando
Showdown at the main event (it's militant)
We carry hand grenades, ooh-ahhs, and AK's
They troops, muddy boots, bulletproof Lex coupes (it's militant)
(B9) Two G, Eiloheine, submachine,
(B9) AT magazines, courage under fire (we killin shit)

(9th Prince)

Aiyyo fatigue, G.I.Joe's in armored tanks
American heroes covered with paint, black and gold like the Saints
Commandoes got rank, no blanks
Spill (?) Valentine, Afghan tinges at my team gun shank
I rack the 12 gauge, Shogun voices like exotic warfare
You die when you feel the bass, you dressed to kill
Let it play Six the Hard Way - we let off like 47 AK's
Okay, okay?

(Beretta 9)

Yo, walls all red don, Killa-Arm recon
Our fleet bomb, all year long, surrender arms
Black Napoleon, petroleum, blitzkreig Mongolian
Missile whistle on the approach, sendin militiamen
Foxhole, fire in the hole, lick a shot slow
Y'all know, y'all analog niggaz best take a stroll
Or wind up in critical - passed out, mobile army
Surgical hospital, last bout niggaz, last bout niggaz
Beretta on the trigger y'all - how could you figure?!
Marksman status

(Chorus)

(Dom Pachino)

Evacuate the war, finger pop glocks, fuck AK's
Make love to M-16's, when I step on the scene
With a fat mack and a fat stack, magazine
Camouflage kinda swamp green
Cream for my face, cadets get laced from the neck up
Taste the blood from a leaf cut, you been struck
You weak fuck, Killarmy's the best
Affiliated with the best, so there's no contest
And when we launch these missiles they be no one left
Terrorists, blow smoke niggaz choke, hold ya breath
and went, niggaz lay rounds on the block where's the ref?

(Shogun Assassin)

Great scott, check my diabolical plots
I got a fetish for the fiendish, fuck the drama shit this be that hit
This murder in the first degree, and death be your penalty
When you try to mimic the army
you become a casualty of World War Three
We come through back to back, every man strapped, ready to handle that
Pre-cocked, ready to trigger that
Sauna raps, live on stage, at the Basker's, swordsman strike back
Lash out on attack, slash through ya back
Got a deal, a murder contract, to assassinate ya calmly on this track

(Chorus) - 2X

