

Killarmy, Nonchalantly

(9th Prince)

Eh-yo, eh-yo..

9th Prince, attack like Greg Valentine

With a sledgehammer, figure 4 bodyslammer

Decrease ya stamina, verbal heart damager

I'm half man, half monster like Bruce Banner

Camouflage Scorpion vendetta with a black Beretta, serial killer

Federal Expressman, FedEx, send deathbed letter, sticky cheddar

Verbal terrorist, I'm livin in a street life of rage

Machine gun sprayed and wet up the whole stage

Iron junk, metal razor blades I cough

Camouflaged for law, I'm raw like the Eagle Claw

My tunes of glory, war stories took place inside a laboratory

Whispers in the dark, I think I hear fallen soldiers callin me

Rap battle cats trapped in combat

We hijackin planes, it's Islord, strap me with the gat to your back

Camouflage guerillas performin drive-bys up on ya gangstas

Strapped the Cadillacs, my lyrical assault murder weapon

'll blow ya rips out ya mid-secion

Chinese connection with the Wu-Tang perfection

(Beretta 9)

Chamber 9's perfection, constitute we movin in son

Shark style, peep the fin, pushin through right

Strip arm' Heismen, I thought we wise men

Don't make us act a fool, keep a calm, cool collective

A nice perspective, it only takes for one cat to disrespect his

Or ruin a show, oh what y'all ain't know

that everything's real like blue steel

bein pulled out at a sold out concert?

The crowd went berzerk, here come the Jakes, red alert

They got trampled on, a cop lost one arm

Killarm' still live on stage on 'Red Dawn'

Eh-yo, where 'The Obstacle'? Anything's possible

'Allah Sees Everything', kid, check the obstacle

Beretta did his verse in the crowd, this kid's remarkable

9th punched a cat in the face, call the hospital

911 style, ShoGun cracked a smile

Or push this cat innocent, through in the towel

It's like life's insane, Dom P pop champagne

And Is' came out of the crowd with 20 chains

(Islord)

Nonchalantly, I roll up on the rap scene bluntly

Still hittin fiends off monthly

Cuz this rap shit ain't feedin me

My physical is lookin real good but my insides is cryin

Fiendin to catch like fifty analog niggas off point

And tear pockets, so stay still, tell ya crew

Don't move cuz I got like fifty-five keepin it live

Tight niggas trapped with rockets, pointed at ya eye sockets

Throwin ninety-nine joints at ya grill, you can't block it

(P.R. Terrorist)

Rebelious 1 who never like to carry small guns

I like 'em big, bulky and shit, designed for ya wig

And any pig that try and confront me and my cig'

That bomb is rigged, ready to explode, get blow to Madrid

You and ya fam, you and ya mans and all of your kids

Because I'm nuts, spill on my guts like dry heavin

A fly even, cat that never split his pie even

Get caught in my life of fire and die weezin

And the man who seen it go down for no apparent reason

Just breathin and believin that it's pockets that I be grazin

He's deceived and relieved with dollar sign eyes gleamin
War ringin, diva bitch in my bed, she's soul singin
With my mic, suckin it right, my son's outside slingin
Beige snowballs, snot drip from his nose, eatin the Halls
I got a show, later tonight, I met into the mall
I'll grab you somethin, if you see Fantasia tell her she frontin
Cuz I had her way in my lab and didn't fuck nothin
Life's somethin, somedays I be feelin like sniper's up in
Writin somethin that'll change the whole world, the lightnin comin
with this black ink all over these white sheets
Run like a track meet with a fleet
of killas and shit, don't even compete {*pause*}
Yo..
In a herd of white wool, label the black sheep
Tap dancin on fire, the kid with bronze feet
Terrorist snatchin the track, leavin the gold teeth
All you playas, killas, dogs, thugs - make it brief
{*echoes*}