

Killarmy, Serving Justice

Chorus: P.R. Terrorist (9th Prince)

Yo yo, yall niggas talk rubbish, we Wu-Tang publish
(Yall niggas try to dub this the Gods serving justice)
Yall niggas talk rubbish, we Wu-Tang publish
(Yall niggas try to dub this
the Gods serving justice, with ruckus
Killarmy, we put the mic on the crutches)

(P.R. Terrorist)
Apocalypse at my finter tips
Sense ya tight grip exit a clip
Fill with engraved initials of lyrical nondescripts
On my hitlist, terrorist tartest, I never miss
Strike a bullseye, say bonzai and ball my fist

(Killa Sin)
Yo I could pull da livest shit
hang-gliding off the side of a cliff
Country western bitch been known
to chokehold on my dick
Roll a spliff the size of dynamite sticks
Sideswipe you and the mic boot
Strike you till you yodle or ya name miss
Make ya brain shift like earthquake plates in Vegas
North Flake kicks, guaranteed dat ass a free face lift
Crack ya jaw in three different places
leave you speechless

(P.R. Terrorist)
Speak with a lisp
Lyrics of force'll skip ya disk
Shuffle your track, bring ya shit back
then make ya piss
thoughts of suicide, razor blade pressed against ya wrist
Vocals bangin' off da walls of ya drums
You can't resist
Sudden impact, yeah jetblack
Shine like Shalack
Flashdance on 4th Disciple tracks,
They off the meat rack
The combinations's like one in a million
Puerto Rican quarter bizillion
Seven wise men making a killing
In this rapworld, shattering niggas like glass buildings
When my wind blow, you crabs move slow
Murder you dolo, take ya heads off
Riding a horse like playing polo

(Killa Sin)
I flow faster than Skolettos
Used to hesitate to let go
Now my darts echo for blocks
and travel north rapidly like Metro
Clap happy, rap cat get at me, wit ya faculty
See half of them is petro, or deadly
like fat ass is in the sex so
Ya buttersoft, sweet talking, sweet walking
niggas get ya neck broke for asking
See I aim kid and my A stay missing in action
Fire back when niggas start clapping
Make it happen

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(9th Prince)

I use niggas for target practice
This year I plan to fuck the baddest actress
On my waterbed Wu mattress
I'm from the tribe of Shabazz, your alpine endurance
Rhyme insurance, was stolen by the thief of Bagdad
It's the world's greatest soundscanner
Whose elbows is made of steel like Tito Santana
The God's voicebox connects with high frequencies,
Satellites and antennas, Prince Saddam is
Shaolin's Highlander, with Evander Holyfield stamina
I'll punch a hole in ya stomach, snatch out ya liver
Wrap ya body in a plastic bag, and tell my fans
My new dance is "Dead Man Floating In A River"
my Kodak thoughts, picture dark, clear visions
like transition lenses
I rose with the illest, cross ya fingers
you superstitious
I'll still murder your ass, with influence
of insanity conditions
RZA and 4th Disciple tracks, make me wanna grab an axe
Prince Saddam's a lyrical lumberjack
A broken brawler, nighttime stalker, creepy crawler
With a sawed-off shottie, rock the party,
Go stick up the lobby

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