

Killarmy, Swinging Swords

<Chorus>

These rhythms can't deface me
Hot rhythms stimulate me
Can't help but swing it boy
Swing it brother swing
Don't stop the beat that's
slapped this foolish brat
Come on swing me boys
Swing it brother swing

<9th Prince-Over Chorus>

Word up, let's take 'em to war, son
Show 'em how it should be done
It's real God
Yeah, Yeah
Stimulate the brain cells
Check it, Check it

<9th Prince>

Yo Killarmy bounty killers
Industry kid shivers
Shells up through your liver
Dead corp float the rivers
Murderous style is superior from Shaolin to Nigeria
Stalking through the monitor
With the wisdom for dynamical fessor (?)
Lyrical kid in processor
Nat Turner was my militant ancestor
I capture your mind put in isolation
Control the soul automation
Victims became mechanical slaves again
Read the East Coast historian
As you oppose this
Your walking dead soldiers can't get close to this
I be splitting shit like Moses
Then celebrate with Guns 'n Roses
I turn soundtracks into startracks
My tongue is symbolic to an axe
I used to be caught up in the world of Mad Max
Now come against the consequence of the 9th Prince
I sit upon my throne and chop off domes
Then send them home to your peoples
So they can sew 'em

<Chorus-First Half>

<Dom Pachino>

Thoughts I generate like high forms of energy
My brain's energetic
Ultramagnetic synthetic
Burn like oil
High octane let it drain upon the Shaolin soil
You get trapped inside my rap coils
Like my phalanges rip the microphone
When I recite a war poem
It's written in my soldier's log
It's a Killarmy espionage
Puerto Rican mobster in camouflage
Perform at the Mirage my entourage
Get the ticket through Telecharge as I massage lyrics get enlarged

Grenade particles rip through your fatigue articles
You flee for shelter
My tre pound rounds'll melt you
Like camouflage vinyl in the force of Delta

<Chorus-Whole>

<Killa Sin-Over Chorus>

What, what, one time
Come on, swing it
Bring it, what
Killarm, yeah, swing it
The Gods gonna bring it
Real, what

<Killa Sin>

Yo, yo
You either get down shut the fuck up or catch an uppercut
Rough enough to muffle up your jaw when we knuckle up
Knuckle what? Bacardi hit me harder than you
You crash dummies show respect when the Gods is coming through
Eyes swollen up the size of coconuts
Your body folding up
Allah the soldier struck and through the cut I walk and hold you up
Sit back hang from your hip like loose Kani's
Try to flip it on the strength of your wis' and let you slide
Savage eighty five trying to test sides
True we're living thirty two shots
We're sending a rocket to your prison
Caught you bubbling
Like a cold sore the money coming in
Juggling the church and street life you got me wonderng and catch 'em
I let Allah bless 'em
That's the question
You dealing with a madman's profession
So choose your weapon

<?-Chorus Heard in Background>

Word up, Killarmy
Taking y'all to another war ground
Hold down the battlefield, word up
Shout outs to all my Universal Soldiers
Killarmy, word up
Deep Space 9, the Clan, word up
Sunz of Man
My nigga High Style, word up
To all the soldiers in all the fifty two planets
New York, Ohio
Philadelphia, word up
My Anna locked down Atlanta, for real
Little Rock, Miami
Pittsburgh, word up
Washington D.C., upstate for real
To all my juvenile niggas that's locked up in Tober Center
Word up, Ryker's Island
Peace to Big Queen (?) and Supreme
Word up the God and General Wise
General Wah
Word up to the last soldiers
My nigga Islord still locked down in the jungle, son
Word up keep your sword up son, Killarmy gonna represent this shit, son
Word up, peace

Get out of here
Peace