

Killarmy, The Push

(Beretta 9)

This is for all y'all wanna be
Millitant, Camoflauge (Y'all niggas ain't raw)
Word up, we 'bout to show you how it's done (Word up man)
How to rock the boots (Like this)
The camoflauge (Great damn nigga White)
The guns (The big ones that go..)

(Beretta 9)

Yo, watch for the shrapnel admiral
Didn't know the kid was tactful
My missles whistle at you spactual, subtract you
Surrender all, we got you
Blitzkrieg, fahtis bleed, it's natural
The Army, take out your front line calmly - you like that
Tell the Cap' the kids back the Millitant
My regiment be five percent put Steelo in
Killin these tracks, Beretta on attack
This one for my die-hard niggas, watch yo' back
Or wind up in the graveyard, in Allah tint
Ask the fans, it's the Gods again
And if we got to, then we kill again

"Louie under, we're making another push"
"Get your people together.. lieutenant?"
"I got nothin left"
"Dig a little deeper"

(Superb)

Yo.. Up all night writin darts
Sniffin the pure, Christmas Eve '99 reminiscin and shit
(Bout) who got hit, (Bout) who got bitch
(Bout) who bitches that is, who got kids and
Who sell crack, who a rapper now
Who money-washin, who was P.O.
Try to get him lockied up but his bitch is C.O.
And she gon' tell the captain, he gon' buy him a boat
The cap' gon' tell the judge, he gon' buy him a goat (And)
The judge gon' tell the D.A., he gon' buy him some coke
The D.A. gon' tell his lawyer that his client can go
And, all y'all niggas mad I got the iron from Ghost
And, Chef still cookin what you tryin to get roast
Bobby'll beat that ass, Meth do a show in ya coats
And Cappadonna, the Masta will Kill ya
You fuckin with a true master, fuckin with power
You fuckin with the Wu bastards, fuckin with ours
We the most livest, most largest, squadrant
Sergeants in Africa, thugs from America
Live from New York, straight from Florida City
All shitty, screamin "Play more Biggie"
Hood like you blowin, per blow more quickly
Still poppin pain that cause four-fifty
I ain't know they was young, I just like short bitches

(Islord)

Yo, you fucked up when you crossed my line
I got the nine, pointed at ya back spine
So feel the heat, as I let the lead tear your meat
Cuz I represent the real niggas from the streets
I'm comin trough blackdown, with the fat tre' pound
Strapped, cocked back
While my right-hand man plays a role in the back,
with the mack - Subject to murderous art,
as I finesse it and also compose the track like Mozart

This nine'll script, niggas get finked up
In this rap game, it's madly insane
So don't go against the grain, or get your life taken
With ya head chopped off, placed in a plastic bag,
its Central booking, forever kings

(9th Prince)

Aiyyo I spit verses that'll bury you beneath the surface
A murder this like voodoo curses
9th Prince forever nervous, analog niggas is short-circuit
Killa be killas the purpose
Guns in holsters what the earth is, musical apocalypse
Run up on the label, hold the A and R for a hostage
Limps from four-footers who's with it, go 'head spit it
The weed and dust makes me kill shit, kill shit...

"The way I see it, we've got two choices"
"We can settle for being slaughtered in the push tomorrow"
"Or we can take those tanks out tonight.."
"If we do it, it's just us"
"We'll slip past the lines unchecked"
"Just another sorry-ass patrol"
"Lemme get this straight"
"Yesterdauy your point was Section 8"
"No"
"You wanna lead some renegade force against their tanks"