

# 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

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

(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 &quot;Play more Biggie&quot;  
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"