

Dom Pachino, Pete Rock / Marley Marl Freestyle

(Intro: Dom Pachino (Killa Sin))

Yeah, airwaves, airwaves, yo
Killarmy shh... yo (it's Rocky)
Pete Rock... what's the deal? (One-two, one-two)
Marley Marl... (live and direct
Straight from Shaolin, what up New York?
Word up, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

(9th Prince)

Aiyo, I'm wise like a blind man, playin' piano
Jellyin' across the Verazanno bustin' at Sopranos
White boys with attitudes like Rocky Marciano
Got a fire arm like Dan Marino
We serve John Wayne in El Dorado
Go to war like Al Pacino, Or Robert De Niro Casino
The ghetto is pitch dark
For the street's of messenger, like the story of Joan of Arc
First spark, with Stapleton park
Gladiators and DMD, before that was the Paris Crew Squad
I used to sit up on the benches
State of mind, third eye dimension lynchin'
Killarm' comrades like henchmen
Street doctor leave you paralyzed in St. Vincent's
End the session with the weapon
Madman, reach for the sky and snatch the Moon out the Heavens

(Interlude: Killa Sin (Dom Pachino) {9th Prince})

Yeah, Killarm' (Killa Sin) Killarm' (Killa Sin)
{Word up, underground, what?} Killarm' Killarm' (Killa Sin)

(Killa Sin)

Yo, fuck playing with it
Nigga, I spit it, I say it, I live it
For the critics, nothing but did-ick
You haters, forget it
I'm made for this, raise the blades with the fitted
Razor scriptues, scrape your debut
Make your label dismiss it, now bang to this shit
If your game ain't official, then just' it
Same thing for them lames that came with you
I hope they bang pistols
That's for the game, it's officially over for the fiscal
Take a toast, to my niggas with aim, cuz they won't miss you

(Outro: Dom Pachino (9th Prince))

They won't miss you, yo, Killarm's official
2001-2002, youknowwhatimsayin, we throwing grenades
Splashin' ya'll off these years, son
Word up, (exclusively, exclusive
Pete Rock & Marley Marl) Killarm'
Pete Rock & Marley Marl (straight from Staten Island)
One love...