

# Killarmy, 5 Stages Of Consciousness

Intro: killa sin, p.r. terrorist

Yeah, yeah, one, two, check it out, yo  
5 stages of consciousness right here  
You got your conscious, yeah know i'mean, word up  
You got your sub-conscious  
You got your super-conscious  
You got your magnetic-conscious

\*various talk by both\*

(killa sin)

Yo, I forever stay ready dunn,  
Money run gun under the pelly, kind of heavy  
Pretty pearl, tickle my belly, but steady by the waist-line  
Thirsty to dump but thought twice before I took time to waist  
None un-mine in his swine, I let him live now hop he relizes what he did  
Perhaps you've got a child on the line and I got time for no pen  
See battle up to warn the squad, already bars on my crib  
With their guns drawn, seekin killa sin who done slid  
Many moons ago, across town whereabouts  
Unknown heights blaring loud out, you, me like who gives a f\*\*k  
I puff a bone, a usual suspect, I'll never be  
Allah sees everything, bad boy silence is the key to longevity  
So, take this advice, while I reiterate the thought to take your life  
And I will

(p.r. terrorist)

Magazines recovered at homicide scenes, living of rhyming schemes  
Always had dreams to be discovered and meanwhile had to blow trial  
Not put in foul like the rest of them, seventeen with blade infected guns  
Had to watch my back when I shit and piss, niggaz busting nuts at ceo's  
Leaving maternals frisked, faces derenched, buck 50 smile  
Your face get lifted and then you shift into another facility  
Same shit, back in the world, I stand strong and watch the weak curl  
&gt;from the pressure of everyday life, career endeavor  
The knowledge, syllables and my name is straight terror  
Killarmy running through your whole f\*\*king era  
With five stages of consciousness, we swiftly change like the weather  
And control forecast, rough traffic, off the pad, alive in the act  
Your stuck to subjects just like math, ram you off in the first half  
This quarter wont last, your leaning on the trigger, guns blast  
Blaow, super-conscious leaves this track smashed

(beretta 9)

Harpoons for hard times, kid, going through this difficult stage  
You gotta maintain, cope with the stress and pain  
Still in seek of the shelter that blocks out the rain  
A thirty down in the flesh, my mental pretains  
Took to much time to explain  
The duty of a wise man, to the minds, some will blame  
With this physical, mental, will and emotion  
The aquizations to control my infinite devotions  
Which is to seek the onslaught, cause we express thoughts  
To the seeds the wrong foods, that made them with their knots  
My dude is to civilize and penalize  
Throats were cutting them, they must of got stregthalized

I take it upon myself to reveal the disguise  
You f\*\*king snake, I tie you to the graphite, tight  
If now to live, you would begin to strike  
I waste no time now searching for a mystery  
With every twenty five thousand, we renew our history

We be the gods, the asiatic black men, and not reacting  
We actually run this shit and defend

\*martial art sample\*

(islord)

Aiyyo, three years trapped in the belly of the beast  
Got me on some, f\*\*k the large, f\*\*k the fed coats  
F\*\*k the judges, cause they don't give two shits about us  
Black man, woman and child, how were living over here  
Trapped in the worst part, when things like this happen on the regular  
Innocent bystanders get trapped off on the streets of my stomping grounds  
With constant war pops off, wine bottles on the regular  
Like clock work to be specific

(9th prince)

The general wise out in fatigues, mentally for life I bleed  
And promised to feed the deceased, was the supreme general in the army  
Little intelligent little bug, roll with thugs that sold drugs to survive  
Civilized the eighty-five and saved many lives  
But these water head niggaz dealt with the four devils  
Ceased the rebel and broke the God down physically down to another level  
Madman at his weight, the great general pass the weight  
With a smile on his face, I swear if you was hear  
These pussy niggaz get tourtured, while I stick hooks up their noses  
And cut of their ears, even their family memeber swill have to pay  
Brothers, mothers, sisters and fathers get manslaughtered the right way  
We're not dealing with feelings, I spare the children  
Weak niggaz get destroyed, four niggaz is building  
Revenge the general, thats what I quote and tape up grenades to your head  
And watch your brains explode

(shogun assasson)

Yo, yo, I sling horse slang like coccaine  
Rebel dope that numbs your brain  
Like a shot of novacainne  
In your death you will feel no pain  
I should teach you with my sword  
And the clip was poisonous  
Snakes speak lies and their words is venomous  
Wu hits come continouscause I don't give a f\*\*k about '97  
Ain't feelin this  
See what I'm revealin is the truth  
In actual fact be the proof  
The youth be the proof  
And the elders be the roots  
I stand solid, under firment  
This black man be the garment intelligent  
These be the word's for my testament  
Writen documents of the thought  
That makes me give props and sell tapes like catacrops  
Mother f\*\*kers