

Killarmy, Blood For Blood

chorus: Blood for Blood without rewards
a bullet hears my true love sign
in life's young dreams to all
Blood for blood
Blood for Blood without rewards

(Dom PaChino)

Deep in the hot sands of Savannah, stands a rhymin' highlander,
Mental expander with all the propoganda
You in a contest, on his conquest
lies a rap voyager, articial lyricist
Lyrics are Delhi like asbestis
You get cardiac arrested by the specialist
Commando with no encore, sore like a bald eagle
to this world full of evil
a shields of forcefield, transparent like Dear Parks spring water
tracks are trench slaughter like a chainsaw massacre
an ancient warrior trapped in Castlevania
One more way to explain is anger

(Shogun Assason)

To all my universal soldiers stay at attention
while I strategize an invasion, the mission be assasination
snipers hittin' car casins with semi-automatic shots heard around the world
My part is to control the globe and hold the world hostage
and my fingertips with tight grips like Atlas
See I got a warplan more deadlier than Hitler
It was all written down in ancient scriptures

Chorus: a bullet hears my true love sign
in life's young dreams to all
Blood for Blood
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(9th Prince)

Yo, a re-genesis, a speak lyricist, X-ray visionist
lyrical specialist under world terrorist
my razorblade custom sharpness
sharpin' the sword 'n' re-killed by the lord
the last platoon set up a camp fire on the moon
Be built of a will, illuminate soon
all my soldiers train with eagle claws
first to three of military laws
we create a massacre like Texas chainsaw
blood for blood keep the unity thick like mud
Killarmy attack 'n' pell of fighters
Deadly control of Lone Rangers, soap a sky blackness
Squadron ally bombers like Hitler and the battle of Britain
analyse my vision then join my collision
which is a war conviction, militant chamber that's headin'

Chorus: my true love sign
in life's young dreams to all
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(Beretta 9)

Yo, check the convoy is parachutes diploid
a squadron of arment Killarms garment, it's sexist

surrender yo' shows 'n' yo' weapons
force the section pass the ammunition
shit is deep as I walk into danger
blowin' up spots with bad times 'n' anger
outlaws dipped to black for T-cap
with more force to loot
I bomb beyond the strike back
the Army, seven man deep, back to back
I pullin' out gats, lounchin' deadly attacks
I be goin' to war, unheard 'n' unseen
awakin' from yo' dreams, puck gunshots 'n' screams
don't got time for the snitchers, leave 'em count their stitches
make 'em take a fall in the bloody ditches
Beretta 9 givin' it raw, blood for blood
now we've gathered all at war

Chorus: why, blood for blood
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