

# Killarmy, Day One

(Intro: 9th Prince (P.R. Terrorist))  
(Eh-yo 9th, you sent that CREAM for me son?)  
No doubt, it's on its way (Starvin in here man)  
Yeah, I know, son, hold ya head God  
(Act like they're tryin to get me, up in the bathroom)

(P.R. Terrorist)  
Yo  
I'm my momma's only boy, I'm self-employed  
Make my CREAM on the streets, gotta carry heat  
Stickin up \*niggaz\*, just for a bite to eat  
Now I'm back on the rock where these thugs eat meat  
and they tryin to act righteous but they got T.B.  
Catch me in the day room on the big T.V.  
Channel B.E.T., be the G-O-D  
Now I gotta cut faces cuz they hatin me

(9th Prince)  
Eh yo.. this is solitary  
I heard Big Ben be takin \*nigga's\* commissary  
Ya not worry, keep ya mind on ya money, ya money on ya mind  
Watch the blood \*niggaz\* tryin to take ya shine  
You wanna wine and dine while you suffer with swine  
Mankind is blind, I hold mines, some twin nines  
There's a thin line  
that's why our jail \*niggaz\* combine like landmines  
and these be the signs of the times

(Chorus: 9th Prince (P.R. Terrorist))  
(You my man, you my dunn, you my son since day one)  
My comrade my soldier, I'm the gun you the holster  
(I'm the trigga you the finger, I'm the hand you the banger)  
Most of all you my \*nigga\* (Day one)  
We the day and the night, the punch and the spike  
You the butcher I'm the knife, biggest story of our life  
(You're the foot I'm the boot, the soldier I salute  
and that's the truth, day one)

(9th Prince)  
Eh yo.. my mind flashed back to '86  
First time playin with our \*dicks\*, who had the most hair and \*shit\*  
Tricks to bad chicks, fat \*ass\*, Jose sister with big \*tits\*  
Project kids, we legit, heavy set, Big Mo gave me the fat lip  
Ran to my big brother Kane, 'Yo, teach me how to flip these kids'  
Split ya wig in six  
I didn't cry, I just held my head high  
Yes I was shy, but still kinda fly  
Tellin mad lies, shed a tear when my baby pit died

Mathematics kept me on the rise  
Moms and Pops fightin, beats had me writin  
Ready to kill without a license  
First time fallin in love, I was hikin  
12 Years later, we still together

(P.R. Terrorist)  
Forever..  
We was kids back then, you was my only friend  
Playin cowboys and indians with coathangers  
Now the only thing I tuck in my coat, a chrome banger  
\*Nigga\* run that \*shit\*! I'm dealin with anger  
And my childhood didn't look too good  
Always misunderstood in my neighborhood  
Fightin pits in the courtyard, stealin kids gold cards

Buildin club houses, smokin Philly cigars  
Run into the red store for a chico stick  
When it was cold outside my little nose'd drip  
Playin football in the snow, my little crush was on the sidelines  
Winkin her eye, and tryin to buy time  
Why did I ever, resort to crime?  
Because everything I wanted was so hard to find  
I'm confused and I'm losin my mind cuz the illusion  
But from day one I told myself we not losin  
Now I'm older, in the BM with 9th cruisin  
Knowledge, peace is the actions of all confusion

(Interlude: 9th Prince (P.R. Terrorist))  
(We done did it son) We finally made it

(Chorus: 9th Prince (P.R. Terrorist))  
Yo I'm the god you the bible, I'm the champ you the title  
(You's my sword for survival  
You the problem I'm the solver, you bank I'm the robber)  
Thats word to my father  
You the Benz I'm the Beamer, you the scheme I'm the schemer  
(You a dream I'm a dreamer  
You my man you my dun, you my son since day one  
Since day one, day one)

(Outro: 9th Prince (P.R. Terrorist))  
Word up, word up son (Day one)  
Yea, no doubt, we been down, God  
Yaknowlmean? We gon' walk these dogs, kid  
You know? C'mon son  
(Make it better for our seeds)  
We done had biz and state bids  
Yaknowlmean, son?  
(Word up, you know the time, son?)  
Word up (Terrorist) Killarm'  
(Killarm', 2G) One love, two loves