

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* commisary
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