

Killarmy, Doomsday

(Intro: Holocaust)

Killarmy, Killarmy

Iron clad soldiers

On our ways to the battlefield

Killarmy, Killarmy

(Chorus 2X: Holocaust)

This is 'Doomsday', for MCs with hollow skills

Who talk about clothing articles and dollar bills

And fake ass rides that they dont even drive

Hip hop's war and only strong MCs will survive

(Holocaust)

Half dead platoon leader, but woken by enemy heaters

Juggernaut, on the block, blast shots at all retreaters

Wise teacher to the utmost, Unified, fuck ghosts,

Conquered galaxies, leading a band of ruthless cutthroats

Brains explode, bloody splatters on the road

My thoughts unfold and strip away the nutrients of your soul

Heart's cold, blast shots through your nosehole

I'm hostile, the slugs ricochet through your nostril, strike your tonsils

Black kid, creep between walls like an arachnid

Smash hits that open you like bullets with glass tips

Killgrave, the black sea serpent who swallow ships

My fists become glocks and my knuckles hollow tips

Part the dirt, and raise dead soldiers with a curse

Bury thieves wit no headstones so they give back to the earth

Still shining, I'm the sun, wars increase by the ton

Hands metamorph into axes, fuck guns, chop out your lungs

Yo, yo

Chorus 2X

(Beretta 9)

Yo, yo, yo

We may bomb this, but seem harmless, check the calmess

My palm hits like a closed fist, break ya jaw wit this

You crab ass, try to think fast you besta slow down

All six got trey pounds, its thirty six rounds

The pristeen, unheard, unseen, the A team

Murder being provoked face the red beam

Street hot, excite bike so open my smoke screen

Sped fast, five hundred crabs have fled the crime scene

Out of state, switch the plates, canibal run dunn

Sped fast, rub on the gas, here come the blast

On their ninja bike, Kawasaki tights a two key prototype

Shit was lookin' hype, then I made a right

Hit the brake, threw a head fake, blast the clutch, I'm out of state

Full speed ahead, never look back, always escape

Chorus 2X

(Dom Pachino)

Layin in the dark war trench

Covered in mud strong corpse stench

Monkey wrench, adjusting my mic, fatigues drenched

From soldiers' insides, scriptures hidden up in my archives

Dodge and throw knives hand to hand combat takin lives

Many lost, many taken wit force

Some linger wit the disease

Bomb infection known as the bee stinger

Its doomsday you rap singers

Mockingbirds mocking my words

This shit is war up in the terrorist arena

Chorus 2X

(Outro: Holocaust)
This is Doomsday