

# Killarmy, Galactics

Killa Arm 9-8  
this L.P.'s a banga  
yeah

(Chorus)

Yo, Killarmy in ya Galaxy  
in ya continent  
in ya state  
in ya city  
take'em to war throw ya grenade  
this shit is gritty  
rollin' tanks, carry shanks  
while ya'll niggaz shoot blanks  
livin' gun powder roll black down  
dealin' wit ranks  
Yo, Killarmy in ya Galaxy  
in ya continent  
in ya state  
in ya city  
take'em to war throw ya grenade  
this shit is gritty

(Verse 1)

Yo, What's the sign's on ya crab ass  
niggaz out here in this rap shit  
turning this shit into some fuckin' after shit  
step into my chamber I hang ya  
like a stranger out tah dry with the mic cord  
rapped around your neck like 2 times  
design to leave you breathless  
to the pointt where you past out  
flat lined simple mined ass cats  
get ya fingers snap back outta place (what)  
and dislocated reaching for that mic device kid I'm Nice

(Verse 2)

Yo, We never timid break the street limit  
state laws and glass jars and fake malls,  
burst pause we take jobs wiseguys who want a prize guy  
we snatch mics bitch right turn out the light  
mathamatics strikes a site make me pull my fist tight  
we wild every night bump shoulders clubs over  
night crips start to fight wnet to Santalaw  
pulled out the dialog bashed his dome with the smearin' off  
now he scramin' off razor sharp face off  
killarmy cut, pushin' through like what  
always housted up double edge leave you with a buck  
fifty three nigga

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Terrorist arch nemesis this is my testament  
eternal life is through the mind  
the 1st element  
the 1st to settle it  
the 1st to pull the medal  
the 1st to defeat the devil  
the 1st to take it to that level  
feel the valume ajust the levels  
enjoy the treble, the 1st and last rebel  
crush a stone into a pebble  
they be trackin' holy water baptise  
my rhyme is sort of ice mentora

mental explorer my guardly aura  
star bright light up your life like night light  
heard you wanna fight return ya ass  
twice mental and physycal

(Verse 4)

Yo, the last star fighter Princlerton soldier  
northern exposer built with Noah  
easy adtic aposer mic feel the black thrower  
to retrieve renagade anroid seek and destroy  
any man ??? paranoid ??? time zone at 1751  
we bury a 100 course of rome prince of dogs  
is cloned lyrical arthritus contain this to the bone  
my rhyme battle star galactica terrorist star detector  
scarfaces are mass discourage weak lyricist are perish  
I ??? courage physical fight ??? package  
razor blazes so sharp to slice ya eyelashes  
rap is gossip while I speak gospel like teachers crisis  
with the apstols the mind and matter  
people to the science smother Mc with a pillow  
livin' dying science

(Chorus 1.5X)