

Killarmy, Murder Venue

Chorus: Islord 2x

Aiyyo, everything is real like blue steel
Being pulled out at sold out concert
Niggaz and bitches going berserk

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Niggaz and bitches going berserk
going berserk, going berserk...

(Beretta 9)

Aiyyo, we could see thought, express thought
Red dot on the plot, marksman operating one shot
On some fifteen global thirteen magazine
Scope rifle with the infra-red beam, check out my leen
Mark the skyrise, who one a prize, between your eyes
Keep it camouflaged, always disguised
We invinsible, ninja through, coming through kid, we indispensable
Stand tall, justice for all, we off the wall
On some, born build, keep your eyes peeled
Guns concealed, shit is real kid, wine or get killed
Word up

(Dom Pachino)

Mental repititions, terrorist expeditions, conditions
Teach truth on this mission, break you down with competitions
Paragraphs of friction, terrorize your juristiction
Ain't no intermission, seen it all through preminition
Build with my earth, the knowledge mean god
In my solar position, sun of man, understand
Observe and listen, mind of a mathematician
Disappear like a magician, deal with persistence
Carry out the wu-tradition, sharpen my sword
Choppin off heads, so play your distance

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(9th Prince)

Yo, I'm from the hot lavas of the planet earth
Thoughts of star, burst ??? the universe
I slap the shit out the nurse
For trying to stick needles inside the head off my new birth
I'm the lord, pioneer, microphone engineer, I spit verabl spears
Army of Black Knights, conquerers, killers, gorillas, warfare
My mind is in a straight-jacket, the tongue is a hatchet
Eyes is night visions, my nose east meets my enemy's coalition
Face track animations, Masta Killa, pass my the god jewels so I could murder
Satan
9th Prince is a silent analyzer
Hypnotize, genocide to set him on fire, then become a terrible tragic
Insane off rhyme cocaine, as fierce as drug addicts
My mind is clear like the state-of-the-art graphics
The laser war, infra-red lords
Prince Sadaam has cause to destroy like jaws
The high-intellect, word doctor, healing verbs, my cure is poetry herbs
High blood pressure thoughts break down your nerves

(Killa Sin)

To see the gods fall, never that
I hold the black metal for golden raps
Where the soldiers at, dealing with math
We still upon that, killer combat
Form the righteous uprising
Two flies within the eyes of uncivilized men
Got fake niggaz posing like they heismen
Push through like limemen
Attack your quarterback on consignment
The key to living life is refinement
It's knowledge of self, without allah you never gonna survive this
Merciless, onslaught this bra-fourth within you
Continue to turn concerts to a murder venue
It's all real, always blood spill in that direction
Keep your fingers steady when you operate your weapons
Small minds add to hard times of all times
It's a thin line between the scene of the crime
So, don't cross it

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