

# Killarmy, Originators

(9th Prince)

Yoaw! Whattup

This right here, is an explosion  
For all the radio stations  
Across United Nations, United States  
Word up, turn this up right here  
Aiiyoaw, aiiyoaw

Originators we came, gladiators, God-body regulators  
We're street educators  
I was born through the womb, of Emagene Hamlin  
She's the creator of the Terminator - 9th Prince, rhyme slayer  
Stayed in ten housing projects, razors, machine gun blazes  
at'cha neighbors - Jamaican rum, no chaser  
Number one contender, we can busts guns after dinner  
Last man standin, he's the winner  
Ghetto prime minister, Desert Storm ski-mask avengers  
We move like ninjas in the winter  
Brown-skin Adonis, slugs to the stomach, blood gush like Ramic  
Mad man's bionic, check the weather climate  
Strike like lightning, terrorists Islamic  
A ghetto superhero, like Marvel Comics  
Vertical limits, fresh notebooks I write anthems to crooks image  
Cross the lines of scrimmage - I shoot you in your temple,  
and leave your face shattered with dimples  
Killa-Arm could never be so simple  
Cross my heart, I won't die 'til your ass is crippled  
In a wheelchair, knee-cap raps, flashbacks to digital, warfare...

(talking)

Yoaw, I wanna say whattup  
to everybody who copped that first and second album  
Word up, y'all real troops out there, yoaw

(9th Prince)

Aiiyoaw, my lions run through club Cheetah, with rusty heaters  
That blast like lyrical heat-seekers through the speakers  
Non-believers are deceivers - through the media  
Lyrics try to teach ya, or walk through Harlem like Black Caesar  
Razor blade, stashed inside the sole of my sneaker  
Ill graphics, far from a savage  
The streets is wicked like Halloween havoc  
Little children with automatics  
Imagine babies drive-by's in the cabbage  
Rappers is like Peter Pan  
or built like Sandman on the desert lands  
I'm from Shaolin, my sword is a mic stand  
You should slow ya glance, 9th Prince is in command  
Of the stage, my heart pumps rage  
Like a jungle lion, trapped inside a cage  
I free slaves, through the airwaves of Hot 97 airplay  
All my real soldiers, wave ya AK's and hand grenades

(talking)

Word the fuck up, the 9th Prizm  
The new millennium, peace and blessings to all five boroughs  
Brooklyn, Manhattan, Staten, word up  
Queens, ya know, Long Island..  
Upstate, Connecticut, the whole tri-state..  
New Jers'.. peace and blessings to Killa-Arm  
We armed and dangerous, for real  
The new millennium, get ready..  
one love, two loves, three loves...