

# 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

Aiyyoaw, aiyyoaw

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 bust 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)

Aiyyoaw, 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...