

Killarmy, Red Dawn

(P.R. Terrorist)

Skuffed up guns, toss the filthy heat then run
Dirty Weaponry fill my clip with rusty dum dums
It hardly worked right, When I bust it hardly jerked right
Smith and Wesson type, illuminate the block all night
Serial scraped, found it in the nearby lake
Dried it off, an hour later caught your man for his cake
Administrate an earthquake, the earth shake
Your body ache, your lifes at stake stake
Your lyrics aint holding no wieght
Parylize your enterprise cause they moving like snakes
Up in my grasp, little they know its water then gas
Spark that ass with the friction that my music enhance
Verbal vibrations spit a few darts from out my stash
Terrorist nemesis is the first and the last
Knowledge and understanding one and the same
I aim, no restrain, nothing to lose, all to gain
I raise cane and snap your back, rip out your veins
Crack your frame, return you loopback from where you came

(9th Prince)

Yo, yo Im the master of ceremony revolutionist
Lyrical demolitionist, trapped in the abyss
Pirates of dark waters meterologist
Slang thugs be sublime to to abdict lyrics is dangerous
I exiled myself from earth and built a home on Uranus
9th Prince, the ill street acrobatic, lyrical gymnastic
The stage is gymnasium
I slay through the rythem, I tear notes like patriotism
The universal, find at rehearsal
Rappers is too commercial, I live til we murder you
We attack with logical, scrape your physical composition
With broken bottles, and blow fire out my nostrils
Rappers is nervous, battle mode verses
Lyrically enormous shockwaves split the surface
Psychic predictions, its the imitation of the minds of egyptians
Political, poor then musician
Tools hit the moon make the earth cause collision
With seven planets, then I vanish
So call me the human Titanic
Seize the prisoner in captivity
Son of Solar broke the laws of gravity
Fellows incarcerated, assault and battery against the music academy
MCs is too gentle
Stab my pencil inside your temple
And revenge the general

(chorus: P.R. Terrorist)

Red dawn, war pawns, raps nasty like porn
Pass on, transform, arm leg leg arm
Supreme head, infra-red, we form like voltron
We form like voltron

(Beretta 9)

We go to war like Arabians, Pakistinians, Richmond and Indians
Germans, Muslims, Vikings, Patriots
Trojans, Conquistodors, Romans
Projects, Aztecs, Confederates, Yankees, Nazis
Nomvets drown you in the ocean get your shit open
Shouldve had your sword but it was broken
Strike your whole facility with strength and agility
To the best of my ability with heavy artillery
Extreme me a military Killarmy adversary
Shot your first platoon, drop a bomb on your secondary

Mindstate be war, for this newer revolutionary
Beretta aiming sights at your dome and at your coronary
Then I finish you off with a banner to the respiratory
Best prepare to die when you step into my territory

(chorus) (2x)

Then drop a bomb
Word is bon