

Killarmy, Street Monopoly

(9th Prince)

Yoaw! I'm 'bout to torture the phone, the phone piece
Leave it deceased, six feet deep
The 9th Prizm, Mad Mizm, get up in 'em

Aiyyoaw, aiyyoaw

Lord of your majesty and generosity
How could you possibly, try to rob me from my monopoly
Ghetto property, street jeopardy
Death mack celebrities, we pray for war,
like the Russian military
Enter the stage with a grenade, and a machete
Stab you like Bloody Mary - I do this for convicts
Takin niggas commisary
Niggas ain't feelin me, I ain't feelin you either
You ain't my brother, FUCK IT!
Let's grab the nines and try to murder each other
MOTHERFUCKER!!

(Dom Pachino)

Yo, millatic mind structure
Dome bone crushers, stone busters, slugs muster
Diamond clusters, don't even trust her
Spanish kid the fun is over, make a party motor
Call ya dojos, this man remind me of a soldier
When I speak words cut air
Stop your breathin, there's a lot of dues required of man
You not recievin sneak, thievin niggas are bleedin
Recievin aid on my V.I.
I had my baby girl boof, via grenade
Fuck around, in the bathroom nigga, you get slain
We got those two there - if you act up there'll be a raid
Razor blades, infected with AIDS
I'd rather be a fat rap cat nigga that's paid

(Chorus - Dom Pachino) 2x

It's past your bedtime
Everybody out past twelve is gettin stuck
We don't give a fuck!
Close ya doors, close ya windows, we climb balconies
To make it in this street monopoly

(Killa Sin)

Aiyyo this rap law, clap boars, crack jaws
Snatch drawers, live war, nigga act raw, getcha back torn
Hacksaw my way in, gats no displayin 'em
You, light up the skyline, I'm clappin at'cha cranium
Ain't no stoppin my flow, like dominoes drop
Geronimo! Toss him out the Tahoe naughty gotta go
Eighty on the Verizano, hyrdo bottle, mind boggle
Cop sergeant chasin, we escapin by a narrow margin
Camuoflage Large killas, bitin off ya squad
Get you no love, but die-hard fans might throw slugs

(Islord)

Picture the God gettin caught off guard, that shit is ab-surd
I hold my square down very superb-ly
It be the Islord with the sword
Comin from the barrel of the Staten
And rollin with, five live men
Who got guard-junials on 'em
Word is bond God I'm speakin the truth, the actual fact
Step into my chamber, you get waxed
Wordlife black, I'm mad nice with my life black

Sacrifice the Zulu times twice
For my son, live on the run, no lie ask around
You might got, niggas who might wanna testify 'gainst the kid
They get they biz chopped in half,
and that's just part of my warpath...

(Chorus) 4x