

# 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