Killarmy, Sweatshop

(Intro: Madam Scheez)
Yeah, fuck that shit
Killarmy lay low in the fox hole
Y'all bitches better be on some shit
And start transportin' grenades in y'all pussies
Hold ya man down
I'm a knock-out bitch
What y'all bitches know about war?
Some of y'all niggas is bitches too, rockin' gay fatigues
Bitches better come on some militant shit

(Beretta 9)
Yo, fresh paste, PaperMate, another joint, no date
Y'all MC's know darts, no weight, no escape
The wrath, Genuine Draft, Beretta's time to splash
Like Hurricane Joe, grab a raft, lifesaver
Return of the Jedi, Luke vs. Vader
Crush you with the force, of course you can't score
First platoon leads you to doom, kid, your aunt raw
These darts like scuds, oh son, you want war?
Black Rambo, thoughts like the power of Ginko
My thoughts move fast to the speed of the tempo
Think quick, don't be the one to get licked
Shit is real, kid, you don't get to practice the script
Keep ya eyes pealed, guns concealed, ya lips sealed
By the way, kid, got on ya shield?
Shit be on, out in the world
It's all Fear, Love & War
But we sure to keep this in store

(ShoGun Assason)
All men man ya battle stations, this is global devastation
In it's purest manifestation, the 6 man weddin' invasion
The return the Killarmy, prepare for war with 3
Attack in harmony, to terrorize ya industry
With murder poems and assassinatin' symphonies
ShoGun, there's no disarmin' me
Blast over instru-medleys, my words is deadly
Beretta keep you shootin' heads steady
Fuckin' with a lone wolf runnin' through the wilderness hungry
I'm growlin' and howlin' at the full moon
There's no hope for this world, only tragedy and doom
That's why I stay liquidic, I'm sick wit it
Cock me back and watch me spit it

(Chorus: Islord)
Yo, be off the set, jet
Cuz when we come through we drop bombs on y'all establishments
Killarmy got this rap shit sewn like sweatshops
Jet, be off the set
Cuz when we come through we drop bombs on y'all establishments
Killarmy got the shit sewn like sweatshops

(Frukwan)
Yo, fuckin' hip-hop
Yo, perish, demolish, every herd in the forest
Stalk the tropic, category 4, catastrophic
Doust the tonic that's outside, end the demonic
While you wack-ass niggas puffin' on the chronic
Ultimately mentally unstable
Bones shatter, rat-a-tat-tat, I'm somethin' fatal
Public rehab it just like in a fossil
Leave a nigga bone drop, dryer than a fossil
Makti functions, lock niggas in dungeons

Trigger the C4, ga-pow-pow, parts all over the wall
Pressure, descent, to lay assault
Prisons and vaults, a catapult, watts and volts
Special effects, Hi-Tech scouts and tweezers
Yo, a fuckin' difficult procedure

(Chorus)

(Outro: Islord)
We don't play
We don't play when it comes to this shit right here
Shit gotta feed our babies and all that shit
Feed ya fuckin' families and shit
Comin' straight from the ghetto
Know what I mean?
We don't play
When we come through, we don't play
Word up, y'all niggas get hurt
Fuckin' with this shit right here we dealin' wit
Y'all niggas get hurt
Word up
It's like that
It's real like that
Ya fuckin' nerds
Y'all niggas is nerds out here
Word up