

Killarmy, The Hit

(Intro: 4th Disciple (ShoGun Assason))

When you see me, keep on movin (Yeah mothafucka)
Ain't nuttin sweet, nigga (Think I'ma let that shit ride)
(Right)

(Chorus: ShoGun Assason)

When you see that nigga, that faggot ass nigga
Crash that nigga, slash that nigga
Blast that nigga, splash that nigga
Smash that nigga, bomb that nigga
Burn that nigga, return that nigga
When you see that nigga, that snake ass nigga
That crab ass nigga, that 85 nigga
Smash that nigga, blast that nigga

(ShoGun Assason)

(Blast that nigga..)

Yo put The Hit out, take that nigga and his wannabee click out
Run up in the hide-out with the red beams out
Hit the switch, turn and buck ya lights out
Total blackout so no one will see the brains splash out
As we spaz out, camouflage large, no doubt
The God ain't no slouch
Gaul' up in ya mouth if you talk shit
Ya knocked quick for actin tough shit
What you think I'm on some crab shit?
Get laid on ya back kid, Killa stacks it
With a semi-automatic burn ya like fire to plastic
Cuz times is hard and shit is drastic
I'm in this game for life, playa, ain't tryin to end up in no casket
That's why I live mathematics and stray away from the savage
Fuck y'all niggas cuz y'all niggas ain't shit
Y'all said y'all be ready for the war but didn't come equipped
Now I'm on some shit, murder 1 ya heard of it kid
Place ya bid on who will die first
From the tear of the heartless men
Break down the lost and found infinitely
I strike yo' city like a cyclone
My fury leave ya mind blown
Bare death to the a-tone
Laughin after ya face gone
All you could do is moan and groan
Cuz the stun of the gun got you numb and dumb
Can't speak, forced to leave yo' plasma on the street
Then stand the terrain
That's the penalty when you go against the grain
Nigga

(Chorus: ShoGun Assason)

Blast that nigga, slash that nigga
Crash that nigga, bomb that nigga
Burn that nigga, return that nigga
When you see that nigga, that snake ass nigga
Crab ass nigga, 85 nigga
Crash that nigga, blast that nigga
Slash that nigga, splash that nigga
Bomb that nigga, burn that nigga
Return that nigga when you see that nigga
Snake ass nigga, crab ass nigga

(4th Disciple)

What's really goin on?
Everybody actin like I'm the one to be fronted on
All my friends have befriended me

But still be lookin in my face all friendly
That's why I can't see no peace for me
'Til I'm dead and gone, at 4 the wars always on
Cuz I lost everything next to my mental
Along with the General, I'm unstable
I might blackout and wild
Run up in the trial of the Big Willie nigga
With attempts to kill a nigga
As the caps peal nigga
Only through conflict could I be made sick
Turmoil makes my blood boil
Little darts are blazin niggas in the soul
Cut him up in a 1000 pieces
In grams of 20 bags of Crown Royal
Give him a savage burial, piss on grave
Tell him, "What you read is what you sold nigga"
And just to let you know nigga
I never gave up, never will
Shoot to kill is my motto
Keep the chrome cocked, ready to release hollows
And never come to shootout with a gun that's borrowed
You think niggas forgot about that lick
In that mini street war last night, kid you stupid?
You must be slippin or sniffin or either both
For you not to check if the coast is clear
Or if you're bein followed closely from the rear
On ya trip home, ya niggas'll run up in ya, leave 1 in ya dome
Run at the front door of ya king dome

(Islord)
Killarm' we bomb dead arm
Quick to drop bombs like Sadaam on ya sector
Killah Hill 10304 blood travels through my veins
Son I'm goin insane
Odds paralell to street war but I must maintain
My thoughts on my lessons
You never catch me guessin
Or off point, or not vested to protect my waist up
Yeah you fake fucks, bring it
And watch this Killa Bee kid sting it
From all angles, to hit ya pressure points in ya joints
To leave ya stiff as a manequin
And I'm quick to tell the snitches standin with the Gods again
Leavin mad bloodshed on the scene {*echoes*}