

Killarmy, Whatever We Want

{*fanfare*}

(Hook x3.5: Islord)

Ladies and gentlemen you about to see
The flyest MC's, just rippin ya M-I-C

(Killa Sin)

Eh-yo, we come from gun cockers, rock the guzzle and
Pop a couple and bop the opposite the coppers runnin in
Rooftop binocular, why's they keep hoverin?
Somehow, someway, you know they comin, kid
Duck from the po-9, blast 30 rounds for my comrades
Cocktail bomb, my Killarm' rag'll launch that
Complex, gin X intellect, intercept the mic with an inner-step
Smash like a rental wreck, young gun but been a vet
Walk North, mini Tec talk to ya sawed off, mine blow ya balls off
Worldwide from one small asylum, Staten Island
Where the crime round-up rises like waves when homicide hits

(P.R. Terrorist)

Visualize whats on my mind one time
If it's not crime, it's teachin the deaf, dumb and the blind
How to be refined, not once, but two times
Mind and matter, who's beats are fatter
Who's lyrical treats of data, one more step to complete the latter
Press delete, pull out the heat, the beef'll splatter
Increase the static with the peace, cuz all I see is the beast
Tryin to take my beauty, lock and load the Uzi
Terrorist: The Movie, not for ya child to see
Blue Steel part 2, Killarmy part 3
Puerto Rican little nigga on the M-I-C
Reppin Nueva York seriously, Dom P is like a bully
When my raps come out they rock hoodies {*echoes*}

{*bullets firing*}

(Chorus x2: Killa Sin)

Eh yo, whatever we want we gon' take it
See we could build it up or we could break it
We leave 'em shooken up bad like when a quake hit (x2)

(Beretta 9)

We bomb aerial, material, 1 shot scenario
Killarm' battalion stage show, 4 Sho Sho
You want war? Machine gun tour, these shots inform
Ya door black, they knockin and all that
Surprise, slugs murderize, empor'ize, widow wise
Penalize, those who didn't criticize us, what fun, let it slide
Caramel, Ginko thoughts, knowledge twice, yo
I'm nice, salute me, bust my joint, aim precise
While you shoot G, fuck that shit
Second guess us, murder 1, return yo' shit

(9th Prince)

Eh-yo, fresh out the P-Now, Allah with C now
Move the crowd, 40 thou' is how the kid get down
Locked down in the pen, it makes assassins
Bloods and Crips, Puerto Ricans and Italians
We all top billin in a cell, straight Hell
Nobody made bail, watch for the 3rd rail
Life's no joke, chill loc, kid already got his nose broke
Oh that's Duke from Killarm', yo
CO's swallowin my notes, make moves or let ya body float
9th Prince with the roller coaster flow

Eh-yo, I'm ghost {*echoes*}

(Chorus x2)

{*bullets flying*}

(sampled singer)

Ohh-ohh.. ohh-ohh (x3)

(War movie sample)

Come on, men, let's go!

Do you see the spirit of these men?

Do you see the new spirit?

Why do you wanna take advantage of that before
somethin happens to zap their strength?

Damn these battalion relieved in

In a defeat, or even, to have it reenforced with
troubles from the reserve regiment

If we were stalled before reachin the top

Jesus Christ, that takes a Hell of a lot more than I can stand!

I've waited all my life for this!