

# 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 shaken 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!