

# Swinging Swords

## Killarmy

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

These rhythms can't deface me  
Hot rhythms stimulate me  
Can't help but swing it boy  
Swing it brother swing  
Don't stop the beat that's  
Slapped this foolish brat  
Come on swing me boys  
Swing it brother swing Word up, let's take 'em to war, son  
Show 'em how it should be done  
It's real god  
Yeah, yeah  
Stimulate the brain cells  
Check it, check it Yo killarmy bounty killers  
Industry kid shivers  
Shells up through your liver  
Dead corp float the rivers  
Murderous style is superior from shaolin to nigeria  
Stalking through the monitor  
With the wisdom for dynamical fessor ( ? )  
Lyrical kid in processor  
Nat turner was my militant ancestor  
I capture your mind put in isolation  
Control the soul automation  
Victims became mechanical slaves again  
Read the east coast historian  
As you oppose this  
Your walking dead soldiers can't get close to this  
I be splitting shit like moes  
Then celebrate with guns 'n roses  
I turn soundtracks into startracks  
My tongue is symbolic to an axe  
I used to be caught up in the world of mad max

Now come against the consequence of the 9th prince  
I sit upon my throne and chop off domes  
Then send them home to your peoples  
So they can sew 'em Thoughts I generate like high forms of energy  
My brain's energetic  
Ultramagnetic synthetic  
Burn like oil  
High octane let it drain upon the shaolin soil  
You get trapped inside my rap coils  
Like my phalanges rip the microphone  
When I recite a war poem  
It's written in my soldier's log  
It's a killarmy espionage  
Puerto rican mobster in camouflage  
Perform at the mirage my entourage  
Get the ticket through telecharge as I massage lyrics get enlarged  
Grenade particles rip through your fatigue articles  
You flee for shelter  
My tre pound rounds'll melt you  
Like camouflage vinyl in the force of delta What, what, one time  
Come on, swing it  
Bring it, what  
Killarm, yeah, swing it  
The gods gonna bring it  
Real, what Yo, yo  
You either get down shut the fuck up or catch an uppercut  
Rough enough to muffle up your jaw when we knuckle up  
Knuckle what? bacardi hit me harder than you  
You crash dummies show respect when the gods is coming through  
Eyes swollen up the size of coconuts  
Your body folding up  
Allah the soldier struck and through the cut I walk and hold you up  
Sit back hang from your hip like loose kani's  
Try to flip it on the strength of your wis' and let you slide  
Savage eighty five trying to test sides  
True we're living thirty two shots  
We're sending a rocket to your prison  
Caught you bubbling  
Like a cold sore the money coming in  
Juggling the church and street life you got me wonderng and catch 'em  
I let allah bless 'em  
That's the question  
You dealing with a madman's profession  
So choose your weapon

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