Where I Rest At

Killarmy

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Intro: beretta 9 & killa sinYo. smell that gun powder in the air?
Yo. I smell it, kid.
Shit is like this everyday when I wake up.
We do this shit all time, kid.
It's a war zone.
It ain't nothing new over here.
Word up.
You know?
Killarmy time. military thing.
Shaolin thing.
It's born, build nigga.
Gotta civilize.
Yo. check it out. yo. yo.Chorus: beretta 9Where I rest at niggaz scheme at plot
Sling rocks, stars, cops over on our block and get fought
Bust a shot and get shot, smoke pot, get locked
Do a bid, while some taught to resurface to the street
Some don't last, won't weep
Where I rest at keep a vest and a gat at least three ways back
So, the flash can't track, where I rest at do the one to time
Double dirty crossed sneeky snake fucks, where I rest at[killa sin]
Kid, but where I rest at the crime wave be jumping off
Like suicide, commitors on a busy highway with they clothes off
The fire trucks, trust, bull swine, blow your draws off
The nine year olds toying with his sword off
He can hardly tie his nikes up right, so how the fuck you blow his toes off
>from modernized, so are common, coarsed, where I rest at
Steping out the front doors is set back
The warzone, the death trap, waiting to consume those who get trapped
Shaolin, the villianous island filled with hidden pure-breds
Killing niggaz who thrive on the forbidden rituals
Or getting you in the drop, fuck sticking moves
The pick you almost mentally popped like scotty pippen

Most niggaz fame is almost chain gangs in state prisons
Wu-tang reign this worldwide cave for dirty richmen(chorus)[shogun assasson]
Yo, yo, I dwell in the slum, roll amongst the bums
Like ? hai-shews? , while ignorant brothers strive to get jewels
Hustling rocks on the blocks and get caught be crooked cops
A ? haitian mamila? , you might get a way if you got enough stamina
And escape death valley, filled with crack alleys
? crock? these bricks and boulders at niggaz who think they real-live soldiers
I make my money from here to ? edo? , seventh street
Where the crackheads meet and walk on the block like cops on the beat
Too many heads draw heat, so I keep it short and sweet, stay on my feet
'cause niggaz'll step on your toes, and I peeped you strategy
To change your name to jealousy, your man's name is envy
That's why your mad at me, 'cause I start tackling shit
And lock down the whole strip, and you won't make shit
'cause I got that white-white and my shit sells all night
I got what the fiends like, it was meer black in the back off his pants
Plotting on these savage cats, how to make them run all they scratch
And stick them for all they gats, don't ever cross me
I'm precise the ? heed? , and it be on where I rest at(chorus)[beretta 9]
Where I rest at...

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