

Clash of the Titans

Killarmy

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Take 'em to war, son
(Yeah)
Yo, wassup dog?
Seven commandments, knahmean?
Yo son, with the seven commandmentsYo, I'm about the army shit, the raw shit
The military war hits with gun clips
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Yo, I'm about the army shit, the raw shit
The military war hits with gun clipsYo, my battleground's where I lounge
Fightin' wars from dusk till dawn
In the trenches of hell
There's more blood spilled than Hamburger HillThe planet earth is the battlefield
Enemy troops can't come face to face with death
Black mission caught for cold steel
The last art drill when I open fire
Better aim to killAs the destruction that I reveal like revelations
Drop Jews like parables
That can't be seen with the eye like constellations
You're lost in the nation with no mental vision
Unseen strikes your vital like precision
I'm camouflaged in the large with ammunitionI'm in deep meditation like the great Indian monk Dowmo
Lyrical desperados thrown like a torpedo from black masks like Zorro
I froze all the scriptures and literature of killers
Riddlers and HitlersSick photographers who paint bloody pictures
Wu-Tang is the foundation, we movin' populations
And you can not stand, then control the minds of Asians
Candy cat raps, gets your tongue cut off and run through his backSabotage, savages got stabbed

As I watched blood drip from their fabrics
Madman ran up in the church and stuck the reverend
Stabbed him with a cross, some say he was stuck by the seven
The seven commandments, metric equivalents
Meaning many niggas died for pleasures I wagin' Guerilla Warfare
Supply the yellow jackets
Each one containin' a mini sovereign homing missile
Fittin' your sides ragged Puerto Rican terrorist from the middle east
Refusin' the mark of the beast
Increase your energy by one bar while I unleash
Thoughts that remain on your brain like scars for life
Made possible by the mic device I slice, wieldin' a sharp instrument
Sharpened in the temple of pyramids
Used to drill a hole through the minds of the ignorant
It's my assignment, burn up the climate usin' rays from the sun
Dom PaChino, madman assassinatin' tracks with Shogun Yo, bring it on
I deal with this like my first born
My brain form blow MCs away like Desert Storm
21st century crime for you being born U.S. currency got me itchin' my palms
P.L.O. killer tactics like I support a fact
Dead back was the feedback, Park Hill's badass
I deal with this shit like it's my last
So to speak, what you say son, go have a blast! I'm livin' for the city, I burn as the world turn
First degree poetry
Hold your headpiece, when I release, I clear the streets
Killarmy passed the heat so I'm a dead the piece
P.L.O. is the street life out in the streets Mentally I be ready, pass the machette
My thoughts travel fast like Mario Andretti
Racin' through this hellhole or ghetto through the poverty
It's all about survival so I can risk the robbery Goin' through the struggle, trials and execution
This is my solution to this revolution, pay close attention
Lyrical precision, my mind be my war guide, observe, learn and listen
Knowledge before your wisdom unleashed for the children
'96 be buildin' the stat or be killed in

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