Burning Season

Killarmy

Get the vests; get the vests

Word up, grab your nines

Crazy head get out there god
Blast that nigga hard

It's all real over here

Killa sin, 9th prince, what

We don't give a fuck

Yo, it's burning season
Y'all thugs is guiltly of high treason
Many of them bleeding
Some getting sent to the brain for no reason
On the streets niggas kill without a license, in scarsville
It's all for real cause everything is real
Don't sleep on the average cat he's packing steelAyo nigga I'm on the cash rules
Wasted in my hand, half a hundred grand
Injure that pretender in the black land
Heard he be the crack man
Selling major jums (?) by the pager son
He the one sporting crazy tunes (?) lace 'em with your tongue
So here's the plan
Get the glock I got the doo-wop
Follow him for two blocks
And pop him if he do cock
Scat back better snap his nap back for that black
Pass the stacks to fat cat and find out where the crack's at
Rolling out make sure you keep your phone out
So I can reach your shit quick
Get his whip stripped and take my own route
For safety
Mistakes be for hasty
Many jakes who chase me
But never have the space to embrace me
A fool's game where all the rules change

I never move the same
But who's to blame
My nigga buddha came with the ruger aim
Somebody screamed stop the violence
So this nigga had the silencer spitting black talons at any challenger
Yo, it was a ghetto vietnam I tried to flee and harm
Me and har my nigga buddha caught about three in the arm
But one traveled to his abdomen
I grabbed him and embraced him
Had to see how bad this crab had laced him
Yo, rapidly bleeding started pleading for his life
Take care my seed and my wife
Make sure she's feeding him right
True indeed black I got your back
I hold it down on the real
May you rest in peace son
I see you on the ground
Many times I fought the urge to resort to crime
But I find my criminal mind complying with the villain kind
I'm feeling nines 'til they overflow
Going blow for blow with the rest
Cause them try and test the best
It's a slug fest
Round one sounds wrong I found one
Lurking in the back now clapped him with my pound son
The shells drop
Old ladies yell for the cops and shorty shot shit
Fell in the arms of his pops and didn't mean to
Why he had them running away
Should have taught him how to duck when he heard the fucking gun spray
I say a prayer for the kid, keep stepping
With my weapon cocked wetting up the block every section hot
The gats flash out by leaps and bounds
Now police and hounds making up grounds
Cause they chasing me down
I'm all alone in this war zone
My brain's under stress
Thinking I'm blessed if I can make it home
Scared to death kid
Catch my breath I bear left
Hit the weeds and then rest to calm my chest
But an undercover had discovered my plot and plan
I shot the man so I dropped my glock and ran
Get the fuck out the way, move, move
Get the fuck out the way, oh shitYo, I made a rally to a dark alley

Where I bumped heads with crackhead fred and his bitch named sally
She had a down low lab for me to go to
Where I could relax and count stacks like I'm supposed to
Keep my whereabouts on the hush hush
I had to provide some heroin high, sick grooves, and five bags of dust
I didn't wet up or let it slide because I was petrified
If homicide got me they gonna watch me die
Fuck that, I'm going all out
No half stepping
My last weapon is cocked to keep that ass jetting
I lay low for like five days or so
Put some troopers on the block round the clock to make me dough
Yo out of sight and out of mind be my motto
I promise myself I'm gonna make it to see tomorrow
Word up, killarm '96
Killa sin, word up
9th prince
The saga continues
For real though gotta let these niggas know
To the rounds in the cut, all real niggas raise up

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