

# Armageddon

## Archã-a

Showdown, Armageddon  
Allah, yo, AkbarOne to the chest, two to the back  
Three to the face with my gat, gat, gat  
Keep a close casket, made a son a bastard  
Got to stay strapped but the Cru is comin' backLoungin' with my Cru above Meck and Harmony  
Bringin' like 13 other niggas, at least  
Took them for some action 'cuz we love to party  
The double agent, Biggie Smalls and BDPSo um, walked up in the spot, pisses  
Hugs, frowns, hugs, disses  
Walkin' through the crowd I bumped into Russell Russ  
Huggin' me some love, you rich mothafuckEveryone was there, representin'  
Just a good shit, Funk Flex, representin'  
All of a sudden I thought shit gettin' thin  
Wu-tang actin' up with their group from ShaolinErick Sermon tried to representin' his island  
He said, "Hey", niggas joked him  
Redman seen this nigga, uh, nuh that's his brother  
Jumped over the bar like he was Soopaman LovaJersey had his back, that's a fact  
But BDP was out to hit this nigg' with they classic traps  
Six minutes, KRS you're on  
The bridge is over, South Bronx drop the bombNas and his boys were in there yellin', "Kill that boy"  
Oh shit, in the gutter everything went wrong  
Biggie Smalls yellin', "Can't we just all get along?"  
Nope, it's ArmageddonOne to the chest, two to the back  
Three to the face with my gat, gat, gat  
Keep a close casket, made a son a bastard  
Got to stay strapped but the Cru is comin' backOne to the chest, two to the back  
Three to the face with my gat, gat, gat  
Keep a close casket, made a son a bastard  
Got to stay strapped but the Cru is comin' backOh, shit, all hell breakin' loose  
Instead I should of went to that party at the muse  
For ugly, I didn't and here's where I'm at  
Chill, is that Q-Tip pullin' out a gat?Damn, now I know somethin's really wrong  
First to bust off, Fat Joe from P-Long  
Black moon caught mad brooms and they done  
Method Man, murdered by the same gunKool G. Rap lickin' shot and KRS  
But he didn't die fast 'cuz the brother had a vest  
Ooh, nigga took Kool G. with him  
Both dead from head wounds when the lead hit himEverybody going buck nuggy, word life  
Rakim throwed slit by Eric B's knife

Damn, this gettin' iller than I thought  
Playin' the back on the law so I won't get caught Wonder where Yogi is at in this piece  
LL slumped over the bar, deceased  
Redman, a dead man, essence forever  
Latifah in the corner with a fuckin' head sever  
But as I look around, know everybody's dead Wait, what's that code shit on?

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