Fair, Love & War

Killarmy

Yeah, word up
One time, one time
Killarmy, killarmy
Beretta 9, killa sin, dom pachino, word up
Shogun the assasson, all is fair in love and war
Yo, the saga carries on, word up, military time
I got a long time (?) for slugs thug life tricks
And pit fights jet black acts with fat ass kicks
That's the shit right
We jettin' to the roof for the tre duce
Aimed at jesus, residentials that let loose at spent shells
We share a giggle and a heineken
We sitting on the corner with my niggas yelling
Killa kick the rhyme again
Yo, so then I bust 'em down with verbs and nouns
Bombing they brain cells like herb
Words attacking like a german hound
We spark a freestyle session
With a beef and forks (?) collection
Full moon yeah kid no question
Yo the cipher's over now par bay (?) and star play
Ring around the hosey and mosey
Down to tarjay for marge-ay
Crazy dick bitch who suck dick
On the down with his sheisty ass click from tre pound clown
This is an ordinary day around my way
When niggas spray shots, killer straight shots, and hit up gay copsI attack shit move with your shots call the medic
Beretta 9 my chamber be pain no anesthetic
Nightmares visions of death
Catch a flashback
This gunfire out of control I'm getting sent back
Hell no, pave my way back to the foxhole for ammo
In enough shit to bury rambo
I cock back releasin' all shit for the boot camp
Plus worker laying in dirt thinking the earth dead
Adrenalin (?) cats be amped up for action
Going to war no time for relaxing
Fists or handguns it doesn't make a difference

Adjusts my sights and starts (?) become relentless
Intelligent how I came to bomb your regiment
Beretta 9 my chamber be hard like rock sediment
Blast on herds, shake serbs with deadly words
The pain's intense like I'm swinging on your nervesPush the trigger
Suddenly it bring you clarity
Nights like day magnified
Three point two time design
Combine with steel wind to blow your mind
Counter terrorism with precision
Armed with smoke bombs to blow your vision like cataracts
My green team attacks your format
My manifold is combat
On wargrounds or on dats
It's my nature killarmy legislator
Leavingi broken arrows in backs of traitors
My platoon's filled with black berets and painted faces
High speed car chases and soldiers with war faces
Specially trained in rugged terrain grains of the earth
Hot cold and humid temperatures that make barometers burst
Who came first God or the universe
Uniting energy through my tongue and through the sun
War is never pretty
But there is something dirty and disturbing about today's
World conflict, because today's battles are fought with the
Dark heart of terrorism
Uh, it's very hard to maintain the emotional and political
Zeal that is needed to kill lots of peopleYou been to shogun's realm
I stand as a military helm
Gone on a world war tour
I catch a flashback from iraq
That's when I start terrorizing tracks
Killing mc's with platinum stacks and death wax
My torture chamber's filled with anger
The executioner of lucifer
Swords chop razor sharp like the blade of excalibur
Slashing at your fat jets you do or die
Men before parachutes see with wounded eyes
I be your war God to the dark side
Witness how soldiers fall and die
Lives are being lost
Around the globe each flashpoint has it's own personality
A border dispute here, a displaced homeland there
A greedy politician or drug lord almost everywhere
But whether the location is south america or south yemen there is a

Connection between many of these struggles
They are angry conflicts of desparate people
Who feel they have neither the resources nor
The clout to fight their enemies at the negotiating table
So they take their negotiations to the streets

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