

Monster

Killarmy

Yo, uh-huh, Nah, nah, nah, you know how to feel the deal baby?
We gon' strike (Killarm' '9-9, 2000)

There's gon be a monster when we give birth to this shit
(Killarm' never mind who sponsor this shit)
Grab ya fat Mac's, hoodies and clips, aboard the shit
(If you're for the cause, niggas jump off!)

Yo, You hardly qualify, fuckin with I, Terrorist die
I'm never calm, niggas scheme on gold and plat' charms
with leathers and goose feathers on, and never felt the weather warm
It's hot like when the sweater's torn, from the letter, Desert Storm
My resume was never sorn, I'm sharper than a cactus thorn
My practice on the pace of juggler, his ass is gone
Backdraft's the norm', exposed to chemical bombs
Criminal's, cons, thug drug dealers they carry arms
in they crotches, with CREAM, bulgin out they sock-es
Obnoxious, keep lyrics sicker than purple blotches
on ya body, machine gambino like John Gotti
with a snotty nose, nobody blows'll leave ya body frozen stiff
Terrorist niggas shoot the gift
Don't rift, I spill it like a bottle of Cris'

Continue my daily plans and strategies
to rid myself of the problems that bother me
It's hard to stay humble and act calmly
and walk the streets without a nine on me
when it feel like someone's plottin on me, like they got the drop on me
but I got somethin hot on me that'll fuck ya world up terribly
So FUCK with me, I'm gone off the PCP
Blair Witch brew, OE and Henny
Hoodie, mask and gloves to hide the identity
Stay alert, move on ya clones and act quickly
That's what he taught me, observed his words and took heed respectfully
That's why real niggas move silent and deadly

There's gon be a monster when we give birth to this shit
(Killarm' never mind who sponsor this shit)
Grab ya fat Mac's, hoodies and clips, aboard the shit
(If you're for the cause, niggas jump off!)

Eh-yo, eh-yo, 9th Prince and Killa Bamz in the lobby
At 1077, Body Brighton
Dirty cops and grimy niggas is fightin, Shaolin vikings
We wild like Hitler, drunk on German Heinekens
Bullets blow through ya shit, General Wise let the macs spit again
Snake nigga did a whirlwind, shot him in the mouth,
Shell exit through his chin
Killa Sin had the tre-pound, I had the four-pound
Laid him down on the compound, no smiles, wise men speak without a sound
Six-four, two-hundred and five pounds
Killarm', murder with glocks that'll murder ya block
Murder the cops, murder stick-up kids who circle the rock

Yo, submit to my kill, my niggas stand still
and always what will, be, all that I can be, don't see
not in your peripheral, that be the last hit you see

Me, Killarm', we still indispensable
Yield to the strong, weak niggas not permissible
You won't make it through this song, Beretta's not your typical
One shot reciprocal, bust mine one time so ya mind stay Digital

Eh-yo, some say this nigga like hoo wop for you dillingers
Pop this cop killin in ya cylinder
Administer wisdom shots to finish ya
The sinister slay rhymes, flame nines, hundred bar hang time
Bang like freight trains on the same line
We spray blocks, state-of-the-art, top material
Paid to knock, these razor sharp generals play they part
Now the trademark, engraved in the hearts of true followers
Czar fellas model skateboard is cradle robbers
and politics of sons and daughters, so they acknowledge us
Black man intelligence, supreme mind dominant
Killarm' blew it on the map, remain permanent
Wu-Tang and Sunz stay controllin this circumference

There's gon be a monster when we give birth to this shit
(Killarm' never mind who sponsor this shit)
Grab ya fat Mac's, hoodies and clips, aboard the shit
(If you're for the cause, niggas jump off!)

There's gon be a monster when we give birth to this shit
(Killarm' never mind who sponsor this shit)
Grab ya fat Mac's, hoodies and clips, aboard the shit
(If you're for the cause, niggas jump off!)