

Originators

Killarmy

Yoaw! Whattup
This right here, is an explosion
For all the radio stations
Across United Nations, United States
Word up, turn this up right here
Aiyyoaw, aiyyoaw
Originators we came, gladiators, God-body regulators
We're street educators
I was born through the womb, of Emagene Hamlin
She's the creator of the Terminator - 9th Prince, rhyme slayer
Stayed in ten housing projects, razors, machine gun blazes
at'cha neighbors - Jamaican rum, no chaser
Number one contender, we can busts guns after dinner
Last man standin, he's the winner
Ghetto prime minister, Desert Storm ski-mask avengers
We move like ninjas in the winter
Brown-skin Adonis, slugs to the stomach, blood gush like Ramic
Mad man's bionic, check the weather climate
Strike like lightning, terrorists Islamic
A ghetto superhero, like Marvel Comics
Vertical limits, fresh notebooks I write anthems to crooks image
Cross the lines of scrimmage - I shoot you in your temple,
and leave your face shattered with dimples
Killa-Arm could never be so simple
Cross my heart, I won't die 'til your ass is crippled
In a wheelchair, knee-cap raps, flashbacks to digital, warfare...
Yoaw, I want to say whattup
to everybody who copped that first and second album
Word up, y'all real troops out there, yoaw
Aiyyoaw, my lions run through club Cheetah, with rusty heaters
That blast like lyrical heat-seekers through the speakers
Non-believers are deceivers - through the media
Lyrics try to teach ya, or walk through Harlem like Black Caesar
Razor blade, stashed inside the sole of my sneaker
Ill graphics, far from a savage
The streets is wicked like Halloween havoc
Little children with automatics
Imagine babies drive-by's in the cabbage
Rappers is like Peter Pan
or built like Sandman on the desert lands
I'm from Shaolin, my sword is a mic stand
You should slow ya glance, 9th Prince is in command
Of the stage, my heart pumps rage
Like a jungle lion, trapped inside a cage
I free slaves, through the airwaves of Hot 97 airplay
All my real soldiers, wave ya AK's and hand grenades
Word the fuck up, the 9th Prizm
The new millennium, peace and blessings to all five boroughs
Brooklyn, Manhattan, Staten, word up
Queens, ya know, Long Island..
Upstate, Connecticut, the whole tri-state..
New Jers'.. peace and blessings to Killa-Arm
We armed and dangerous, for real
The new millennium, get ready..
one love, two loves, three loves...