

## Serving Justice

Killarmy

Chorus: P.R. Terrorist (9th Prince)

Yo yo, y'all niggas talk rubbish, we Wu-Tang publish  
(Yall niggas try to dub this the Gods serving justice)  
y'all niggas talk rubbish, we Wu-Tang publish  
(Yall niggas try to dub this  
the Gods serving justice, with ruckus  
Killarmy, we put the mic on the crutches)  
[P.R. Terrorist]

Apocalypse at my finter tips  
Sense ya tight grip exit a clip  
Fill with engraved initials of lyrical nondescripts  
On my hitlist, terrorist tartest, I never miss  
Strike a bullseye, say bonzai and ball my fist  
[Killa Sin]

Yo I could pull da livest shit  
hang-gliding off the side of a cliff  
Country western bitch been known  
to chokehold on my dick  
Roll a spliff the size of dynamite sticks  
Sideswipe you and the mic boot  
Strike you till you yodle or ya name miss  
Make ya brain shift like earthquake plates in Vegas  
North Flake kicks, guaranteed dat ass a free face lift  
Crack ya jaw in three different places  
leave you speechless

[P.R. Terrorist]  
Speak with a lisp  
Lyrics of force'll skip ya disk  
Shuffle your track, bring ya shit back  
then make ya piss  
thoughts of suicide, razor blade pressed against ya wrist  
Vocals bangin' off da walls of ya drums  
You can't resist

Sudden impact, yeah jetblack  
Shine like Shalack  
Flashdance on 4th Disciple tracks,  
They off the meat rack  
The combinations's like one in a million  
Puerto Rican quarter bizillion  
Seven wise men making a killing  
In this rapworld, shattering niggas like glass buildings  
When my wind blow, you crabs move slow  
Murder you dolo, take ya heads off  
Riding a horse like playing polo  
[Killa Sin]

I flow faster than Skolettos  
Used to hesitate to let go  
Now my darts echo for blocks  
and travel north rapidly like Metro  
Clap happy, rap cat get at me, wit ya faculty  
See half of them is petro, or deadly  
like fat ass is in the sex so  
Ya buttersoft, sweet talking, sweet walking  
niggas get ya neck broke for asking  
See I aim kid and my A stay missing in action  
Fire back when niggas start clapping  
Make it happen

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[9th Prince]  
I use niggas for target practice  
This year I plan to fuck the baddest actress  
On my waterbed Wu mattress  
I'm from the tribe of Shabazz, your alpine endurance  
Rhyme insurance, was stolen by the thief of Bagdad  
It's the world's greatest soundscanner  
Whose elbows is made of steel like Tito Santana  
The God's voicebox connects with high frequencies,  
Satellites and antennas, Prince Saddam is  
Shaolin's Highlander, with Evander Holyfield stamina  
I'll punch a hole in ya stomach, snatch out ya liver  
Wrap ya body in a plastic bag, and tell my fans  
My new dance is "Dead Man Floating In A River"  
my Kodak thoughts, picture dark, clear visions  
like transition lenses  
I rose with the illest, cross ya fingers  
you superstitious  
I'll still murder your ass, with influence  
of insanity conditions  
RZA and 4th Disciple tracks, make me want to grab an axe  
Prince Saddam's a lyrical lumberjack  
A broken brawler, nighttime stalker, creepy crawler  
With a sawed-off shottie, rock the party,  
Go stick up the lobby  
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