

Slang Killaz

9th Prince

(feat. Killarmy, Islord, P.R. Terrorist)

Hmm.. oooh.. ooh..
Killa Beez.. Killarmy..

Eh-yo
A Soviet deep in Paris, Playboy rabbits want carrots
Luxury marriage, 9th ain't havin it
I keep the forty-five automatic like Mathematics
Start terminatin savages, I'm raw like 'caine to easy addicts
Street tactics, million dollar caskets
On biblical war, perform Michael Jackson Thriller but way iller
A slave killer, protected by Shaolin and Brooklyn Zu guerillas
Under my pillow, I sleep with grenades, untraceable heaters
Lay deeper than scientific readers
My cipher sounds will ding pound, I blast you on ya nightgown
Kidnap ya child, might give him to the crowd
On my way Uptown in my '95 Millenium
Seen Killa Sin and 'em, let niggas sound feminine
Remember 9th Prince ill forever, I get up in 'em
My style is like runnin' up in small town banks
Bulletproof tanks, never bust blanks
Always suffer with shank

Killa Beez.. we will sting you..
Killa Beez.. Killarmy..

Aiyo aiyo once again
We stinging' y'all mothafuckas cuz I don't give a flyin' fuck
About none of y'all niggas out here
Cuz if you ain't none of my mothafuckin' Killarmy comrades
Fuck y'all!

Yo, check the topic to this essay
It's murder in the first, ese?
As I bust a slug through yo' fragile statue
And that's actual, precise timed and on point like a marksman
Four-four, rubber grip, Summer of Sam specialist, so take this
Four-hundred grain thought that'll pierce ya cranium
From the rear, I don't give a fuck, this is my year
I'm takin this rap shit back from the wack
Fuck who you are kid, fuck where you representin at
Cuz basically my mentality is on some '93 shit
When you had to Protect Ya Neck in this shit
To be an MC, now it's al about the tight clothes
Crossed over flows, platinum jewelery to get a plaque in the industry
But never the I-S-L-to the O-R-D
I keep my shit muddy like my Timbs be, you fake ass MC's

Killa Beez.. Killarmy..
Killa Beez.. we will sting you..

Aiyo Terrorist
I'm on the block like any man
The difference between me and you is I understand
You askin' questions, "What's that shit up in my hand?"
Answer your questions, I fire that shit up in ya pan

Bitch nigga, understand? I'm the P-R-T, era is this
His lyrics are unique and his vocals are crisp
Bang that shit in ya Jeeps or on ya block with the fifth
So front on his, kid, front on this
'Til I could let this shit that's in my hand light up my wrist
And let this shit descend in like E-V ya chest
I'm far from the best, I'm more like the worst you ever seen
Spit green phlegm from blood same color as my jeans
And my boots'll be brown, get up, the street's down
Let the beat hound cuz beef pound, 'round the block
This is hip-hop, niggas fucked around and went pop

Killa Beez.. Killarmy.. (3x)
Killa Beez.. we will sting you..