

Weather Army, Navy, Air Force, or Marines
Your whole armed forces couldn't stop this one man team
You can't detect the effect of what my words'll do to you
The effect of my tech's - it's similar to thermonuclear...war
This style is type militant raw
Holdin' the audience prisoner in ways ya never saw
I run through your whole outfit without flaw
The outlaw type'a kid you're proud to shout for
It's funny how good guy now becomes the villain
Money has become God and all squads are illin'
I'm a 102-years-old at the tricentennial
Chillin', if not, an intricate plot will now be my feelin'
Rough, rugged, raw, still values I'm instillin'
?And the chillin'?, hopin' to lower the rate of killin'
Years from my demise, you'll see that my plan is still in
Implementation, it'll come in the form of activists
Sent to fix nations, for now listen to ?Akengers?
Represent your station, spot, domain, or location
But understand we from the same rotation
Good versus Evil, both nations at war
This style is type militant raw

This is the illest war recorded, from Glory to Soldier Story
Organizing a regime to leave your team gory
They can't hack it, so I'm strappin on my Full Metal Jacket
So is to bomb the population in the upper tax bracket
So we can uplift these inner-city sanctions
And once my message cranks in..., bring the tanks in
Then I'm bombin from an aircraft carrier
Final Fantasy Tactics back to space harrier
In other words, new schools are old, check my smart bomber
Check my triple-W-dot-Akrobatik-dot-com
Check my plan of attack for world dominance
It ain't no over the top hate shit, just common sense
I'm intense beyond your definition
Blow a million heads up with out no ammunition
Or no pistol, just this New England Patriot missile
To explode your frame, leavin no remains except your gristle
I get respect, 21 gun salute
Got many rhyme philosophies but none pollute...the brain
I spiritually massage you to the core
My style is type militant raw