

# 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..