

# Burning Season

Killarmy

Get the vests; get the vests

Word up, grab your nines

Crazy head get out there God  
Blast that nigga hard

It's all real over here

Killa Sin, 9th Prince, what

We don't give a fuck

Yo, it's burning season  
Y'all thugs is guiltly of high treason  
Many of them bleeding  
Some getting sent to the brain for no reason  
On the streets niggas kill without a license, in Scarsville  
It's all for real cause everything is real  
Don't sleep on the average cat he's packing steel

Ayo nigga I'm on the cash rules  
Wasted in my hand, half a hundred grand  
Injure that pretender in the black land  
Heard he be the crack man  
Selling major jums (?) by the pager son  
He the one sporting crazy tunes (?) lace 'em with your tongue  
So here's the plan  
Get the glock I got the doo-wop  
Follow him for two blocks  
And pop him if he do cock  
Scat back better snap his nap back for that black  
Pass the stacks to Fat Cat and find out where the crack's at  
Rolling out make sure you keep your phone out  
So I can reach your shit quick  
Get his whip stripped and take my own route  
For safety  
Mistakes be for hasty  
Many jakes who chase me  
But never have the space to embrace me  
A fool's game where all the rules change  
I never move the same  
But who's to blame  
My nigga Buddha came with the ruger aim  
Somebody screamed stop the violence  
So this nigga had the silencer spitting black talons at any challenger  
Yo, it was a ghetto Vietnam I tried to flee and harm  
Me and Har my nigga Buddha caught about three in the arm  
But one traveled to his abdomen  
I grabbed him and embraced him  
Had to see how bad this crab had laced him  
Yo, rapidly bleeding started pleading for his life  
Take care my seed and my wife  
Make sure she's feeding him right  
True indeed black I got your back  
I hold it down on the real

May you rest in peace son  
I see you on the ground

Many times I fought the urge to resort to crime

But I find my criminal mind complying with the villain kind  
I'm feeling nines 'til they overflow  
Going blow for blow with the rest  
Cause them try and test the best  
It's a slug fest  
Round one sounds wrong I found one  
Lurking in the back now clapped him with my pound son  
The shells drop  
Old ladies yell for the cops and shorty shot shit  
Fell in the arms of his pops and didn't mean to  
Why he had them running away  
Should have taught him how to duck when he heard the fucking gun spray  
I say a prayer for the kid, keep stepping  
With my weapon cocked wetting up the block every section hot  
The gats flash out by leaps and bounds  
Now police and hounds making up grounds  
Cause they chasing me down  
I'm all alone in this war zone  
My brain's under stress  
Thinking I'm blessed if I can make it home  
Scared to death kid  
Catch my breath I bear left  
Hit the weeds and then rest to calm my chest  
But an undercover had discovered my plot and plan  
I shot the man so I dropped my glock and ran

Get the fuck out the way, move, move  
Get the fuck out the way, oh shit

Yo, I made a rally to a dark alley  
Where I bumped heads with crackhead Fred and his bitch named Sally  
She had a down low lab for me to go to  
Where I could relax and count stacks like I'm supposed to  
Keep my whereabouts on the hush hush  
I had to provide some heroin high, sick grooves, and five bags of dust  
I didn't wet up or let it slide because I was petrified  
If homicide got me they gonna watch me die  
Fuck that, I'm going all out  
No half stepping  
My last weapon is cocked to keep that ass jetting  
I lay low for like five days or so  
Put some troopers on the block round the clock to make me dough  
Yo out of sight and out of mind be my motto  
I promise myself I'm gonna make it to see tomorrow

Word up, Killarm '96  
Killa Sin, word up  
9th Prince  
The saga continues  
For real though gotta let these niggas know  
To the rounds in the cut, all real niggas raise up