

Last Poet

Killarmy

Intro: P.R. Terrorist

Just enter the 3rd world

Clear Lines of communication

Understanding, all things must be seen clearly

for what they are not what they appear to be

360 degrees, understanding, equality, cipher

Killarmy goin take you on this flight, buckle up

[P.R. Terrorist]

The Last Poet construct the rhyme

At a self-destruct in your tape deck

In your walkman or in your truck

Benzy box, boom box, comstock upon my block

Choppers hovering, bright lights got me on the spot

Heavy heat, sucked in my boxes, rubbing on my meat

Vigilante rap, take negociations to the street

Money, mountain gear boots, laces hanging from my feet

War is never pretty, get your face scrapped on concrete

Its like the worlds against me, opposing forces

Use my urban resources, refuse to get hung

Off crosses, take no losses, the god wears gems that flosses

Next LP my teams face all up in the sources

[Reporter]

Like or not, we live in time of danger and uncertainty.

That is the way, he lived. That is what he leaves us.

[Islord]

Aiyyo, my thoughts flashback to when I was trapped in Mecca

In the middle of our warzone, squeezing off shots

To twist niggaz physical like cyclones

But now I'm in the worst part, with the art

That watch the ghettos, that watch your five buroughs

Because, you and your ten cats sat back

Philasticly, and analyzed it, my shit to be thorough

Like one swing of Tiger Woods, golf club

That won the masters, by a landslide

So pass that grass green cashman jacket

This way, so I can swerve that a-way

On my way to the homes of the grains of Shaolin

With King I Divine, never smile when you enter

The sector of the Killa Hill 10304

Just be prepared for war and blood shed

Because there's no exit and no such thing as three men

You only got one man in this game that we play for keeps

And there's definitely no arcade, bullets are sprayed

Through the streets you gotta enter its pitch black

Like the hallways in Alcatraz, so run fast when you hear the chamber

of my baby girl Nina, a verse, that's one in the hurse

[Reporter]

We today have concluded in agreement to end the war

and bring peace with honor in Vietnam

[9th Prince]

Yo, Yo, my lyrics strike like uranium bombs

I speak with authority but calm

Bent back nigga like the hunch back from Notre Dame

24 track flashbacks, watch the mind travel like time tracks

I live in the hidden fortress protected by nuclear forces

I fly heads like a sorceress, rhyme trocherist

Fight with fatal blows like the white Lotice

Though this four time expansion at the Wu-Mansion
Wu-Tang changes mean oxygen, blizzent like lint
A lenchmen killed off hitler's henchmen
Scriptures of holy war, my dialog marvels are unstoppable
Killarm, camouflage topicals are marvable
The lost lord of pitfighters, sharkbiters
Left back in the pitch room with dark fighters
I slaughter like Saddam Hussein, giving killing orders
[Reporter]
5 months ago Saddam Hussein started this cruel war against Kuwait,
tonight the battle has been joined.