

# The Shoot Out

Killarmy

{Movie Sample, Unknown man}

For some warriors, the answer is crystalised in an instant, their instincts point them only one way. The truth becomes undeniable, and apocylptic.

[Dom Pachino, P.R. Terrorist]

I got a hunger for the mic my appetite strike late at night  
food for thought, hold down a fort  
up in the port of riches last seen giving stitches,  
grab the can by ? crucifix, his team actin superstitious,  
one eyein, one fakin, reachin for his iron  
and one tryin to get close, I got the toast  
and I'm firin, blood gushin, commotion  
still zonin off the war potion

[Beretta 9]

yo wha, yo

We be the masters of circuferece,  
my thought can't behold body, mind control substance  
for the key to this shit, kid

Examin the imposter, group of A uh-life's  
my team be deep like a roster, you lobster  
you break the edges of all the ?

cut the tongues off all the snakes

just one hiss may cost ya, the price of ya life

I should always think twice, remember always think twice

because mistake may be comin away kid

so wake the fuck up, yo wake the fuck up, yo

[Islord]

Aiyoo, straight up and down

don't even bring that type of shit around me

you live get ya whole neck slapped off ya shoulders

Quick fast, faster than the eye blink, so why think

you could live amongst the, livest mc's

and D-O-D's that I run with,

and collaborate my thoughts with

to elevate to higher standard as I landed,

but never stranded as the God P.R. Terrorist apprehended

analog suspects on the set

[Dom Pachino]

Dirty doctrine, killer concoction, rhyme rottin,

stay plottin, yesterday wake, grenade shoppin

caught a nice one, grave the vest-a

to track a ? that may get bloody, ugly

dippin in mud, my soldiers gonna love me

grab a mic, look into the sunshine way above me

hold my forehead, today had my daily bread

shared it with you, make sure my fans are always fed

[Killa Sin]

Yo I'm pullin wrestiln moves,

my competition headlocked into submission,

while shots are lickin

pickin through crops of intuition,

yo my brain starts to change shorts are strange (what)

names brought in vain, court physical force of unexplained

For the battle of my life in the night light

this nigga grab a mic tight

strike with a flash of dynamite, right

So figure this, Killa get vigorous  
a lyricist supremicist attackin the track like ? of villages  
run, we still pillagin dunn