

# Where I Rest At

Killarmy

Yo. Smell that gun powder in the air?  
Yo. I smell it, kid.  
Shit is like this everyday when I wake up.  
We do this shit all time, kid.  
It's a war zone.  
It ain't nothing new over here.  
Word up.  
You know?  
Killarmy time. Military thing.  
Shaolin thing.  
It's Born, build nigga.  
Gotta civilize.  
Yo. Check it out. Yo. Yo.

Chorus: Beretta 9

Where I rest at niggaz scheme at plot  
Sling rocks, stars, cops over on our block and get fought  
Bust a shot and get shot, smoke pot, get locked  
Do a bid, while some taught to resurface to the street  
Some don't last, won't weep  
Where I rest at keep a vest and a gat at least three ways back  
So, the flash can't track, where I rest at do the one to time  
Double dirty crossed sneeky snake fucks, where I rest at

[Killa Sin]

Kid, but where I rest at the crime wave be jumping off  
Like suicide, commitors on a busy highway with they clothes off  
The fire trucks, trust, bull swine, blow your draws off  
The nine year olds toying with his sword off  
He can hardly tie his nikes up right, so how the fuck you blow his toes off  
>From modernized, so are common, coarsed, where I rest at  
Stepping out the front doors is set back  
The warzone, the death trap, waiting to consume those who get trapped  
Shaolin, the villianous island filled with hidden pure-breds  
Killing niggaz who thrive on the forbidden rituals

Or getting you in the drop, fuck sticking moves  
The pick you almost mentally popped like Scotty Pippen  
Most niggaz fame is almost chain gangs in state prisons  
Wu-Tang reign this worldwide cave for dirty richmen

(Chorus)

[Shogun Assasson]

Yo, yo, I dwell in the slum, roll amongst the bums  
Like ?hai-shews?, while ignorant brothers strive to get jewels  
Hustling rocks on the blocks and get caught be crooked cops  
A ?haitian mamila?, you might get a way if you got enough stamina  
And escape death valley, filled with crack alleys  
?Crock? these bricks and boulders at niggaz who think they real-  
live soldiers  
I make my money from here to ?edo?, seventh street  
Where the crackheads meet and walk on the block like cops on the beat  
Too many heads draw heat, so I keep it short and sweet, stay on my feet  
Cuz niggaz'll step on your toes, and I peeped you strategy  
To change your name to jealousy, your man's name is envy

That's why your mad at me, cuz I start tackling shit  
And lock down the whole strip, and you won't make shit  
Cuz I got that white-white and my shit sells all night  
I got what the fiends like, it was meer black in the back off his pants  
Plotting on these savage cats, how to make them run all they scratch  
And stick them for all they gats, don't ever cross me  
I'm precise the ?heed?, and it be on where I rest at

(Chorus)

[Beretta 9]  
Where I rest at...