

Die Prinzen

"Sweatshop"

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[Intro: Madam Scheez]

Yeah, fuck that shit

Killarmy lay low in the fox hole

Y'all bitches better be on some shit

And start transportin' grenades in y'all pussies

Hold ya man down

I'm a knock-out bitch

What y'all bitches know about war?

Some of y'all niggas is bitches too, rockin' gay fatigues

Bitches better come on some militant shit

[Beretta 9]

Yo, fresh paste, PaperMate, another joint, no date

Y'all MC's know darts, no weight, no escape

The wrath, Genuine Draft, Beretta's time to splash

Like Hurricane Joe, grab a raft, lifesaver

Return of the Jedi, Luke vs. Vader

Crush you with the force, of course you can't score

First platoon leads you to doom, kid, your aunt raw

These darts like scuds, oh son, you want war?

Black Rambo, thoughts like the power of Ginko

My thoughts move fast to the speed of the tempo

Think quick, don't be the one to get licked

Shit is real, kid, you don't get to practice the script

Keep ya eyes pealed, guns concealed, ya lips sealed

By the way, kid, got on ya shield?

Shit be on, out in the world

It's all Fear, Love & War

But we sure to keep this in store

[ShoGun Assason]

All men man ya battle stations, this is global
devastation

In it's purest manifestation, the 6 man weddin' invasion

The return the Killarmy, prepare for war with 3

Attack in harmony, to terrorize ya industry

With murder poems and assassinatin' symphonies

ShoGun, there's no disarmin' me

Blast over instru-medleys, my words is deadly

Beretta keep you shootin' heads steady

Fuckin' with a lone wolf runnin' through the wilderness

hungry
I'm growlin' and howlin' at the full moon
There's no hope for this world, only tragedy and doom
That's why I stay liquidic, I'm sick wit it
Cock me back and watch me spit it

[Chorus: Islord]

Yo, be off the set, jet
Cuz when we come through we drop bombs on y'all
establishments
Killarmy got this rap shit sewn like sweatshops
Jet, be off the set
Cuz when we come through we drop bombs on y'all
establishments
Killarmy got the shit sewn like sweatshops

[Frukwan]

Yo, fuckin' hip-hop
Yo, perish, demolish, every herd in the forest
Stalk the tropic, category 4, catastrophic
Doust the tonic that's outside, end the demonic
While you wack-ass niggas puffin' on the chronic
Ultimately mentally unstable
Bones shatter, rat-a-tat-tat, I'm somethin' fatal
Public rehab it just like in a fossil
Leave a nigga bone drop, dryer than a fossil
Makti functions, lock niggas in dungeons
Trigger the C4, ga-pow-pow, parts all over the wall
Pressure, descent, to lay assault
Prisons and vaults, a catapult, watts and volts
Special effects, Hi-Tech scouts and tweezers
Yo, a fuckin' difficult procedure

[Chorus]

[Outro: Islord]

We don't play
We don't play when it comes to this shit right here
Shit gotta feed our babies and all that shit
Feed ya fuckin' families and shit
Comin' straight from the ghetto
Know what I mean?
We don't play
When we come through, we don't play
Word up, y'all niggas get hurt
Fuckin' with this shit right here we dealin' wit
Y'all niggas get hurt
Word up
It's like that
It's real like that
Ya fuckin' nerds

Y'all niggas is nerds out here
Word up

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