

## **Josh Kelley**

### **"Kill or be Killed"**

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[Intro: P.R. Terrorist]

Revenge of the Iron Fingers  
9th Prince, Terrorist shit, nigga  
Check it yo yeah yo yeah yo yo

[Chorus x2: P.R. Terrorist]

We keep it real, hold steel, grab ya sword and ya shield  
Terrorist and 9th Prince it's either kill or be killed

[9th Prince]

Yo we train snatchers, capture fifty-seven passengers  
It's the last chapter, the underworld scavengers  
Thuggish dark shadows, stick and move like Apollo  
Mass test the acid they swallow, born to be street  
desperados  
Like Castalano, these niggaz is wicked like the witches  
of Eastwick  
Dirty referee sick shit, kill or be killed is the topic  
Then I'll be a serial killer, hidden murder scriptures  
For the armageddon mafia, Stapleton shell shockers  
Saddam and Terrorist, we tag teams like the midnight  
rockers  
Put you in a wrestling move, kill ya crew  
9th Prince is raveshing like Rick Ru'  
I attack the Billboard like Hurricane George (yeah)  
Niggaz is microphone frauds (yo)  
The death wish: kill the rest of the foreign lords  
(yo yo yo)

[Chorus x2]

[P.R. Terrorist]

High street vocalist, get a toke on this  
Try and wrestle with the bulk of this, you just provokin'  
this  
Terrorist when pissed is like The Exorcist  
Make you slit ya wrist, choose ya death wish, let me  
insist  
In the procedure, the only language is thru ya speaker  
My tongue is fire, breath is the flame, lyrics are ether  
Build boy, heat seeker, blow the shit out ya tweeter

In the lab constructin' rhymes to put ya ass in the  
sleeper  
Grab my millimeter, call me a cheater, ya easy bleeder  
Terrorist and 9th Prince is the underground leaders  
Lyrics for days, splittin' my current seven ways  
Rest in the PJ's, countin' my grays, I'm goin' craz'  
I pulled the budget, these record execs is fuckin'  
sufferin'  
Give me a couple mil' by the year 2G just off my  
publishin'  
Records are bubblin', my team is strugglin'  
Don't forget, kill or be killed, the album comin'

[9th Prince]

Yo revelation nation, kill on occasion, sick of patience  
My visions is diabolical like Wes Craven  
Genetic verses, streets is cursed  
Tales of terror in ya area, twenty million miles to Earth  
Genocide a century, Apocalypse penitentiary  
Computer convicts, the final conflict  
9th Prince is too intelligent to speak ebonics  
Shocky, but brain waves electronic  
Microphone addiction, philosophy crusifiction  
Prince Saddam crusified all competition  
He moves like a swordsman on a horse  
Bloody verses leave blood stains of Verbal Intercourse  
Floss, like diamonds all up in the cross  
The title is kill or be killed and you just fuckin' lost

[Chorus x4]

[Outro: P.R. Terrorist]

That's the laws, yeah..  
Terrorist and 9th Prince, check the sequence  
Y'all niggaz must be dense  
There ain't no defence for this offence  
Tryin' to pay the rent, nigga  
Yeah..

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