

## Killarmy

# "5 Stages Of Consciousness"

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Intro: killa sin, p.r. terrorist

Yeah, yeah, one, two, check it out, yo  
5 stages of consciousness right here  
You got your conscious, yeah know i'mean, word up  
You got your sub-conscious  
You got your super-conscious  
You got your magnetic-conscious

\*various talk by both\*

[killa sin]

Yo, I forever stay ready dunn,  
Money run gun under the pelly, kind of heavy  
Pretty pearl, tickle my belly, but steady by the waist-line  
Thirsty to dump but thought twice before I took time to  
waist  
None un-mine in his swine, I let him live now hop he  
relizes what he did  
Perhaps you've got a child on the line and I got time for  
no pen  
See battle up to warn the squad, already bars on my  
crib  
With their guns drawn, seekin killa sin who done slid  
Many moons ago, across town whereabouts  
Unknown heights blaring loud out, you, me like who  
gives a fuck  
I puff a bone, a usual suspect, I'll never be  
Allah sees everything, bad boy silence is the key to  
longevity  
So, take this advice, while I reiterate the thought to take  
your life  
And I will

[p.r. terrorist]

Magazines recovered at homicide scenes, living of  
rhyming schemes  
Always had dreams to be discovered and meanwhile  
had to blow trial  
Not put in foul like the rest of them, seventeen with  
blade infected guns  
Had to watch my back when I shit and piss, niggaz

busting nuts at ceo's  
Leaving maternals frisked, faces derenched, buck 50  
smile  
Your face get lifted and then you shift into another  
facility  
Same shit, back in the world, I stand strong and watch  
the weak curl  
>from the pressure of everyday life, career endeavor  
The knowledge, syllables and my name is straight  
terror  
Killarmy running through your whole fucking era  
With five stages of consciousness, we swiftly change  
like the weather  
And control forecast, rough traffic, off the pad, alive in  
the act  
Your stuck to subjects just like math, ram you off in the  
first half  
This quarter wont last, your leaning on the trigger,  
guns blast  
Blaow, super-conscious leaves this track smashed

[beretta 9]

Harpoons for hard times, kid, going through this  
difficult stage  
You gotta maintain, cope with the stress and pain  
Still in seek of the shelter that blocks out the rain  
A thirty down in the flesh, my mental pretains  
Took to much time to explain  
The duty of a wise man, to the minds, some will blame  
With this physical, mental, will and emotion  
The aquizations to control my infinite devotions  
Which is to seek the onslaught, cause we express  
thoughts  
To the seeds the wrong foods, that made them with  
their knots  
My dude is to civilize and penalize  
Throats were cutting them, they must of got  
stregthalized  
I take it upon myself to reveal the disguise  
You fucking snake, I tie you to the graphite, tight

If now to live, you would begin to strike  
I waste no time now searching for a mystery  
With every twenty five thousand, we renew our history  
We be the gods, the asiatic black men, and not  
reacting  
We actually run this shit and defend

\*martial art sample\*

[islord]

Aiyyo, three years trapped in the belly of the beast  
Got me on some, fuck the large, fuck the fed coats  
Fuck the judges, cause they don't give two shits about  
us

Black man, woman and child, how were living over here  
Trapped in the worst part, when things like this happen  
on the regular

Innocent bystanders get trapped off on the streets of  
my stomping grounds

With constant war pops off, wine bottles on the regular  
Like clock work to be specific

[9th prince]

The general wise out in fatigues, mentally for life I  
bleed

And promised to feed the deceased, was the supreme  
general in the army

Little intelligent little bug, roll with thugs that sold  
drugs to survive

Civilized the eighty-five and saved many lives

But these water head niggaz dealt with the four devils  
Ceased the rebel and broke the God down physically  
down to another level

Madman at his weight, the great general pass the  
weight

With a smile on his face, I swear if you was hear  
These pussy niggaz get tourtured, while I stick hooks  
up their noses

And cut of their ears, even their family memeber swill  
have to pay

Brothers, mothers, sisters and fathers get  
manslaughtered the right way

We're not dealing with feelings, I spare the children

Weak niggaz get destroyed, four niggaz is building  
Revenge the general, thats what I quote and tape up  
grenades to your head

And watch your brains explode

[shogun assasson]

Yo, yo, I sling horse slang like cocaine

Rebel dope that numbs your brain

Like a shot of novacainne

In your death you will feel no pain

I should teach you with my sword

And the clip was poisonous

Snakes speak lies and their words is venomous

Wu hits come continouscause I don't give a fuck about  
'97

Ain't feelin this

See what I'm revealin is the truth

In actual fact be the proof

The youth be the proof  
And the elders be the roots  
I stand solid, under firmament  
This black man be the garment intelligent  
These be the word's for my testament  
Written documents of the thought  
That makes me give props and sell tapes like cataprops  
Mother fuckers

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