

# Killarmy "Militant"

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F/ U-God

\*helicopter sounds\*

[Hook: 9th Prince + (U-God)]

Shoot down planes, war games, in the black Range  
With the snipe for aim cuz yo (it's militant)  
Phillipine bitches in the black tint, commando  
Showdown at the main event (it's militant)  
We carry hand grenades, ooh-ahhs, and AK's  
They troops, muddy boots, bulletproof Lex coupes (it's militant)

[B9] Two G, Eiloheine, submachine,

[B9] AT magazines, courage under fire (we killin shit)

[9th Prince]

Aiyyo fatigue, G.I.Joe's in armored tanks  
American heroes covered with paint, black and gold  
like the Saints  
Commandoes got rank, no blanks  
Spill (?) Valentine, Afghan tinges at my team gun shank  
I rack the 12 gauge, Shogun voices like exotic warfare  
You die when you feel the bass, you dressed to kill  
Let it play Six the Hard Way - we let off like 47 AK's  
Okay, okay?

[Beretta 9]

Yo, walls all red don, Killa-Arm recon  
Our fleet bomb, all year long, surrender arms  
Black Napoleon, petroleum, blitzkreig Mongolian  
Missile whistle on the approach, sendin militiamen  
Foxhole, fire in the hole, lick a shot slow  
Y'all know, y'all analog niggaz best take a stroll  
Or wind up in critical - passed out, mobile army  
Surgical hospital, last bout niggaz, last bout niggaz  
Beretta on the trigger y'all - how could you figure?!  
Marksman status

[Chorus]

[Dom Pachino]

Evacuate the war, finger pop glocks, fuck AK's

Make love to M-16's, when I step on the scene  
With a fat mack and a fat stack, magazine  
Camoflaug kinda swamp green  
Cream for my face, cadets get laced from the neck up  
Taste the blood from a leaf cut, you been struck  
You weak fuck, Killarmy's the best  
Affiliated with the best, so there's no contest  
And when we launch these missles they be no one left  
Terrorists, blow smoke niggaz choke, hold ya breath  
And went, niggaz lay rounds on the block where's the  
ref?

[Shogun Assassin]

Great scott, check my diabolical plots  
I got a fetish for the fiendish, fuck the drama shit this  
be that hit  
This murder in the first degree, and death be your  
penalty  
When you try to mimic the army  
You become a casualty of World War Three  
We come through back to back, every man strapped,  
ready to handle that  
Pre-cocked, ready to trigger that  
Sauna raps, live on stage, at the Basker's, swordsman  
strike back  
Lash out on attack, slash through ya back  
Got a deal, a murder contract, to assassinate ya calmly  
on this track

[Chorus] - 2X

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