

Killarmy "The Rule"

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KILLARMY - THE RULE LYRICS

Feat. Polite

Yeah yeah..

Terrorists, Killa-Arm..

Yeah, my squad..

What the deal? ..

Killa Sin, Shogun the Assassin (you know my team)

4th Disciple, 9th Prince, Beretta 9 (yeah)

Islord, yo.. yo..

[Dom Pachino]

What's the deal black man? What's that in ya hand?

Whattcha tryna sell us? That supposed to be a gram?

Understand; I'm through with the white shit

Now I write shit, go in the booth and recite shit

Hype shit, uhh, tight shit, dynamite shit

Make Benjamin Franklin, wanna fly a kite shit

Write shit everytime I recite shit

Ignite shit, make the sun shine bright and shit

Explosive, have ya best friend notice I'm potent

So nasty, that ya mom dukes wouldn't condone it

Automatic, no static, like a digital component

The mic; I boned it, love love and then disowned it

I'm back, Peurto Rican man from the stack

It's just an island but put my whole team on the map

We universal, geographical the beat is hurtin you

Closin in, on ya weak ass, made for a certain few

Who know, look, listen, observe, and understand Wu

Damn you, ignorant nigga, I have to can you

Lift you, from the earth crust, then bodyslam you

Keep playin with the cards you was dealt, cuz life's a
gamble

[Polite]

Aiyyo the only thing we promised in this life is death

So I'ma die for some get high, or one in my chest

Stay icey no matter what block I'm on

See me hoppin out the whip with my boxers on

I'm a part time rapper, full time criminal

Get rid of you, robbin you cats is like a ritual

I'm here now, niggaz ain't servin me

Better tryna murder me, cuz y'all can't handle me
verbally

Threat to society, got the feds eye on me

Blood's gon' she'd if you faggots keep tryin me
It's war dick, throw the four in ya dawg's face
And blow the feathers out his motherfuckin Northface
Nigga more money more problems
Fuck that nigga, more money, more revolvers
And I pop off nigga, don't tempt or push me
You are what you eat, in other words - pussy!

[Hook]

Aiyyo the rules don't change in the game, only the
faces

Tied up, niggaz get found in strange places
Bust shots, dodgin the cops and fed's agents
Bodies get recover in lots and dark basements
Rules don't change in the game, only the faces
Tied up, niggaz get found in strange places
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[Killa Sin]

Live wire brigade, razorblade attire, we raid
Space invade, blazin haze before we sever the stage
I'm never afraid, mainly concerned of others outcome
Like (?) the block sales, we put 'em in ya mouth son
What we not about, one - games not excuses
Further reference, tighten up the loosen for steppin
Keep ya mind on ya money, not mine, nuttin funny
No smiles, leave you sunny side up, nose runny
Not snot neither, ER screen, we got a bleeder
Doc need a mop, to clean up the spot when the receive
ya

Not a hardrock, but a rockhard, and niggaz love that
You see me in the streets, it's all love, I give the love
back

[Hook]

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