

## Killarmy "The Shoot Out"

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{movie sample, unknown man}

For some warriors, the answer is crystalised in an  
instant, their  
Instincts point them only one way. the truth becomes  
undeniable, and  
Apocylptic.

[dom pachino, p.r. terrorist]

I got a hunger for the mic my appetite strike late at  
night  
Food for thought, hold down a fort  
Up in the port of riches last seen giving stitches,  
Grab the can by ? crucifix, his team actin superstitious,  
One eyein, one fakin, reachin for his iron  
And one tryin to get close, I got the toast  
And I'm firin, blood gushin, commotion  
Still zonin off the war potion

[beretta 9]

Yo wha, yo  
We be the masters of ciruference,  
My thought cant behold body, mind control substance  
For the key to this shit, kid  
Examin the imposter, group of a uh-life's  
My team be deep like a roster, you lobster  
You break the edges of all the ?  
Cut the tongues off all the snakes  
Just one hiss may cost ya, the price of ya life  
I should always think twice, remember always think  
twice  
Because mistake may be comin away kid  
So wake the fuck up, yo wake the fuck up, yo

[islord]

Aiyoo, straight up and down  
Dont even bring that type of shit around me  
You live get ya whole neck slapped off ya shoulders

Quick fast, faster than the eye blink, so why think  
You could live amongst the, livest mc's  
And d-o-d's that I run with,  
And collaborate my thoughts with  
To elevate to higher standard as I landed,  
But never stranded as the God p.r. terrorist  
apprehended  
Analog suspects on the set

[dom pachino]

Dirty doctrine, killer concoction, rhyme rottin,  
Stay plottin, yesterday wake, grenade shoppin  
Caught a nice one, grave the vest-a  
To track a ? that may get bloody, ugly  
Dippin in mud, my soldiers gonna love me  
Grab a mic, look into the sunshine way above me  
Hold my forehead, today had my daily bread  
Shared it with you, make sure my fans are always fed

[killa sin]

Yo I'm pullin wrestiln moves,  
My competition headlocked into submission,  
While shots are lickin  
Pickin through crops of intuition,  
Yo my brain starts to change shorts are strange (what)  
Names brought in vain, court physical force of  
unexplained  
For the battle of my life in the night light  
This nigga grab a mic tight  
Strike with a flash of dynamite, right  
So figure this, killa get vigorous  
A lyricist supremicist attackin the track like ? of villages

Run, we still pillagin dunn

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