

Honkong Syndicat

"The Ceremony"

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[Intro: P.R. Terrorist]

Yeeeeeeeeeeah, Terrorist

Y'all niggaz ready? I'm 'bout to run all this shit

[P.R. Terrorist (9th Prince)]

Pat myself on the back, I deserve it

I know for certain, behind curtains lies serpents

That wanna see my pockets hurtin' and my career not workin'

That's why my choice be fein'in' to bust

They love to see my Spanish ass in cuffs

but it won't happen, I'm tryin' to own Manhattan, son

Yo, they call it Latin paradise, the latest fashion is ice

Bitches never think twice, they hop in my ride and slide

Only the strong will survive, I'm losin' my mind

Hand grippin' the nine, 'nother hand on the wheel

Makin' music that the people could feel

That's what's up, takin' 'em home like the Stanley Cup

Twenty-Twos on the truck, niggaz got stuck when I was down on my luck

Now I'm up and comin', penthouse like the Drummonds

Havin' run-ins with the law they're like my day is comin'

But it's really not, Terrorist is really hot

Terrorist is really hot when I'm blowin' the spot, yo

Yeah uh-huh, uh uh (uh uh), Tera Iz Him, check it out bitch

[9th Prince]

Aiyo, aiyo

We creepin' with thugs, holdin' snubs up in clubs

Put yo' mouth on the barrel, make you face these slugs

Flowin' with a genie givin' me head on the magic rug

Lifestyle is mug, put you in a bear hug

Slang meteorologist, can't follow this

Pack rap hollow tips, your wiz wanna swallow my kids

Street metaphors for outlaws doin' they bid

Holdin' the heat on the run while screamin' f' those pigs

Thats po-lice with the mark of the beast, leave you deceased

I had to flee rappers cop pleas stick with the heat

When I was 17, 9th Prince started whylin'

Doin' stick ups from Ohio to Gaten island
Now I'm stranded on the rock, Islord keep the heat
cocked
Oh shit the god got knocked, for bell money
Shoot up spots, Madman laser guns
The team, we ain't robocops, straight off the
muthafuckin' block

[Outro: P.R. Terrorist (9th Prince)]

(Word the fuck up) yeah (uh-huh, word up) fuckas
(Ya'll niggas better throw your guns up to this shit, right
here, man)
Throw them shits up, up, up, yeah, yeah, yeah (word up
man)
It's called The Ceremony, Terrorist and 9th Prince, bitch
(word up man)
Ya'll niggas know what time it is (yeah) Killarmy's the
best, nigga
Word (word up, man, fuck all ya'll niggas, man) word
up
All ya'll niggas that been frontin', ya'll niggas better
hang that shit up
(Word man) Ya'll niggas can't fuck wit, you knew who
the fuck I'm talkin' too
(You ain't got no love for Killarm', we ain't got no
muthafuckin' love for you) nigga
(Word up, man) ya'll know we don't play on the streets,
nigga, ain't no fuckin' game
We come see ya'll niggas if you talk shit (word up)
word up
(Come to hood near you) We be right there, bitch, word
up
(And all ya'll bitches, man, I just want head man, strictly
head, hehehe, you know)
Straight head, bitch (word up) head in the whip, head in
the morn', heard in the morn'
(Swallow them all niggas) Like my nigga B.I.G., bitch,
word up
(Killarm' niggas) uh-huh, uh-huh (yeah, it's that raw
shit, the Killarm' shit)
(What?) uh-huh (Terrorist)
That day we came to fuck ya'll, bitch niggas know my
status
If ya'll fuck around wit us, ya'll, gon' feel the fuckin'
flames, now
Uh-huh, ya'll can't fuck wit the, Killarmy click, we too
thick
Ya'll niggas fucked up now cuz, we gonna fu-, ass up,
uh, yeah
Knowhatimsayin'? Word up (word up, Killarm', 2002
and 3 and 4 and 5, gettin')

All that shit, bitch nigga, Terrorist and 9th Prince, the
muthafuckin' ceremony nigga
Killarmy style, peace to my nigga Seven Wounds for
producin' this ill ass track
Baltimore we ya'll at? (Word up) Yeah, uh-huh (uh)
bitch, check it out
(Fuck ya'll niggas...)

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