

Cultured Pearls

"Pain"

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Intro:

"You feel some pain, but I'm known, you can't here me"
"Get out of my head" *gun shot*

What, ("You feel some pain..")
It's like this, what, what
Check it out, yo

[Shogun Assasson]
This is war niggaz, a duel to the death
You better make sure your swords sharp
And you got a lyin' heart
Cause, I strike for the throat
And stab them with a deadly note
That pierces the eardrums
Those are the equally grym
Now you're stunned
Another victim of the Shogun
A spinal chop to the cerebellum
So, go ahead, try to run in advance
Cause I stand firm on my warrior stance
Ready to be-head you, dead you
Rid your body of a soul, make it an empty vessel
Because, your rhymes aint punctual
My actual or factual, that's why I verbally attack you

[Islord]
Yo, aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo check this
Thousand dollar line for line paragraph causin' ruckus
Towards y'all, weak motherfuckin analog niggaz
Tryin' to come into the mist of my digital shit
You get flipped on, snapped on your collar bone
And a spike, cause I don't like snake niggaz in my
eyesight
Cause, I'm so agile and so quick to pull
My razorblade sharp sword out the case
And chop your face, disgrace y'all to another place with
No traces left behind, where the body was laid out
For the coroners to figure out
That it was one swing from the guillotine

That decapitated his head from his shoulders

"You can't hear me"

"Get out of my head"

[Beretta 9]

Yo, we're holdin' straps of fire to make gunmen retire

Or pistons slugs that penetrated your entire

Physical, that left niggaz critical

Killarmy the black son to make all fuckin nine planets

digable

With the science to control ninety-nine, keep all minds

aligned

All the selfish will be dealt with by the nine

M-M which stands for marksman, regard the last

swordsman

Which chop off your head if you don't live accordin

I sincerely love Allah's mathematics, camouflage fabrics

I got a revolver, fuck automatics, the black asaitic

Lick em off to a shot at your motherfuckin attic

"Soldiers combine the sacred seven men" - Killa Sin
sample

"Killarmy Profilin' mostly buck whilin'" - Islord sample

"Soldiers combine the sacred seven men" - Killa Sin
sample

"Killarmy Profilin' mostly buck whilin'" - Islord sample

"Get out of my head" - movie sample

"Soldiers combine the sacred seven men" - Killa Sin
sample

[9th Prince]

Yo, I'm a legendary swordsman, bionic man like state
forces

Seven horsemen, wu-ninjas move across coarse sands

I murder niggaz wit my bare hands

It's darkness in the wu-caves

We hang crusades, salute grenades, the sixty ways like
frave

My pistol has an infer-red, as an eagle

Loitor will lag, blast the brains out of apple heads

I leave MC's and DJ's on twists at deathbeds

Underworld statis, the black knight like Latice

Destroy the midnight train, my domain is built like
alactics

Beretta 9 the killin' machine

Shogun Assason is that nigga who chases you in your
dreams

Killa Sin will kill again with the same knife

The thief of Bagdad could steal your life

PR Terrorist and Prince Sadaam moves the middle-east

region

It's razorblade season, so all you putty-faced niggaz is
badly bleedin

[Killa Sin]

Yo, I'm like a landmine, schemin' on air-time
Keepin' on the standby, flight and blow the crowd with
their hands high
For now I amplify sounds of the coliseum down
First round, face down, lace clowns like a nightgown
Light brown, deck them down
Eyes wide as I recite, beamin' the mic
With satellites, tri-state cream
To travel right, fleein' the scene
Team fights with the livest MC's
So, Killarm, strike your moment of silence
Live degrees, well you're eatin' them off
That's the reason why your legion fell off
You popped corns wanna be war pawns
Once, the war's on, and Al Pachino won the last of red
dawn
Open mic session, bury you
Spark a party up, somethin terrible
The pain that my niggaz bring forth is unbearable
Yo, I'm tellin' you...it's da fuck

Outro: *various talk over samples*

"Arm make them, Killarm's born man"
"You feel some pain, but I'm known, you can't here me"
"Get out of my head" *gun shot*
"...born man, Killarm's born man"
"You feel some pain, but I'm known, you can't here me"
"Get out of my head"
"You feel some pain, but I'm known, you can't here me"
"Get out of my head" *gun shot*

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