

## **Jimmy Ayre**

### **"Army Brigade"**

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\* originally on the "New York to Paris" compilation

[Timbo King]

Army brigade, guns, grenades, fuck a parade  
A dirty blade pierces your skin, you search for aid  
Medical, Royal government, the federal  
Knight to King-Bishop 3, my move is jettin you  
It's actual, a scientist that's graftin you  
What you think? That's the question that I'm asking you  
Bomb material, you die from the radiation  
Royal Fam/III Base, what? Affiliation  
Collision, crashing niggaz like a test dummy  
Accident/meant to happen, you rest ugly  
Dressed in armorment, fight like barbarians  
Slaughtering heads, we got connections with the aliens  
Royal, down to Earth like soil  
Four-fifty farenheit, I make the mic boil

[Dark Denims]

My raps slaughter everything just like Jemel the poet  
Bring the light, I be the king to knight when I swing the mic  
You grow wings of flight like Nike Airs  
Beware, I might tear through your right ear with a nightmare  
Grow white hairs on your cranium cuz I'm draining 'em  
Stainin 'em, steel is titanium  
Brutalize computer guys that utilize the distics  
Snap their necks like dipsticks for wearing lipsticks  
Blends quick like defence, syllabables in sequence  
Intents to bomb police precincts  
Forceful instructor, reality conductor  
Puncture the structure of corruptors  
Lyrical master, I blast until your disaster  
Faster than Nasa, get ghost like Casper  
After that, flip off tracks like an acrobat  
Phat raps thats cleaner than clothes out of a laundry mat  
Me and Timbo leave rappers in limbo  
Vocal crescendo blows your style out the window  
Damn, brothas is foul like spoiled ham

Oil grams, the Royal Fam eating up your ground like  
the oil man

[True Master]

When you least expect is when I attack  
Infact, your format is not yet suitable for combat  
Still desendent factions in the kingdom  
Campaign desperate attempts to take you freedoms  
Emphatically, wack stratagies don't impress me  
Impulsiveness'll bring a fucking tragedy, test me  
Descent to the essence quickly, niggaz strictly flip  
Fuckin with this royal assembly, his majesty summoned  
me  
The Chief Administrator of the Law  
True Master of this hardcore Art of War  
I explore the depths of conflict with no pretense  
found the best strategy, the most aggressive defense  
So when you rush to attack, it be I to crush your force  
and exhaust your supplies, don't send for  
reinforcements  
Give orders for men to maintain they respective  
borders  
or it's a god damn slaughter

[Stoneface]

Yo, my technical terms is like bacterial germs  
Simpirials learned, gats get serious burns  
You managed the damage, lyrical skills left your brain  
banished  
Your soul vanished, but your body's on the same planet  
Down some foruty's, hoodies, fatugies, Timbs and  
shorties  
Buttoned up Tommy's, captured your boat low and  
naughty  
The life I'm living, giving material religions  
Slugs in vision, not a nasty but fast dicision  
Sleek, we creap, tight, deep like a coalition  
They'll be more visions, the specialists, medics,  
morticians  
I hit your business, get your position an attorney  
I'm on this journey, heaven or hell don't concern me  
Walk through your mental, cancel styles with magnetic  
weapons  
Kenetic sinister, minister of theories and epics  
My flow's wet like oral sex in a skin flick  
Mack ten's flip, advantage, flip and start to trim shit  
Your rim's split, gat, big pump, you have to  
Bullets passing the draft, blasting one, will catch you  
Minds deserted, kick rhymes, nines is bursting  
Crimes rehearsing, drop shot, cops in hearses

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