

Sunstorm

"Soldiers Of Darkness"

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Featuring 9th Prince Killa Sin (Killarmy)

[Movie Sample]

Attention Soldiers: Kill everyone and everythin!

[Intro: 9th Prince (Killa Sin) [Both]]

Ha ha! (Yeah.) Another fuckin live ass track

From the Temple of Shaolin (What nigga?)

Word up. (Yeah.) Keep it real.

Killah Priest. YouKnowI'mSayin?

The Prodigal Sunn. Sunz of Man.

Madman representin for the [Killarmy]

with Killa Sin [and Rzarectah].

[Killa Sin]

Yo, yo, I gotta get a grip

and ends on life, I'm livin trife, G

I'm shiesty, now I see why nobody likes me

It might be the image project that I selected

But 'f' it, shit is not real, as well as hectic

Inspect it, your vest and got tested

Suggestions manifestin my thoughts

I manifest it, but check it

My mind was designed for crime, the bottom line

cuz it's my time to shine with the nickel-plated nine

to a spine, ain't no remorse in my source of madness

with my temper, my anger rises like my status

because I'm alone on the borough of Shaolin

for wildin, don't think of this piece when I be smilin

My heart's stone cold, it's what I own

For niggaz who brag, I break bones

leave em ungagged and here to moan

I hate snakes on that fake shit

I get mad, leave em shaken up bad like when a quake
hit

I got a steez-o that's raw, man

Another brother prevoked, now that's all, damn

Why did he bother to bother a father

knowin forewell that he won't leave to see tomorrow

Be on your guard when I start to flip shit

I'm sick when the God is on to get a grip

[9th Prince]

I brings a streakin iron flame, concealed in steel
weapons
Clicks are shovelled deeper in the shallow trenches of
eleven
I burst like lions through the eternal slaughter
Can I assume my human tranquility, well planted hits
on the governor
Open, open, behold the gift designed to kill many men
I stick em for billiard pins
And caves your world in, flashin death like lightnin
from the Heavens
Leavin rappers sufferin the thirst of a silent curse
I came from the Earth, when the planet was reversed
Here all the needles, see that he dies
Was he infected with drugs, completely in nine of his
eyes
I chop off his feet, so that he can't walk the talk that he
claims to stalk
I shower him with pitchforks and stack up dead corpses
A Soldier of the Darkness kidnap an MC for hostage
then break loose on the
stage
Tradin places like slaves bein traded, I'm under
pressure
thoughts be actin wild like a child molester
Madman terrorism, today's journalism
Goin to war across the country of another organism
Killarmy madness is how we killed em

[Prodigal Sunn]

Since the calculations title woke the life
before the days of exploration, steady creation
mental de-sources of the abomination
I emerged from the house upon your territory
This one, alias Sun of Man no longer can see Satan's
bland
Years of ministry, bein fightin the wars of demon-ology
Soldiers of my direction writin your sins of reality
Lyrical space, the black me, I write, burn a satellite
I should jump deep beyond the depths of my innocite
Visions of me on the night of a solar eclipse
avoidin the mothership, takin my last wif from this
polluted-ness
Another soul's vibration escapes this cold tunnel of fire
Juggle-liars usin your brain from the lord sire
I tie our fuckin brain up with barbed wire
Infused thoughts left ya bruised, him talkin dim
than the rims of Hell, afraid to walk
Reaction, slow-motion, in shock from the explosion

Symptoms of death, left ya chokin on your own breath
You better study your litter to seek a scripture
Biblical foe in scrolls, last in valor robes
Killah Priest precise, the lacenger 60 Second
Hell Razah blastin, overcome the opression

[Killah Priest]

Hawk in as the night darkens
You've been warned that the Priest will soon swarm
Now you'll be done away like the unicorn with night
time as my uniform
and death as my sword, the universal war lord
Sunz of Man came together for one accord
You can't read about it, it's not a myth
Here's a puncture to your rib -- for a gift
and only present I'm dealin with is now
The supreme slayer, I wrote the book of Isaih
layin bodies down by the layer
burn em before the assembly
and watch his ashes go up through the chimney
They disguised me as brass before his prayers
and throw his words, be lost in the air
The reason you felt shame is because I've been on
dame
I tie you up and throw you off a fuckin plane
and fill up your parachute with more dead bodies
don't ask me why, it's a fuckin hobby
Burn em with the fuel, put down ya tool, I laugh at you
Why? Because MC's are my foot stool

[60 Sec. Assassin]

As you enter the hocus pocus, perhaps the dopest
Tote this, for those armed with dope shit
Focus, I blood shot your lyrics with sarotions
Ferocious sound effects -- brains go narcotious
Insanity enters humanity like an anime
Invade your central nervous system mathematically
Schimatic, I'ma panic, couldn't hold on to a tablet
Symatic, blood rushin through your system like an
addict
Bomb glistenin, watch for the blow, I deliver it
faster stroll, you wrote, minute, barrier, delinquent
Grabs your soul, magnetic flux beyond control
I'm leavin peeps civic a-moan, sellin soul to the totem
pole
All your possesions I own for my own
The chemical, you clone, commotosis
The syndrome, the rip van the winkle, twinkle twinkle
You caught up with your days now, roland is a star
What part, whistle heart, intruders travel so far
Not even the master chart would put ya

arteries back apart, for the largest technique
is so.... ah... ah... ah

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