

5 Stages Of Consciousness

Killarmy

Intro: killa sin, p.r. terrorist

Yeah, yeah, one, two, check it out, yo
5 stages of consciousness right here
You got your conscious, yeah know i'mean, word up
You got your sub-conscious
You got your super-conscious
You got your magnetic-conscious

various talk by both

Yo, I forever stay ready dunn,
Money run gun under the pelly, kind of heavy
Pretty pearl, tickle my belly, but steady by the waist-line
Thirsty to dump but thought twice before I took time to waist
None un-mine in his swine, I let him live now hop he relizes what he did
Perhaps you've got a child on the line and I got time for no pen
See battle up to warn the squad, already bars on my crib
With their guns drawn, seekin killa sin who done slid
Many moons ago, across town whereabouts
Unknown heights blaring loud out, you, me like who gives a fuck
I puff a bone, a usual suspect, I'll never be
Allah sees everything, bad boy silence is the key to longevity
So, take this advice, while I reiterate the thought to take your life
And I will

Magazines recovered at homicide scenes, living of rhyming schemes
Always had dreams to be discovered and meanwhile had to blow trial
Not put in foul like the rest of them, seventeen with blade infected guns
Had to watch my back when I shit and piss, niggaz busting nuts at ceo's
Leaving maternals frisked, faces derenched, buck 50 smile
Your face get lifted and then you shift into another facility
Same shit, back in the world, I stand strong and watch the weak curl
>from the pressure of everyday life, career endeavor
The knowledge, syllabbles and my name is straight terror
Killarmy running through your whole fucking era
With five stages of consciousness, we swiftly change like the weather
And control forecast, rough traffic, off the pad, alive in the act
Your stuck to subjects just like math, ram you off in the first half
This quarter wont last, your leaning on the trigger, guns blast
Blaow, super-conscious leaves this track smashed

Harpoons for hard times, kid, going through this difficult stage
You gotta maintain, cope with the stress and pain
Still in seek of the shelter that blocks out the rain
A thirty down in the flesh, my mental pretains
Took to much time to explain
The duty of a wise man, to the minds, some will blame
With this physical, mental, will and emotion
The aquizations to control my infinite devotions
Which is to seek the onslaught, cause we express thoughts
To the seeds the wrong foods, that made them with their knots
My dude is to civilize and penalize
Throats were cutting them, they must of got stregthalized
I take it upon myself to reveal the disguise
You fucking snake, I tie you to the graphite, tight
If now to live, you would begin to strike

I waste no time now searching for a mystery
With every twenty five thousand, we renew our history
We be the gods, the asiatic black men, and not reacting
We actually run this shit and defend

martial art sample

Aiyyo, three years trapped in the belly of the beast
Got me on some, fuck the large, fuck the fed coats
Fuck the judges, cause they don't give two shits about us
Black man, woman and child, how were living over here
Trapped in the worst part, when things like this happen on the regular
Innocent bystanders get trapped off on the streets of my stomping grounds
With constant war pops off, wine bottles on the regular
Like clock work to be specific

The general wise out in fatigues, mentally for life I bleed
And promised to feed the deceased, was the supreme general in the army
Little intelligent little bug, roll with thugs that sold drugs to survive
Civilized the eighty-five and saved many lives
But these water head niggaz dealt with the four devils
Ceased the rebel and broke the God down physically down to another level
Madman at his weight, the great general pass the weight
With a smile on his face, I swear if you was hear
These pussy niggaz get tourtured, while I stick hooks up their noses
And cut of their ears, even their family memeber swill have to pay
Brothers, mothers, sisters and fathers get manslaughtered the right way
We're not dealing with feelings, I spare the children
Weak niggaz get destroyed, four niggaz is building
Revenge the general, that's what I quote and tape up grenades to your head
And watch your brains explode

Yo, yo, I sling horse slang like cocaine
Rebel dope that numbs your brain
Like a shot of novacainne
In your death you will feel no pain
I should teach you with my sword
And the clip was poisonous
Snakes speak lies and their words is venomous
Wu hits come continouscause I don't give a fuck about '97
Ain't feelin this
See what I'm revealin is the truth
In actual fact be the proof
The youth be the proof
And the elders be the roots
I stand solid, under firment
This black man be the garment intelligent
These be the word's for my testament
Written documents of the thought
That makes me give props and sell tapes like catacrops
Mother fuckers