

# Clash Of The Titans

Killarmy

Take em to war son (Yeah)  
Yo wassup dog?  
Seven commandments, knahmean?  
Yo son, with the seven commandments

Chorus: (6x)  
Yo I'm about the army shit, the raw shit  
The military war hits with gun clips

[Shogun Assasson]  
Yo, my battleground's where I lounge  
Fightin wars from dusk til dawn  
In the trenches of hell  
There's more blood spilled than Hamburger Hill  
The planet Earth is the battlefield  
Enemy troops can't come face to face with death  
Black mission caught for cold steel  
The last art drill when I open fire  
Better aim to kill  
As the destruction that I reveal like revelations  
Drop Jews like parables that can't be seen with the eye like constellations  
You're lost in the nation with no mental vision  
Unseen strikes your vital like precision  
I'm camouflged in the large with ammunition

[9th Prince]  
I'm in deep meditation like the great Indian monk Dowmo  
Lyrical desperados thrown like a torpedo from black masks like Zorro  
I froze all the scriptures and literature of killers  
Riddlers and Hitlers  
Sick photographers who paint bloody pictures  
Wu-Tang is the foundation, we movin populations  
And you can not stand then control the minds of Asians  
Candy cat raps gets your tongue cut off and run through his back  
Sabotage savages got stabbed as I watched blood drip from their fabrics  
Madman ran up in the church and stuck the reverend  
Stabbed him with a cross, some say he was stuck by the seven  
The seven commandments  
Metric equivalents  
Meaning many niggas died for pleasures

[Dom PaChino]  
I wagin guerilla warfare, supply the yellow jackets  
Each one containin a mini sovereign homing missile

Fittin your sides ragged  
Puerto Rican terrorist from the Middle East refusin the mark of the beast  
Increase your energy by one bar while I unleash  
Thoughts that remain on your brain like scars for life  
Made possible by the mic device  
I slice wieldin a sharp instrument  
Sharpened in the temple of pyramids  
Used to drill a hole through the minds of the ignorant  
It's my assignment burn up the climate usin rays from the sun  
Dom PaChino madman assassinatin tracks with Shogun

[Street Life]

Yo bring it on, I deal with this like my first born  
My brain form blow MCs away like Desert Storm  
21st century crime for you being born  
US currency got me itchin my palms  
P.L.O. killer tactics like I support a fact  
Dead back was the feedback, Park Hill's badass  
I deal with this shit like it's my last  
So to speak what you say son go have a blast  
I'm livin for the city, I burn as the world turn  
First degree poetry  
Hold your headpiece, when I release I clear the streets  
Killarmy passed the heat so I'ma dead the piece  
P.L.O. is the Street Life out in the streets

[Beretta 9]

Mentally I be ready, pass the machette  
My thoughts travel fast like Mario Andretti  
Racin through this hellhole or ghetto through the poverty  
It's all about survival so I can risk the robbery  
Goin through the struggle, trials and execution  
This is my solution to this revolution  
Pay close attention, lyrical precision  
My mind be my war guide, observe, learn and listen  
Knowledge before your wisdom unleashed for the children  
'96 be buildin the stat or be killed in