

# Fair, Love & War

Killarmy

Yeah, word up  
One time, one time  
Killarmy, Killarmy  
Beretta 9, Killa Sin, Dom Pachino, word up  
Shogun the Assasson, all is fair in love and war  
Yo, the saga carries on, word up, military time  
I got a long time (?) for slugs thug life tricks  
And pit fights jet black acts with fat ass kicks  
That's the shit right  
We jettin' to the roof for the tre duce  
Aimed at Jesus, residentials that let loose at spent shells  
We share a giggle and a Heineken  
We sitting on the corner with my niggas yelling  
Killa kick the rhyme again  
Yo, so then I bust 'em down with verbs and nouns  
Bombing they brain cells like herb  
Words attacking like a German hound  
We spark a freestyle session  
With a beef and forks (?) collection  
Full moon yeah kid no question  
Yo the cipher's over now par bay (?) and star play  
Ring around the hosey and mosey  
Down to Tarjay for Marge-ay  
Crazy dick bitch who suck dick  
On the down with his sheisty ass click from tre pound clown  
This is an ordinary day around my way  
When niggas spray shots, killer straight shots, and hit up gay cops

I attack shit move with your shots call the medic  
Beretta 9 my chamber be pain no anesthetic  
Nightmares visions of death  
Catch a flashback  
This gunfire out of control I'm getting sent back  
Hell no, pave my way back to the foxhole for ammo  
In enough shit to bury Rambo  
I cock back releasin' all shit for the boot camp  
Plus worker laying in dirt thinking the Earth dead  
Adrenalin (?) cats be amped up for action  
Going to war no time for relaxing  
Fists or handguns it doesn't make a difference  
Adjusts my sights and starts (?) become relentless  
Intelligent how I came to bomb your regiment  
Beretta 9 my chamber be hard like rock sediment  
Blast on herds, shake Serbs with deadly words  
The pain's intense like I'm swinging on your nerves

Push the trigger  
Suddenly it bring you clarity  
Nights like day magnified  
Three point two time design

Combine with steel wind to blow your mind  
Counter terrorism with precision  
Armed with smoke bombs to blow your vision like cataracts  
My green team attacks your format  
My manifold is combat  
On wargrounds or on DATs

It's my nature Killarmy legislator  
Leaving broken arrows in backs of traitors  
My platoon's filled with black berets and painted faces  
High speed car chases and soldiers with war faces  
Specially trained in rugged terrain grains of the Earth  
Hot cold and humid temperatures that make barometers burst  
Who came first God or the universe  
Uniting energy through my tongue and through the sun

War is never pretty  
But there is something dirty and disturbing about today's  
world conflict, because today's battles are fought with the  
dark heart of terrorism

Uh, it's very hard to maintain the emotional and political  
zeal that is needed to kill lots of people

You been to Shogun's realm  
I stand as a military helm  
Gone on a World War tour  
I catch a flashback from Iraq  
That's when I start terrorizing tracks  
Killing MC's with platinum stacks and death wax  
My torture chamber's filled with anger  
The executioner of Lucifer  
Swords chop razor sharp like the blade of Excalibur  
Slashing at your fat jets you do or die  
Men before parachutes see with wounded eyes  
I be your war God to the dark side  
Witness how soldiers fall and die

Lives are being lost  
Around the globe each flashpoint has its own personality  
A border dispute here, a displaced homeland there  
a greedy politician or drug lord almost everywhere  
But whether the location is South America or South Yemen there is a  
connection Between many of these struggles  
They are angry conflicts of desperate people  
who feel they have neither the resources nor  
the clout to fight their enemies at the negotiating table  
So they take their negotiations to the streets