

Gunsmoke  
From the sound killa barrel  
Musical gunsmoke  
From the sound killa barrel

As they ride into the frontline of the battle  
Incoming spears and arrows shot to drop you from your saddle  
Black out the sun and all you hear is shields rattle  
Still charging forward and feel the stampede trample  
(Any)one and anywhere that dares to oppose the sound killa reign  
Music is thy sword and I shall see the wicked slain  
Cutting deep to their hearts, deep to their veins  
Legacy is blood and their legacy will drain  
All I see is dragons spitting fire  
Can't shake up the sons of the one lion  
All I see is dragons spitting fire  
Can't shake up the sounds of the sound killa

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Tell them ease off, lyrical rounds wah me squeeze off  
Beat it till it bend and then me go breeze off  
Keep hear them a ball out cree now (why)  
Too much ammo deh under me sleeve now  
Them youth up and down like say dem a see-saw  
Wonder why them a pree so? (me nuh know)  
My birthright mi see them a scheme for  
Claim like say dem a Jacob when dem a Esau  
Could why make nobody feel so (you nuh know)  
Watch them a grab and a reach though, look me a bob and a weave now  
Tun it up couple degrees though  
Dem man ya deh pon a level weh even a  
pebble a come from me hand ago shell you  
It bebble and sharp, we nuh take long talk  
Who doing this quite like we, out of Jamaica, put fire pon beast  
Well it might just be with the tribal seeds  
make them hide and flee when we point and squeeze

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So I and I a bust down the gates of Babylon yard  
Word, sound coming dreadful onto the weak heart  
Fire to rain and to retribute pon the land  
And a riddance of the menacing cowards  
I a hail the ancient of days, Selassie I emperor  
Piercing hearts of the wicked with word, sound, and power  
Obsidian if I kill a white walker  
Armageddon to restore balance  
Cuz all I see is dragons spitting fire  
Can't shake up the sons of the one lion  
All I see is dragons spitting fire

Can't shake up the sounds of the sound killa

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