

Dress to Kill

Killarmy

(reporter)

We are at war with the enemy we can't see
A brutal conspiracy of assassination
Kidnappings, bombings, highjackings and mass murders(a woman)
Leave the girl alone, leave alone!(reporter)
There's a battle ragin' fueled by desperation, hatred and fear(expert)
Now the principal language spoken here is gunfire(reporter)
It is a worldwar lead by holymen, madmen and millions of disciples
Willing to die for their cause their strategy is worldwide terrorismIt's time to go to war niggas...
Get the bulletproof vests niggas...

Word up!

Chorus: grap yo' army suits 'n' yo' phat black boots
Military gear 'n' go up like troops (4x)Yo, yo, yo, all rhymes is mad raw nigga, let the force
pour from my jaws, lyric sause

Got high with fly sounds bound the floors
It's war for all you rap acts who's wack, come back
I back gats 'n' block for filts, to be exact like that thing (pow!)
Strikes in yo' nut, one shot, I bang slang to yo' brain
Get you open on top for some what what! nigga take that
I'm in some shit is done, when it comes to track 'n' phat drums I am hung
Lyrical tunes that boom, crush consume
Brains leavin' yo' veins, puttin' pumps 'n' losin' the bock, blazin' hot glock
Raisin' yo' nut, cock to kill son(pow!) spill it to bomb, backglot?
Yo, I'm test nigga, best be on methstreet, I blast fast 'n' shout da-da-daz
Just like flexin' glass, foo, last tool shiped with dime, homicide collide
With energize thoughts from dark side of park, die
Split yo' vest from yo' test

My complex style be wild 'nuff tough like rough sex or roughnecks
I dedicate this track to the suspects (yeah!)
The real live niggas ain't afraid to bust sex
Seven soldiers, militant darkness for heavenly niggas in heaven
Strap with the holy mack elevens, we turn to devils 'n' poison yo' ferrins'
Razorblade stash is out the bible, stuck to the chuch of the madman on a vitalI conquer your
honor 'n' the battle former, seven man control

Dead maybe cause for this strategy
Fight his bomber, my thoughts is elevated, arsenerated
So speak to some mamas, two places devil plated
I take off the heads of those who worship adam 'n' eve from the garden of eden
Follow the prince of thieves,
I ain't the guard, but you're a lyrical burgler
It's the price of killin' like kaine did the first murderChorus: grap yo' army suits 'n' yo' phat
black boots

Military gear 'n' go up like troops (4x) Silent weapons, instruments of combat used in quiet wars
When I attack mc's become b.o.w.'s missin' in action
Shogun the assason strikes with rage,
When I engage with street wars,
When neighbourhood druglords let you tear yo' weapon'
Too like razbows?, bows 'n' arrows it ain't that force
'n' penetrates trough the skin, but first through your clothes
My platoons uniform is timbows 'n' capholes
Nice dark 'cause you being followed like dark shadows
Commandoes with empty ammo
We are the men in war, refugees from jeff county
Army of black knights, sinners 'til the death strikes Chorus: grap yo' army suits 'n' yo' phat black
boots
Military gear 'n' go up like troops (1x) One with the killa 'n' the clan, I came with the scam
A foo-proof plan 'n' death to coloured men Climin' uses race from the sun
Dom pachino, madman, assassin tracks for shogun...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>