

# Killarmy, Lady Sings The Blues

(sung)

Please lift us up where we belong  
All this time we're holdin on  
Lift us up where we belong  
Cuz life takes over like a spawn

(Dom Pachino)

Mastermind, holdin through crimes  
Seen my fams Hill and Pah lowered in the ground  
Hold my crown, hold my nine  
Me and mama down ya shine, waited too long  
The year is mine, the time is now  
What, where, and how, ain't a question  
Life's a lesson, filled with choices - trust and depression  
Smokin 'ja and lime green shit, to ease my tension  
My rap sheet is long as soldier's gun possession  
Not to mention, spittin in mics; the kid's profession  
Movin crowds give my dick the, hardest erection  
Clouds of smoke, burners and shit, that's for protection  
When no vest can save, when it's time for ya grave  
All the, dirt that I did, all the pain that I gave  
All the whylin out I did when my earth said 'behave'  
All them, niggaz I stuck on my hungry-ass days  
All them, drugs that I slung with intent to get paid  
was for the better things in life - somethin I felt I deserved  
Nobody else gon' feed me, I'd be kicked to the curb  
Buy my mom a castle and land deep in the suburb'  
She a strong and intelligent woman, that's how she get served  
But depended on the next man isn't part of my plan  
Try an sell me a dream, put some CREAM in my hand  
Wanna garuntee me numbers on your weekly soundscan  
Try an, smile in my face while you shakin my hand  
Regardin business and shit, but wanna shit on my man  
Terror is here, Terrorist the powerful man  
I let the land sing the blues with a guitar in her hand...

(sung)

...all this time we're holdin on  
Lift us up where we belong  
Cuz life takes over like a spawn

(9th Prince)

Yo, yo, aiyyo, aiyyo  
My mind flashed back to memory lane  
I felt adrenaline rush through my veins  
Blood stain, +Major Payne+ like Damon Wayans  
PR Terrorist leg got hit  
It ricocheted and 4th Disciple arm had split  
I ran like the Bionic Man, western stance  
General Y's dillinger, just jammed in his hand

Bullets on the loose, shells rip through my feathered goose  
We at war now, like Desert Storm troops  
Somehow I escaped like Attica inmates  
Dodgin jakes, pushin weight on Shaolin and upstate  
Mentally slave - for righteousness I crave  
I plan to be wise and refuse to dig my own grave  
Back in the days, of Adam and Eve  
I was in the Garden of Eden rollin trees from leaves  
Nowadays niggaz be dying from a virus called Stress Disease  
In New York, everybody screamin they Bloods and Darks  
Remember thugs that'd love to send me straight to the morgue  
Sometimes I feel like my life is going in circles  
Record labels be tryna jerk you

Cross my line I'll try to murder you  
Guilliani got thugs on a curfew - it's real, like TMF  
Everybody grab they steel, we build at will  
And save the children for real, for real...

(Islord talking)

Aiyyo, it's like

I remember my old earth G..

It used to be - me, her and my grand earth in the bed

Knowhatl'mean? One room apartment type joint

Roaches all in ya shit... yaknow

It's like I'ma flash back right now

Me and my physical.. I love that nigga

We was co-defendants...

Yo, my mind flashes back to '82 when I was 7

Short, light-skinned, curly-head, startin trouble

Young God, in the schoolyard

Never kept my laces tied, shirt tucked inside

Never abided by the rules that I had to

Me and my physical was on some - quick to snatch the Cash Rule

From a flashy, analog nigga in the projects

Know Latrenze pour weight outta state

And front, with they big boys in the summertime

Cuz we was on some, crimetime all year 'round

Tacklin pockets, tearin chains offa necks

Straight up disrespectful ways and actions

Towards any man or female - cuz the life that I live and tell

Is identical compared to no one

And I'll be damned if I have to show one...

(sung)

Please lift us up where we belong

All this time we're holdin on

Lift us up where we belong

Until the Army drops the bomb...