

# Black Market Militia, Black Market

(Intro: Killah Priest)

Yeah, knowwhatimean, Killah Priest  
I changed my name, man, it's Leo Angel now  
Knowwhatimean? Yo, this is Black Market  
Knowwhatimean? Trag', Will Cooper, yankee, knowwhatimean, uh

(Killah Priest)

First and foremost, we let our jobs toast, and sing bravo  
Drink the red wine, the sands of time, stampeded by a million broncos  
Through the congo, beneath the cosmos, Priest the 5th apostle  
I'm like Picasso, I paint a hot flow, the canvas is your mind  
When you visualize, you can see it like an art show  
It's warm like a bullet goin' through the Pope shirt  
Sinkin' in the lungs of the quiet Cardinal  
I'm like Leonardo Da Vinci, my pen squeeze out sculptures  
High, like a ski Alpen, grease with my feet stretched out  
On a sheik sofa, turn that beat loud, I'm bout to freestyle, soldiers  
My rhyme show the depths, like a rich photographer in Yugoslavia  
To Romania, fills whole stadiums, to them Hungarians, that's done carryin'  
To Bogaria, to the Bocan peninsula, the flow turn vocals into pictures  
The beauty is like the snow fallin' in the winter  
Rhymes, are like icons of heroin addicts  
With fiends, with their bare arms, scratchin'  
They palms practice, the plan that the white, can't craft to  
Turn our people backwards, in black hoods to Spanish Harlem  
The plan is Gotham, and I'm Batman, amongst these crack lands  
I hold revolvers, listen to the soul of Marvin  
To bring back the promise, it's Black Market

(Interlude: William Cooper)

Chill, Priest, yo chill  
Cuz you got William Cooper in here  
You know this Black Market, you got Tragedy Khadafi  
You got Razah the Renaissance --

(William Cooper)

Stroll through the tunnels of death, fighting the devil  
Every night go to battle, squeeze that nine milli' metal  
Until that beat settles, plus randomly complete me  
Cuz they all beneath me, when night falls, we speak in tepee's  
My peace pipes are Philly, demons grill me  
It takes a proverb and a chronic herb to thrill me  
I keep pennin' for a moment, second amendment, I own it  
Just give me a minute, I'm zonin', like Pagan prisons, I'm thronin'  
Say my name, vision a Roman, the Trojan spittin' on omens  
Why shogun never have a slow gun, trust no one  
But Market fam, you know it's on, when the flag market's land  
Stick it in the soil, we only toast with the loyal

(Interlude: Hell Razah)

Drink up, breadren, get off the grounds, break bread  
Uh-huh, yeah, take this jewel

(Hell Razah)

In the hood, guns go off, advise you, to don't show off  
You can die in the streets, or the seat of your Porsche  
I seen drama back off, when you handle the boss  
Burn a cross on the White House porch, with no remorse  
Four horses of apocalypse, hidin' politics  
Common sense, where the poor's oppress, a prophet is  
He maybe live in a project crib, the more hard livin' it is  
Mothers be abortionin' kids, birth control  
The few will make it, most of them fold  
I'mma break it when it's cold, or a tissue to a runny nose

And when we die, is the answer that God knows  
Til then, tell the angel of death, he's no threat  
Jesus wept, when Lazarus left, he got vexed  
He symbolic to that parable, follow the footsteps  
Ain't no tellin' what felon could die in the hood next

(Interlude: Killah Priest)  
Yeah baby, Black Market, lift ya glass

(Tragedy Khadafi)  
Yeah, why some sinners got the hood wroten  
I'm outspoken, the general's spittin' minerals  
At criminals lotust, allow me to catch your attention  
Focus on the next dosage, smokers and dopers  
In the hood where it's hopeless, thus he has arrived  
The black prince, now, will he survive, yeah, son  
I don't know cuz I'm bent, it said his mom was a virgin  
And his pops was a carpenter, good with his hands  
And nice with the revolvers, and a brown skinned complexion  
Wooly hair, man with twelve killers, live niggaz  
They met up in Times Square, true story, how you know God?  
Cuz I was right there, we broke bread  
Bliss me three times, I held my head, said my disciples  
Will soon have me dead, that's when the D's rushed through  
Yo, pardon you, reached under my cougi robe, and grabbed my God-U  
They was comin' through like Nazareth Jews, yo, I was through

(Interlude: Killah Priest)  
Here's a toast to Black Market, ya'll

(Killah Priest)  
Time to time, things change, but the realer alway remain  
The hood, the life, Black Market, we the voice of the people  
Live it out, whether right or illegal, feel me?