

Black Market Militia, Hood Lullabye

(Timbo King)

Yo, inside a hood, they are fiends
Young teens, wanna look like the magazines, O.G.'s with M-16's
Hear the story, later, upstairs, a baby's cryin'
Cuz her mom's upstairs fryin', I'm outside
With the lions, and the timberwolves, stalk the streets
Gorilla beast heaters on, fitted on
It's dark and gloomy, three pigs on a duty
It's not a fable, it's hood lullabye, where the brothers die

(Hell Razah)

Project playgrounds, death singin' nursery songs
Built a school on the cemetery, for your new born
From the cradle to the casket, or in a straight jacket
God will be forever, son, your flesh burn to ashes
The hood school a shorty how to re-up on his crack flips
Little Red Riding Hood got raped in the black whip
Mother Goose crib got raided for them last bricks
Them three little pigs again with DEA badges
The warren and the judge, havin' dinner on the mattress

(Timbo King)

We used to throw m-80's, but now that heat pop
When the D's come, patrol the whole block
In due time, they're kingdom will fall
Inside project halls, with forty fours
Humpty Dumpty, played the block hard
Until he got shot down in the courtyard
Mary has a coke habit, everywhere she go
Backstage sniffin' snow, twenty gram hoe

(Killah Priest)

I'm like welfare for siblings
The simulac of rap for all my children, digesting my facts
Regurgitating all that weak shit, I lift they little arms
But 'em over my shoulders, pat they back while singin' a song
But these are lullabye's of hood life
I tell 'em stories of ratchets blowin' fiends, pullin' on pipes
Before I kiss 'em sayin' goodnight, pictures in they dome
Niggaz in jail, never coming home, the guns, crosses, tombstones
Little youth never live long enough to become grown
It's funny watchin' they expression change while they sleep
From fear, to horror, cuz what they see is the streets
I frighten them so they will never choose this life
I'm like a ghetto Morpheus, holdin' red and blue dice
I show you how and far the barrel hold goes
Hope you see the light, right before it blows, hood lullabye