

Black Market Militia, Paintbrush

(Intro: Killah Priest)
Black Market, Priest

(Chorus 2X: Killah Priest)
We paint the pictures without the paintbrush
Market hip hop, but think, gangsta

(Killah Priest)
Photography is like a movie film
Astrology is like I move through realms
Prodigy melodically, I produce a gem
Like cole, I dig deep into your eternal soul
I speak a journal, like your fortune told
Ya'll some purple, and light ya weed and blow a circle
I right the dead street scrolls, it's rare like the Devil's love letters
Let this essence of this thug, bless ya
Dream of Black Israel, the fetus of a baby Jesus
Seed of Emmanuel, see a man, in his cell, a breather
I need one, my weed's done, throw away the roach
Get close, with the man, with the most witcha
I draw pictures without paint, with the ink
When I think, the sun and moon, stars, link
It's like sixteen bars, get in sink
I'm like the author Alex Halley
Ridin' the, last note, before Malcolm was buried
I'm the artist, and what I do with markers
I color in words, like I'm two years old
All I need is a fubius code

(Tragedy Khadafi)
I say yes yes ya'll, they try to handcuff the God
Armani specs with night vision, I see ya'll
Deep as the mind of Solomon, the metropolitan
Model women, like Cleopatra, they try to swallow in
My pilgrimage, straight to the hood, the children follow 'em
Thug gentlemen, rockin' Timberlands, suade cinnamon
The radio don't play our shit, we too militant
Soul controller, the ayatollah when I roll up
Nine eleven shit, that I spit, the hood blow up

(Hell Razah)
Aiyo hold up, angels cry, the ghetto for dead souls
We left on this globe, tryin' to crawl out the bottomless hole
Live it out, before the book of life close
I was told from the first few sentences, written in Genesis
Seven six, God gave me a gift, I exist
From a family, of kings and queens, and blacksmiths
We build like Harold O'Biff, add up the hype
Liftin' the whiff, and get while we equal infinite
It's Black Market militant, Hebrew immigrants
They check the pyramid, to see for my finger prints
From New York to Palastine, if you could travel in time
You realize, who was God's bloodline
Why the dead bury the dead, the blind leadin' the blind
The makers of the fathers and nines, fathers and crimes
That climb on the mountain of Sear, evil drink from the fountain of fear
Got men drownin' in tears, countin' on his birthday years
We break bread at a table, with thirteen chairs, and long beards