

# Black Market Militia, The Breath of Life

(Intro: Killah Priest)

Yeah, this is life  
It's a struggle, it's my pain  
Our pain, it's our love  
It's our life, it's our struggle

(Chorus: Tragedy Khadafi)

What we live for, what we die for  
It's the stress, it's the test, this my war  
The words I live by, ya'll never run scared  
But this life, this is love, these are some fears

(Killah Priest)

Is little ghetto kids ever gonna see the sun  
Look what that metal did, sad, cuz he was young  
Outside his funeral, doorags, white tees and funds  
It's all I could do, make a path, hear the preacher comes  
Little Tasha's moms had a bad coke habit  
But she still weighs lobby full of broke addicts  
Broken elevator, next to the extenerator  
Lord, forgive me, my whole life I have been a gangsta  
Bars on the window, jars of that Indo  
Keep us everything, God, for our kinfolks  
See 'em on the holiday, holdin' down the funeral  
Every day a dollar's made, hope you life is beautiful  
But we let them lama's bang, ya'll know the usual  
Never know our mama's pain, til that black suit's on you  
Baby moms stressin', these streets give me bad vibes  
But I rep the hood life, live it til our flatline

(Chorus)

(Chorus II: Tragedy Khadafi)

The words I live by, ya'll never run scared  
But this life, this is love, these are some fears  
It's the joy, it's the pain, nothing compares  
It's the hood, look around, feel it in the air

(Tragedy Khadafi)

A young soldier on the roof, starin' at the street  
He never knew his fate, would be decided by the beast  
To say the very least, murdered by the white police  
To kick the door open, slugs tore his flesh apart  
The moonlight meters, blood glisten in the dark  
Seconds later, he was dead, bullets in the heart  
I heard his mother screaming, my dreams, I ain't sleep  
I try to break, feel my body tangled in the sheets  
Am I living, am I dying, tell me where I'm going  
Look at the sky, ask me why, really I ain't knowing  
Tell me where's the justice, heaven you need to hug us  
Where they killin' black babies and destroyin' mothers  
Cops strayin' brothers, I don't want to count the numbers  
Are we lost in this world, with no one to love us  
Are we lost in this world, with no one to love us  
(Timothy, we ridin' for you)

(Chorus)

(Chorus II)