

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)