

# Black Market Militia, Thug Nation

(Intro: Killah Priest (Tragedy Khadafi))

Yeah, knowwhatimean, it's coming down like, that man  
(What we gon' do, now, man)  
Sorry to break up the radio, for a minute  
(What the fuck we gon' do now, they hear now)  
But it's gotta come down, it's gotta be real  
We gotta come through to the heart (they back now)  
And I wanna talk to the hoods right now  
If you a thug and you real, muthafuckin' speak  
(What the fuck ya'll gonna do now muthafuckas)

(Tragedy Khadafi)

I'm like Osama Hussein, hotter than the whole  
Population control, I'm seein' soldiers fold  
As I release the scroll, I spit perpendicular  
Walkin' barefoot across peninsulas, freein' slaves and prisoners  
Black Market Militia is revolution, the mission is  
Free the minds of our listeners, resurrected with militance  
We ain't beggin' politicians for nothing  
Government funded, comin' gunnin' and stunnin', seein' the D's running  
God bless us, Supreme Team, extreme measures  
Max under mattress, C-4 in the dressers  
The D's who wanna test us, and feds wanna arrest us  
Fuck professors and their lectures, I'm talkin' to ancestors  
True story, give the glory to God, receive the blessings  
Made in an image, of his likeness, my true essence

(William Cooper)

I ride for the government, with clubs, and strugglin'  
Come from street corners, where all day cracks be hustlin'  
You can't come in, unless you got a warrant for the crib  
I pay the bills for the crib, man, fuck the police field  
I got names on bullets in the clip, the world ran by the rich  
We drop the genes, that's it  
Feel my aura as I walk with a millennium limp  
Talk what I walk, just be do what I've been taught  
See sirens show up, and now line 'em and chalk  
O.G.'s show me the ropes, and day by day head of coke  
Keep a ruger in my coat, and never ever sniff dope  
Or watch your future go downhill like a ski slope, come on

(Chorus: Killah Priest)

My thug nation, let me break it down for you in lamen terms  
Get what you can get now, before the plate burn  
No, I'm not a minister, or we preach it to you  
Oh, believe me, dog, I can see the future, get yours

(Timbo King)

Call me the black menace, slap niggaz like I'm playin' tennis  
When shit pops off, it don't finish  
Smoke in the air, you smellin' spinach  
I'm sick in the head, I need a clinic, yeah, infinite  
Cuz I rise without the finer thing, Lord of the Rings  
Be them corner kings, wings of war, hoes klingons  
So bring on your whole platoon, ya'll buffons  
With a bunch of toons, need to retreat soon  
Black thorough, Black Othello, my click be the wild fellows  
From the wildest ghettos, yeah  
Armed with angels, protected by a guided light  
Violent fights, U.S. and dirt eternal silent nigh

(Killah Priest)

Fuck it, George Bush is abominations  
Spoken to us by the prophet Daniel

Here's some instruction for the hood, I wrote down  
Call a project manual, rule 1: get arms  
And don't share what's spoken up inside the circles  
To outsiders, I don't know why, I know what I know is right  
But trust me, dog, guide our providers, rule 2: find out who's who  
See Judas hung around Jesus, you don't want the same thing to happen to you  
Rule 3: fuck storing food, ask for nothing, take what you need  
Reality, real warriors bleed, believe me, Ghetto Jesus  
Seize this, rule 4: they are no more rules, Cash Rules  
What you take us for? (That's Wu-Tang) Some muthafuckin' fools?  
I got a celestial gun that clap off demons  
Smash on the brakes, the devil hit the dashboard screamin'  
I'm a manic depressin', I'm on paxel and zoloff  
Now the hood don't gotta say nothin', I just took a load off  
And watch me cock the sawed off

(Chorus - 2X)

(Outro: girl)  
You are now tuned into the sounds  
Of Black Market Radio