

# Black Knights, Almighty Black Knights

Artist: Black Knights f/ Gemini  
Album: Every Night is a Black Knight  
Song: Almighty Black Knights  
Typed by: Tha Masta

[Monk]

Yeah, yeah, Six came with a hot ass track  
The Black Knights is mothafuckin' back  
Close that mothafuckin' door  
We don't wanna hear no echoes  
Hell no, blaze that weed up  
This mothafuckin' shit is about to let loose  
Ah yea, blaze that shit  
We from the city of the Queen Mary and the Spruce Moose  
Long Beach to Compton, niggas is on these

Street smart, strong darts  
Come from the heart, can't fall apart  
Slacked off and now it's time to show the real value of the Rugged Monk  
Fuck y'all marks, my niggas thug it up  
Wu-Wear and chucks, the Knights, we just don't give a fuck  
Criticize about this and that, Black Knights done Pillaged that  
Fuck that, keep the shit real, y'all niggas love my raps  
Not just that, the style, the Knights got ya actin' wild  
Demolishin' styles, watch Monk rock the crowd  
All killas, we gang members and rap niggas  
With black Tec's, pull more cards and pull spreads  
With killa instincts, peep my rugged technique  
I, slay MC's if you wanna battle in these streets  
On beat or raw beat, I gotta keep it complete  
You can't fuck with my crew, what ya, thought I was weak?  
Feel the effect, Black Knights live on the set  
Protect Ya Neck before you be the first one to get swept  
Let 'em know, it's the..

[Chorus: Gemini]

It's the Black Knights, Almighty Black Knights  
There's no beginnin' and there is no end  
Fuckin' with us, you don't have no wins  
Fuck this is my groove

[Doc Doom]

The Knights hold mic's like black gats  
So MC's hold ya money stack, heard ya funny raps  
Got ya tape, got my money back, the shit ya spit is wack, black  
Black Knights, we don't deal with that  
Killa Beez attack from the West, now can you fuck with that?  
Hell no, that's like a mountain compared to a pebble  
Ya stale flows'll never be able to match the levels  
That I'm on, you silly rap niggas gotta be head-strong  
Battlin' me is like tryin' to run when the infrared's on  
And I won't miss, so you can just kiss that ass bye-bye  
You silly fucks should've learned to duck when I let lead fly  
Doc Doom the dangerous, straight from Los Angeles  
You can't hang with the Swatch gang, so bang to this  
And ride dry to this, plug you like appliances  
Real street scientists adapt to all environments  
Heat firin', got big niggas perspirin'  
Slugs slap ya dome, put ya in gangsta retirement

[Chorus]

[Holocaust]

Black Knights

A black living museum (muahahahaha), after dark we're plenty  
Five copper pennies, Holocaust to mini  
Matinee theme where music meets film  
A suitcase bomb, apple crisps and tarts  
Pink lemon pie, bullets in a basket  
'In a Lonely Place', 'Last of the Mohicans'  
Navajo Geronimo, exquisation a Skarekrow  
'Thin Red Line', red corners and hallways  
Gallop on a stallion towards Earth  
Loud dirty work, fingers walk up a skirt  
One-eyed Cactus Jack, sketch artist  
Love pomegranate, pirate gunslinger  
Created from the pieces of different Gargoyles  
Pico one, 'The Last Home Run'  
A town called Buffalo Jum is where it landed  
Murder single-handed, ice planets, the bandits

[Chorus - first three lines only]

[Gemini]  
The West Coast Killa Beez is too strong  
And Wu-Tang Clan money is too long  
It's too long..

[Chorus - first two lines only]