

Black Knights, Crunch Time

Artist: Black Knights

Album: n/a

Song: Crunch Time

Typed By: X-Calibur, Tha Masta

[Intro: Doc Doom (Crisis)]

Yeah! Yeah! The Black Knights (West Coast Killa Beez)

We in the house! Iron Brigade!

West Coast Killa Bee niggas, (Crisis the General) nah mean?

Check it

[Doc Doom]

We flip flows like niggas flip scripts

With hollow tips, plus extra clips

On your blocks ready to start shit

It's like a death wish, for you to step to this

Mic analyst, dismantle shit with tombs of doom like _____

The best in this whole rap game, no need to search no more

The Black Knights will turn any section into a murder show

So welcome to the Medieval chamber, dungeon of lunatics

MCs wet they pants are left standing up in a pool of piss

It's ludicrous, beef with Black Knights is simply foolishness

We ruling shit, the Killa Bee Clan that's who I'm moving with

Off the top, now y'all niggas know who got the spot locked

Black Knights, the deadly Four Horsemen riding through Camelot

On horseback, with our guns out, blazing a hot trail

From Clydesdale, busting hot shells and throwing cocktails

Our minds dwell, deep in the sewer, we make maneuvers like hungry cougars

Through these L.A. streets clutching our Rugers

[Hook: Holocaust]

Ironclad samurais march under these dark skies

Roaming through the sinners' graveyard with sharp knives

Think twice and get your fucking neck sliced and cut wide

Trying to touch mine, Black Knights shine at Crunch Time

[Crisis]

It's a suicide mission, stepping to tote Mac's

Get your skull cracked and get your dough snatched

When niggas never hold back, we hold gats

Lyric combat, dealing with gunplay Monday through Sunday

In Killa Cal it's only one way

Thats do or die, cock the .45 and let them fly

Fuck a vest, in the West we don't aim for the chest

I roll with villains, thug niggas, drug dealers and blood spillers

Poverty made killers who drink liquor, blaze niggas

In the struggle, since the hustle to juggle, niggas will bust you

To oppress you they dont slap box or wrestle, we pulling pistols

In Killa Cal, where niggas is foul and killers prowl

We give you banging nasty talk and then mack in mafia style

Flip hoods for miles, bitches is wild, snitches exiled

From the blocks where teenagers hold glocks putting it down

Young niggas who's live, wilding out like wild Indian Tribes

Known to ride, let them fly, plus homicide when they collide

Peace to niggas from the Rock, old lime of lime

On the grind with nines, at Crunch Time, fuck one time

We busting lunch-lines, there's no remorse

All the North of course could never touch mine

Move as one, stay in one mind, that makes the sun shine

[Holocaust]

Hazardous waste leaks out my brainstem, light up a dark room

Then mark goons with large wounds from knives and sharp spoons

It's harsh doom which starts soon, the gifted merchant

Fuck the apple, I tackled then bit the serpent
You get the curtains, controversial critical thinking
While the sound intensity bedazzles pitiful weaklings
Sinking deep into a trancelike state, battling illness
Manifest allergic reactions that'll be realness
So feel this, vitamin pack, battleaxe
Chop that ass into stack type rap that rattles tracks
til they crack, back smack wack cats for touching mics
Ducking spikes in an ancient temple where nothings bright
Fucking trife, Running man, bombs' expert, who networks
Spraying up your sweatshirt, pressure until your flesh bursts
The next verse crafted from me will cause a tremor
Burn and scold the sinners then blow threw a hall of mirrors
In the form of Arabian light piercing the darkness
Wu-Tang blood runs deeper than Adam Partridge
Family tree, G-O-D, so shut the hell up
This killer bee larvae develops, you getting swell up
From concrete knuckles in scuffles, I hate groups
Give them lumps the size of footballs, bricks and grapefruits
Make soup out of weak motherfuckers, taste bitter death
Spitting out the buckshot and cut rocks like drug spots
With a sharp sound wave that leaves the mic suspended
You heard now youve ended, permanent flight attendant

[Hook]

[Monk]

Absorb in a hole cause Every Night is a Black Knight
Faggot style types freestyle darts that they write
But I recite the homicidal thoughts that I crave
Step up, you'll get slayed by the Black Knight Brigade
We Dirty Ho, Mortal Kombat, cripple avengers
The Rugged Monk ripped the mic, do you remember?
The way I shred your darts apart within an instance
To get the distance, lyrically stomp, we left no footprints
Dart staple gun pierce the eardrum with an iron fist, my appliances
Be a chrome mic and a five mic rhyme star
Fuck your coast and the weak bars, I be a migrant
Conquer all that exists and know me as the Rugged Monk
Or the Top Gun, I leave your brains numb
From the harsh rhymes I spit from the tongue
You know the outcome, flawless victory
Use my inner strength as energy
You get flooded by the Killa Beez

West Coast Killa Beez (West Coast)

[Hook]

[Holocaust]

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