

Black Knights, State Of Emergency

(Intro: Doc Doom)

Niggaz are in a state of emergency...
The death side, millions and millions armed to death
And life side, division of rule, we rule for delf
It's only death...

(Monk)

Monk slay fools like you that rap for free
Dick holes swift, code name: Dick Dastardly
Stay with a dime piece, heavy starch on the crease
Chucks fresh out the box, laced with the gangsta physique
Howard cap, Compton hat, blue penalty fleece
Chunky, heat on my hip, I'm Motorolin' through streets
Ain't, reached my peak, but I passed your peak
You assed and cheeked, my vocals stay smashin' beats
CQ, my answers speaks, and bang my shit loud
Black Knights is known for rocking mics, excite a crowd
Dial 1-800-BLACKKNIGHTS, anytime you want some
Gangsta beats, and some hardcore rhymes
Call P.C. and Chuck to come and lace your hooks
K.B.G. and Black Techs to come and heat up the booth
All you DJ's, if you need some drops
We ain't hard to find, cause we still on the block

(Chorus: P.C.)

Somebody call 911, we in a state of emergency
Two elevens and burglaries, and murder in the first degree
On all them seeds, urging me, we on the mash for this currency
Two elevens and burglaries, and murder in the first degree
On all them seeds, emergency

(Doc Doom)

Don't make put flames on your bitch ass, you switch fast
My guns like an ATM part, stick your ass for some quick cash
Then mash to the getaway car, swerving through red lights
Laughing, smoking and drinking, banging the Black Knights
The five mic, hood superstars, we ghetto as it gets
Rock my gear for three days straight and still snatch your bitch
Silly fuck, don't get gagged or duct tapped up
Body parts found in the dessert, a lost faker
I ain't joking, I'll leave your crew heart broken
If you ain't got five on the stack, you ain't smoking
Picture a nigga rolling, holding my pocket swollen
Shit, who gives a fuck if everything I got is stolen
Huh, it ain't a puzzle, the minds, I keeps a tech
Put the muzzle on mine, I was born into this life of crime
This life of mines, been a bumpy road, but I won't fold in these streets
Only makek my heart cold, huh

(Chorus)

(Crisis)

It's official, bloody paragraphs contaminate your system
Perscribe the antidote, snipe that ass from a distance
Baptize my throat with the henny and coke
Firewater mixed with ridalin hold it in til I choke
Get the full effect, eyes bloodshot, get drunk and pull a tech
Disconnect the neck, a diamondback, and disrespect me
Leave you posing for obitueries, posing in cemeteries
Trapped in a box, for trynna slapbox with glocks
Get your snot released with multiple slots, trays ricochet
Off floors and hardway, gunplay, all day, got the block
Locked like Broadway, fuck individuals we make 'em all play
Lyrical Scarface, vandalize the streets like property

It ain't no stoppin' me, I show 'em how to rock it properly
Set up monopolies, get CREAM from state to state
Bank the cake, from K to K, make the fake evaporate
It's no escape, we holding weight, holding down, in every state

(Chorus)