

# 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)