

# Black Market Militia, Gem Star's

(Intro: Killah Priest (Tragedy Khadafi))

Yeah, pass that (word up, word up  
Word up, haha, that shit feel good right?  
Knowwhatimean?) Yeah (Gem Star the Regime, straight up  
Black Market the revolution) Yeah (Both sides of the coins)  
Inside of this (You understand what we talkin' bout?) Uh-huh  
(We giving y'all fair warning)

(Tragedy Khadafi)

Hot lead bust through iron pipes  
Blood drips from the corner of young thug's mouth, the hood life  
His torn flesh, and his last bit of breath  
Pulses, over death flesh, homicide hover like vultures  
Married the game, now the Earth's dirty and dulgis  
Should of seen him though, niggaz though his heart was the coldest  
Left two seeds, little son Rod was the oldest  
Two baby mothers, blowing guns, duckin' under covers  
And his motto was, no one in this whole world love us  
From the womb to the tomb, presumed the youth's scars  
Soul on ice, tears of a killer, behind bars  
When you curse God, streets is a gangsta's graveyard  
My advice, in the meantime, to you, is play hard  
It's real, when you deal with the cards you dealt  
It's not real, when your seeds feel the pain you felt  
Break the curse, disciple, nigga, pave the way  
It ain't gangsta, when your seeds go lay in the same grave  
Then die in the same hood, bleed on the same corner  
The game's over, all of my niggaz, have fair warning  
Fair warning... lie's life

(Killah Priest)

My rhymes a guideline, for political thugs and O.G.'s  
Who blows trees in front of authorities, like giving a fuck  
Revolvers will squeeze, regardless to the warrants you read  
Trauma we bleed, before they put our wrists in them cuffs  
I sit in the cut, like I'm sixty two, and next Panther  
Narrator, screen writer for niggaz in handcuffs  
Gangstas are freedom fighters doing life in the slammers  
Where the strangers take advantage, when they tie bananas  
And I thank you, what the knife til we collide with them hammers  
Phantoms, they talk before we sell them  
Cats yell from they gut, the shells come and their skeleton struck  
How I survive that four/five, well I tell 'em it's luck  
Fellas erupt, at chow time, shots heard from a loud nine  
Fitted turbans, we feast and beneath her loud signs  
I don't care, we cripple you blood  
When cops come, get rid of them drugs  
For revolution, grab that mask, pistol and glove  
This is the love, black oils richer than blood  
I'm sick of the grudge, between vice laws and G.D.'s  
Latin Kings and Mieta's, it's that real shit, that hood lecture

(William Cooper)

Your future's outlined in chalk, when you tangle with dope  
If you know what they riskin', they eventually choke  
I put the flames to the smoke, your body leaks til y'all soap  
Black Market's the vote, now we that uncooked coke  
That smuggled in on boats, dippin' DEA coats  
Poppin' up like toast, so don't play me too close  
The FBI and the Mob be like the Bloods and the Crips  
Seems like the root of all evil, leads to government chips  
It's better to slip with the foot, then slip with the tongue  
Flash both sides of the coin, then the Yin and Yang forms  
Keep it straight, black and white, with no gray in my zone

Stand on top of my word, what I gave is my soul  
So who do I owe? Dug myself up out of a hole  
And while y'all fightin' for gold, I'm fight the NWO  
Since twelve years old, I'se nowhere to get a burner  
Because the breath of the devil, have you huggin' the corner

(Chorus 2X: Killah Priest)

And in the hood, we spit gem star's  
Givin' you fair warnings, for life lectures  
Puttin holes in your tecture  
Only two ways to go, parole or the stretcher  
We'd rather be on our thrones, holdin' our chesters