

# Black Market Militia, Mayday!

(Intro: Hell Razah)

Fear the evil music, Renaissance Child  
Yeah, Black Market, yea, Black Market Militia  
We gon' talk to the ghettos, Hell Razah  
All my niggaz in the projects, Will Cooper  
Blood on the walls, yeah, yeah  
And it breaths so shit, real deep, yea  
Black Market Militia, roll with this  
Ain't fuckin' wit us, yo, yo

(Hell Razah)

Welfare, got a respect for my moms  
I found out, George Bush was the same as Saddam  
I'm a digital bomb, downloaded on the CD-ROM  
Before Muhammed and the Holy Qu'ran, an Egyptian God  
Abraham, saught the science of Brahm  
Breath of life, education of Christ, gave Satan his life  
He bought souls when they came with a price  
I got the dice, rollin' three sixes, blowin' widow kisses  
Keep wizes, readin' Hebrew scriptures  
Each gun go a longer distance, to get ya  
I develop, so the seller get the bigger picture  
Ron O'Neal, superfly without no deal  
I'm Shaquille, when it comes down to lyrical skills  
Maccabee be a seed of Israel  
What I can't eat in a mill, I guess, I'mma leave in my will  
Set fire to America's flag, and the President mad  
I raise the states, like the price of gas

(Chorus - 2X):

(Hell Razah)

We try'nna save up for AK's  
Having helicopter niggaz screamin' "Mayday!"  
This is Black Market Military, don't play  
Ain't no comin' at my family, the wrong way, aye

(Hell Razah)

Child support, disrespectin' my pops, it's fucked up  
When ya man breakin' bread with the cops  
They love talkin' alot, so we send they heads back in a box  
This for Ray Charles and Red Foxxx, let off a shot  
And all the brothers in the prison cells, livin' in hell  
It's dawn of the dead, we born here, to war with the feds  
Lead the snakes to the edge, watch it fall of the ledge  
It ain't over til we kill 'em, and oil they eggs  
Probably kicked down the White House door  
Cuz they wipe out poor, people that's homeless  
Who life like lost, while the rich get richer, the poor get poorer  
So we run a menage, on both Bush's daughters  
And show 'em all the riches that his twin sisters bought us  
That made a World Trade, when they slept with a slave  
The same ones that got AIDS, that sickness ya'll made  
The resurrected Nat Turner's, back from the grave

(Tragedy Khadafi)

When I write, the angels cry, tears fall out of the sky  
Hit the earth, take human form and fly  
Prophets and messengers, rise out of they graves  
My enemies'll treat, four legged beasts, back to the cage  
Mountains of Caucus, I'm just dealin' with higher forces  
Satellite's take flight when I'm swervin', bulletproof porsches  
The first dynasty was that of Egyptian's  
Before commandments, my name was written in golden scriptures  
When I spit, it's like bare witness to Allah Chikis Sahatta

Nat Turner burner, soul of a rider  
It's like me and you subtracted from two, last one left  
Right over left, when cowards die, thousands of death  
Let the revolution start, where's your heart, let ya heat pop  
Feel the lost cause of Afeni, when she lost Pac  
Betty Shabazz, the slugs tore Malcolm's chest and he drop  
Audobon building, might get murdered, what I'm revealing  
Cinematic like Michael Moore, Fahrenheit 9/11  
Mac-11 flamin', the president's head til it severed

(Outro: Killah Priest)

May day, may day, I report from the hood  
Black Market, I report from the hood, Black Market