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