

Black Market Militia, Righteous Talk

(Intro: Killah Priest (old man) {Timbo King})

Go ahead motherfucker, shit

I don't know man, this motherfucker

First day right, check it out, don't sit on the corner, man

We ain't talkin' bout you, we talkin' bout the same thing, man, motherfucker

(I wanna see what goin' with the Black Market, I mean

Like when I was coming up, it was like, you know

Martin, and Malcolm, you know, I'm, I'm, kinda feeling like

The Black Market is on that energy, and that type of direction, man)

{Yeah, basically, that's like, our forefathers right there}

(All right) {the unit, knowwhatimean?} (all right)

{That generation just guided us to what we is right now

So basically, you know, we just moving}

(Slow motion, you know it kill me though

When you got these brothas out here, talkin' bout

They thugs and they gangsta, to me, like Malcolm

Like Malcolm, was a gangsta) {Yea, for real}

(Like Huey P. Newton, now that was a gangsta, Timbo

You know, you reppin', like how ya'll brothas say

Ya'll reppin', ya'll reppin' like that brother?)

{No, we reppin', like ya'll} Look at old man John right there, man

(I just wanna see more life from you, you got alotta music out there

Everybody running around talkin' bout, they this Unit, and

Knowwhatimean, gangsta, and all that, I just wanna see

Some more life in the music, for the babies) {That's what's it's about, man

We know about that generation right there} (Check this out brother

I mean, not to catch above, what I'm sayin', I gotta keep it movin')

(Timbo King)

Yo, you know the saying, it's black people, eat too much grease

Cuz every diner in New York, is controlled by Greeks

Until my sons bust guns, like Paul Rover's son

Political rebel, rollin' with a, army of bums

Homeless, individuals, no government funds

Tell Colin Powell, he's forgot where it came from

Drug deals turn sour, the bitter taste of money

The hood, been hoodwinked, we've been labeled as dummies

Education got the youth, like, fuck next period

Rather slang rocks, that's it, period

A rich man, can't walk on the floors of heaven

Fahrenheit 9/11, got ya'll callin' your reverend

Yeah, I said it's wartime, like we fightin' in Baghdad

Women you tryin' to have, I've had that, done bagged that

The blood founder, call me Charles Drew

You need more than F.O.I., to guard you, when I barge through

Producers want to charge 15 g's

Comin' into their studios with 15 G.D.'s

Bite the bullet, put the hit out on the President's head

For all the pain and the bloodshed