

Black Market Militia, The Renaissance (O.G. Vers)

(Intro: Hell Razah)

1-2, 1-2, yo, you could hear me?

1-2 turn me up

(Hell Razah)

I've been a threat since Benetton Gazelles in Valleys
The Icon in graffiti in the Brooklyn Alley
Touch hearts of the Pharaohs in the Egypt Valley
My Engineer can't see me cuz the Booth is cloudy
Still rowdy even though we in BM's and Audi's
Lookin' like Black Saudi's in Black Denali's
I'mma Terrorist attack when I get on the track
If I'm ridin' Shotgun I need one in my lap
I adapt in any Habitat, a BK Desert rat
It's War, then we sendin' back bodies and gats
Flip the white flag homey it get worst than Iraq
We know the CIA game was to frame us wit Crack
So each bar's more dope, Heroin in my pen
Got a ??Marvin?? back robbin', head 'noddin' again
Who you shit on to get on top could make it pop in the end
Who's the flop and what's hot got you locked in the Gym
Tell Jacob I spit Jewels I could drop 'em a Gem
And If he lookin' for a Diamond I could hook 'em wit Tim

(Hook: Timbo King & {Hell Razah})

I'm hip-hop before 'SugarHill' signed a deal
Before 'Studio 54' poppin' pills
It was real when Kool Herc' worked the wheels of steel
Now we bring the game back into a New York field
I'm hip-hop before 'SugarHill' signed a deal
Before 'Studio 54' poppin' pills
I'm hip-hop, {since 'EPMD' You Gots To Chill}
I'm hip-hop, {since 'Beastie Boys' License To Ill}

(Tragedy Khadafi)

Yo, I'm Christopher Wallace wit street knowledge
Apostle of the project
Speakerbox wit the G-Packs stuffed in a G's closet
I'm tenement Buildings, cement streets, I'm British Walkers
I'm scuff marks on your brand new Alize
5% Nation of Godbodies greetin' wit peace
I'm Raw like Kane, my lyrics are formed in solid rock
Spit it hotter than '86 on drug infested blocks
Last photo of 'Pac before his Beamer got shot
I'm the Queens, one man Supreme Team
Triple Beam Dream, Microphone Cream Fiend
Top Five Dead or Alive, I'm so amazin'
2-5 Costra Nostra, heart of this culture
The game ain't over
I'm the truce troop war reporter, legal life stick you
Against All Odds, not the ordinary shit you use to
I'm C-Murder before the life sentence
Predicate felons, homicide chasin' niggaz, hopin' over benches

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(Hell Razah)

All I need is a beat-box

And I'mma run through niggaz like Sheep rock

We flop? we gon' have to run up in weed spots

These glocks could send fake niggaz to meet 'Pac

We got - the pick that could open your key lock

If Hip-Hop is dead, then in this House of Madness

I'mma raise the dead out of that Mental Casket

No, niggaz 16 that'll sell you Ratchets

That drew when they see any jewelry flashin'

I still be at Bk Kool G Rappin'

You come through the wrong dude will sell you Aspirin

We still got luv for Ole Dirty Bastard

We judged by 12, six carry the casket

My gat spit, that's it, niggaz do backflips

My Black whips pull up to the Clubs and bag Chicks (Get in, get in)

This rap shit got niggaz thinkin' they that sick (Look at 'em)

'Til Sixth Grade I stayed on some read and math shit

I'm hood but Intelligent, ????????

When Hoes buyin' clothes off the poles of Saks Fifth

And I don't eat pork, Enzymes and cat-fish

And what you gonna do when the streets is cash-less

Take 2 pulls of my weed and pass it (Gimme my shit!)

Wit these beats I'mma toe tag it and body bag it

I don't want a deal if I gotta be a faggot (Naw I'm good)

These homos and 'E' addicts, go'head and have it

Cuz I don't need no money that bad to toss salad

From Brooklyn to Paris stay blowin' that Cactus

That match wit my Army Jacket, Green Cabbage

My bars be 24 Karats for the Average

(Outro: Hell Razah)

'Renaissance Child' - Tragedy Khadafi

Givin' ya'll niggaz that new upgrade

That next level of this Hip-Hop shit

It's the God core muzik, Hip-Hop is back niggaz!