

Black Market Militia, The Struggle

(Intro: Killah Priest)

Cheeba cheeba y'all (uh)
Cheeba cheeba y'all, don't stop
Yo... yo, yo

(Chorus 2X: Killah Priest)

Get that money, money, money, y'all, yeah
Support the struggle with your hustle, y'all, yeah
We need enough guns, nuff funds, nuff weed
Till y'all could burn, listen till our sadeed

(William Cooper)

I show both sides of the coin, we angels with dirty faces
Some say the love the wicked, more deadly than the hatred
Life's a bitch, so just face it (face it)
When out of control, that mouth piece is dangerous
Know when to put the clamp on, chill out, put ya breaks on
You better watch the tone, if you wanna keep your face on
Be all knowledge, that's pursuit of wisdom
Give me the word, guy, I waste them dirty, tray eight, lace them
With no fingerprint traces, I flatline your airtime
You'll be suprised on what's heard on the grapevine
My box cutter don't stutter, sirens bring handcuffs
Believe me, that's hood life, time's is rough
Ya'll lady luck, like Deebo, stack chains with your necks
Flex muscle, got a strong arm for corporate checks
Gem Star the Regime, Black Market, the movement
Like, look and he deliver, we eatin' your food, man

(Chorus 2X)

(Killah Priest)

It's the Market, the projects again
It's that hard shit, that God is within
I pick up pens, and put them to lens
So y'all can see crystal clear, it's official, we here
Black Market, the God sick, watch us pay homage
Priest, Trag', both gettin' massages by
Dime pieces, the rhyme thesis
The mind eases, the nine releases
Punk police, we police our own hood
Brownsville, Queensbridge, move around like wolves
Can't forget, Gates Ave., taking a cab
Up late in the lab, I'm finished, you take it Trag'

(Tragedy Khadafi)

Yeah, is it the struggle, it's the hustle music on the juggle
I spit it for black babies, just to show you that I love you
Little Assata's, little Malcolm's, little Mandela's
Make fun of your skin color, that's because they really jealous
The full lips and wide noses on the realest soldiers
It's way they despise us, and they just really oppose us
Now I ain't racist, I'm just tryin' tell you what the case is
Feelin' discrimination, when I walk in different places
But I'm the truth, and I'm a king and God told me so
I translated the greatest, so that the babies know
And to my women, y'all are queens, and we gon' win
I love y'all hair, I love y'all face, I love y'all brown skin
I love y'all most, because you stand behind us black men

(Chorus 2X)