

# Black Market Militia, Think Market

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Market, gotta relax, exoticness  
Yo this is it, history in the making  
Killah Priest, Tragedy, and Black Market  
William Booth, yo, Will, yo we gotta do this, son  
Hahaha, history in the making, y'all, yeah

[Killah Priest]

Niggaz wanna know what I base my theories in  
Hebrew literature, face Nigerian  
Black Market, we form the great pyramids  
My poetry's deep, call it Shakespearing  
Police harass, cuz the jury and the G I'm in  
I speak on the past, Egyptian late periods  
Look at my pad, misused shapes and imageness  
Conscious lyrics, spoken through hieroglyphics  
We cuenin' it for him, the God is mystic  
I'm havin', constant dreams, that I'm Constantine  
Surrounded by heaven's angels, with armored wings  
See dead people, needles in the arms of fiends  
The messiah of the ghetto, black Madonna seed  
Revolver's squeeze, crack addiction, jars of weed  
Court cases, mad convictions, they followed me  
Sometime, my past is hollow, but I got and dodge y'all lead

[Chorus 1.5X: Killah Priest]

Back down soldiers, we blow gats  
Military thoughts, we attack like silverbacks  
With automatic weaponry, our needs of ammunition  
We ain't come to talk, we came to handle our business

[Tragedy Khadafi]

Inconspicuous crime shit, the criminals grind with  
Fast forward, rewind it, the mental, we blinded  
Lost my soul in the hood, but only God could find it  
Inadvertently the government wanna silence and murder me  
Ya'll been trapped in the cage, and call a soul and it's hurting me  
I'm just, runnin' bleedin' and leakin', I'm barely breathin', I'm wheezin'  
Head to the sky, and I'm just lookin' for reasons  
And even if I'm leavin', the price of freedom is death  
Our we achieving, what's really left, broken legacy  
Death of a nation, eracin' evil  
We facin', sellin' our souls to Satan

[Chorus 2X]

[William Cooper]

We the tree, got planet to feed the Earth and his children  
Our pastor's smokin' the mirrors, and all our check revisit  
When evil pours through your pores, banana clips will fill you  
It doesn't get any realer, the chalk out, mindin' your figure  
But an eye for an eye, I had the whole hood blind  
It's half the reason, half the hood, is right now, doing time  
What's done in the dark, could come to light in due time  
Turn my cheek to grapevines, until seen by third eye  
Be under heaven's gates, with bullets, we then fly  
Pray the most high, brings my soul upon flatline  
On top of the world, to our mountain of crime  
Look, behold a pale horse, in just a blink of an eye  
But actions speak louder than words, when I just off this  
From the womb to the coffin, scalin' to suit, you caution  
The Black Market, hood news, Thug Cooper reporting  
Just givin' y'all fair warning, a new day is dawning

[Chorus 1.5X]

[Outro: Killah Priest]

World, world, world, world

Market, market, market, market, market

Think, think, think, think, true, true

Life, life, life, life, life