

Brotha Lynch Hung, Black Market

(voice)

The year is 1994. Black Market Records, 2001 Records, and Doomsday Productions combine forces
Feel the fury.

hahahahahahaha

i put my hands in my pocket

they jingle cuz they full of change

and sometimes being broke make

your father straight

but i got a better grip on myself

so i avoid being played short like

an elf

bust a side bust her in the head

then watch all of yoke come runnin

out his egg

im tryin to stack the grips that

dont let me hit this dick

cuz if i hit this dick ima shoot

me a bitch

f**k it(inhale,cough), bang bang,

5 minutes later the cops came

im settin up shop for the black

market

so if i aim at your mark ass you a

target

told you that i come, but i came

insane

though im bay still killas

scramblin the niggas brains

if you gotta go we gotta go i like

the 6'4

im pullin GTA's it aint yours no

more

then i tell em to strip it down

and leave nothing but the frame

then im gon' sell my cousin the
gold thangs
cop a burn and turn it over like a
flapjack
mo money mo money for black market
on the black market, yeah x4
creepin, move with swiftness in
the dark
there aint no stoppin once a nigga
start
it aint nothin new, up under the
sun for days and days
under the moon is where i was born
and raised
and doomed for life, nigga this aint no
daylife
i love it murderin mothaf**kas in the night
and deuced up ready to make his
mark underground target
hooked up with black market
now peep this
shit gets deeper and deeper, the
doomstown grim reaper and P-I-T
platinum, Mr Dr. Lynch Hung

we do yo ass in good just for fun
15 inches in yo ass bitch
take it and love it but i aint talkin bout no dick
14 suns and moons somthin you can assume
that on the 15th marks my day for doom
buck em and f**k em with doomsday productions
eat clips and trip if i catch you f**kin with my grip
you find your ass dead in a graveyard

and ima continue on my way
well if you see me chewin baby guts lowk
would ya choke
i vomit when that teflon pierced that babys throat
peep me eatin dead cock u trip cuz eatin dead pussy clit
i make ya sick but its that season so my reason is legit
im havin fits, i dream of eatin bloody pussy clits since i was 6
i fiend for dead pussy on my dick
i got the skits meanin i dont give a f**k about yo biatch
that nigga thats from the block killin up that cock so nigga..shiat
baby barbeque ribs and guts and uh
dont make me get the deep fryin baby nuts, sluts
get ate out like a dank and crooked teeth hurt
i pulled that tampax string out and straight couldnt work
it wouldnt work without that sicc
so page a nigga quick so i can serve you some of that shit
and have you murderin your bitch violently
ive been key for 20 minutes and feel like killin on that nilla nilla
its that infant killa
aint the bitch mr doc D double O M
in hella heat
niggas im gone, i need another dose of human meat
i lift the creed, and black market death by the scene
as that nigga nigga that 9 millimeter to f**ks you in yo sleep
we on the black market yeahh x4
you let yo eyes upon my fo-fo
and notice every curve and my strap
as the tears roll down
flash of life as you fade to black
if that gat wasnt all up in yo face
reminese of yo folks, yo bitch, yo kids, yo faith
replaced, take it down to the south

get deep, think of moms at yo funeral broken, all of yo family
its kinda crazy you could lose all of these things so quick
and whats worse, nigga shot ya for the f**k of it, yeah!
never knew id be the one to have you back on my hand
back with the fo-fo mag!
that niggas life wont last
keep listening while i gotta get ya from yo right to ya throat
dig that nail in ya neck watch ya bitch ass choke
no hope no joke im safe from pain all day
all im askin for your mothaf**kin grip in exchange
one to the brain in the throat, out the skull
from the big chrome gat, peeled cat release yourself
now ya niggas know
one more dead mothaf**ka on the street from the Mr doc
Locc straight to the brain with sicc ideas with black market
death murder when they suck