

Doomsday Productions "Black Market"

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[Talking]

The year is 1994

Black Market Records, 2001 Records, and Doomsday
Productions

Combined forces to create an unfadable click

Make way for the hounds of the underground

Feel the fury, hahhaahaha

[PIT]

I put my hands in my pockets

They jiggle cus they fulla change,

Sometimes bein broke'll make ya fall astray

But I got a better grip on myself

So I avoid gettin played short like a elf

Bust her side bust her in the head

That white? yoke come runnin out his neck

I'm tryin to stack a grip so don't let me hit this dank

Cus if I hit this dank, I'm a shoot me a bitch

Fuck it, *puff*, bang bang,

Five minutes later, the cops came

I'm settin up shop for the black market

So if I aim at your mark-ass you're a target

Told you that I'd come but I came insane

Born braincell killas, scramblin niggas brains

If you gotta go you gotta go I like the six-fo

I'm pullin GTA's, it aint yo's no mo'

Then I take it and strip it down and leave nothin but the
frame

Then I'm gonna sell my cousin the gold thangs

Pop a burn and turn it over like a flapjack

Mo money mo money for black market

[Chorus x4]

On the black market, yeeeaah

[Eklypss]

Creepin move with swiftness in the dark

And 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 daylight

I love it, murderin muthafuckas in the night

A Doomsta ready to make his mark an underground
target
Hooked up with black market now peep
Shit gets deeper and deeper, meet me
The doomstown grim reaper, and PIT
Platinum, Mister Doctor Lynch Hung
We do your ass in good just for fun
Fifteen inches in your ass bitch
Take it and love it, but I aint talking bout no dick
14 suns and moons, somethin you can assume
That on the 15th marks my day for doom
Buck em and fuck em with doomsday productions
Eklypss'll trip if I catch you fuckin with my grip
You'll find your ass dead in a graveyard
And I'ma continue on my?

[Brotha Lynch Hung]

Well if you see me chewin baby guts locc, would ya
choke
Or vomit when that teflon pierce that baby's throat?
Peep me eatin dead cott
Ya trip cause eatin dead pussy clit, I'll make ya sick
But it's that season so my reason is legit
I'm havin fits, I've dreamed of eatin bloody pussy clit
since I was 6
I fiend for dead pussy on my dick, I got the schitz
Meanin I don't give a shit about yo biatch
That nigga that's from the block killin off that cott
So nigga, sheeeit; baby barbeque ribs and guts, and
uh
Don't let me get to deep fryin baby nuts
Sluts, get ate out like a? them crooked teeth hurt
I pull that tampax string out and straight put in work
It wouldn't work without the sick
So page a nigga quick so I can serve you some of that
shit
And have you murderin your biatch, violently
I've been keyed for 20 minutes and feel like killin
Loadin that milli-milli it's that infant killa
Nigga Lynch, Mr. Doc, D-O double M and hella heat
Niggas unload, I need another dose of human meat
I live to creep, and black market death by the scene
As that nigga that nigga that nine millimeter punch you
in yo spleen

[Chorus x4]

[Mr. Doctor]

You lay yo eyes up on my 4-4
And notice every curve in my strap
As them tears roll down

Flash yo life as ya fade to black
If that gat wasn't all up in yo face
Reminisce of yo folks, yo bitch, yo kids, yo fate
Replace, take it down to the soul, get deep
Think of moms at your funeral locc, and all ya family
Huh, it's kind of crazy you could lose all of these things
so quick
And what's worse, nigga shot you for the fuck of it,
yeah
Never know I'd be the one to have your life in my hand
[Brotha Lynch: That Ruger 4-4 Mac]
That niggas life wont last
Keep listenin while I guide right down into your throat
Dig that barrel in your neck, watch your bitch-ass choke
No hope, no joke, I'm savin you the pain of old age
All I ask for is yo muthafuckin grip in exchange
One to the brain, in the throat out the skull
From the big chrome gat, peeled cap, release your soul
Now ya niggas know, one mo dead muthafucka on the
street
Fo the Mista Doc, locc
Straight to the brain with St. Ides brew
The black market dealt murder when they serve them
foo's

[Chorus x4]

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