

## Camper Van Beethoven "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 dont let me hit this dank  
Cus if I hit this dank, I'ma 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 youre 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] X 4

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  
Youll 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 its 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 dont 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 wouldnt 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 its 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] X 4

[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 wasnt 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, its kind of crazy you could lose all of these things  
so quick  
And whats 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, Im 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] X 4

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