

## Rakim "The Militia II"

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\* also appears on "\_the militia remix\_ 12" and the belly soundtrack

"a special guest" "it's the militia... it's the militia"

[guru]

This is a conquest, so i suggest you take a rest  
Or keep a breath, but definitely keep a vest on that  
chest

Rymes i'm packin, just like a thug at a car-jackin'  
Shoot off your hat when i start cappin, this is no actin'  
G-a-n-g, s-t-a double r

And you don't want no trouble up in here, baby pa  
From the late-night drama, of the new york streets  
To the hoods of la, real niggas likin primo's beats  
Put suckers on glass, send em, back to class  
And kick hot shit, so we can stack the johnny cash  
I brought the god, rakim, lyrically gunning you wanna  
dash?

I got dub c, from south c, what you doubt me?  
Travellin through warzones with my infrared  
microphone

In the year one mill, destroying, enemies chromozones  
Words burn through flesh, leavin nothing but skeletal  
You best pay resect to the legends, boy i'm tellin  
you, militia

Chorus:

--the illest-- --realest-- --representin--  
--bringin the rukkus-- --let it be known--  
--the illest-- --realest-- --word up--  
It's the militia --> freddie foxxx \*repeat\*

[wc]

Makin a move, makin a move, who's that nigga that's  
makin a move?

It's the shadiest rhymin'-back, actin' a motherfucking  
fool

Four-four packers, my jackets ?hittin the tag? saggin,  
baggin

Foot on my rag, mess up a bag, leavin my enemies in

bodybags

You niggas was crackin, what y'all thought it wasn't  
gon' happen?

Dub c and my east coast sisters gettin together rappin  
Gun-clappin, chump smackin, kiss the ring of your  
highness

Look while i'm in new york city,

Walkin with two of the brooklyn's finest

My two affiliates from the east we all bang

But if y'all don't mind, this is still westside connec'  
gang

Dress-code the same, just new pieces on my neck

East coast brownies, house shoes, and hair nets

Y'all can't see this, so peep the sister g is pushin a six

As i freak this, caviar gangstarr militia remix

It's dub c the jankiest loc', i'm runnin this here

With the guru and new york's hardest, dj premier,  
militia

Chorus

[rakim]

Yo, it's the master, mister, musical massacre

Passion for disaster, paragraph ambassador

R get the red carpet, just call me on

Corner the market like the mic's last name was  
corleone

The facade killer, come through your city like godzilla

Think of the sickest thing you ever seen, ra's iller

My vision's vicious, suspect suspicious

Plans is ambitious, my motive's malicious

No interferin, if you ain't down, you got to swearin

And these cats they ain't carin, habitat awarin

Crack appearin, from out the track that i'm hearin

It's either that, or i'm going back to racketeering

Yo, you should see me, i got a crew like mussolini

But kool as moe dee, my flow be, smooth and easy

For turnin ?area centers? to wilers, you get the picture?

Rakim is, the minist', with malice, militia

Gangstarr, the r, dub c, baby pa. straight up, check it  
out

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