

Theodore Long "Mack Militant"

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You know it's the Mack militant.
Coming to get it on.

(Yeah) fool, get outta my way.
I'm coming, the thunder and lightning is striking.
I'm inviting you on the storm.
Feel the pain that I'm trying to contain.
My heart is as black as the blood in my veins.
And I'm coming to get it on.

Hey yo, I break and smash.
Straight whoop ass.
I can see the fear in your eyes
Every time that I pass.
I'm intimidating the most, and feared by many,
But don't tempt me.
I leave the place empty.
Simply, you get me.
I'm low down, gritty and shift.
I mow down people against me.
Even the best be afraid as I approach it aggressively.
Especially when they roll up and test me.
Yo it's over, I'm a disciplined militant mind slash tyrant.
If you look for a style like mine,
You can't find it.
Call me the M to the A C K.
I break fools if you want it, come and make my day.
Now say!

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Yo listen, I got a dream like, Martin Luther like,
Malcolm X finding the means necessary strike.
For the jugular so that they remember you.
Every time I step in the room, I raise the temperature.
I was meant for the crown, and I ain't laying it down,
And I ain't waiting around, I'm invading your town.
I'm a black soldier, the Mack with attack motion,
Cause I lack compulsion, and act like I'm not supposed
to.
It would take an army to stop me.
Well haven't you seen the size of these arms
And how I'm built so stocky. (What?)
Built so stocky, uh, you can't top me.

So you better watch your back, I'm coming in.
I'm ready for war, I'm ready to die.
I'm a giant beast, and I'm trying to eat,
Survive in the streets, for my militants while we sing
this.

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