

## **Black Knights f/ P.C. "State of Emergency"**

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[Intro: Doc Doom]

Niggaz are in a state of emergency...

The death side, millions and millions armed to death

And life side, division of rule, we rule for delf

It's only death...

[Monk]

Monk slay fools like you that rap for free

Dick holes swift, code name: Dick Dastardly

Stay with a dime piece, heavy starch on the crease

Chucks fresh out the box, laced with the gangsta  
physique

Howard cap, Compton hat, blue penalty fleece

Chunky, heat on my hip, I'm Motorolin' through streets

Ain't, reached my peak, but I passed your peak

You assed and cheeked, my vocals stay smashin'  
beats

CQ, my answers speaks, and bang my shit loud

Black Knights is known for rocking mics, excite a crowd

Dial 1-800-BLACKKNIGHTS, anytime you want some

Gangsta beats, and some hardcore rhymes

Call P.C. and Chuck to come and lace your hooks

K.B.G. and Black Techs to come and heat up the booth

All you DJ's, if you need some drops

We ain't hard to find, cause we still on the block

[Chorus: P.C.]

Somebody call 911, we in a state of emergency

Two elevens and burglaries, and murder in the first  
degree

On all them seeds, urging me, we on the mash for this  
currency

Two elevens and burglaries, and murder in the first  
degree

On all them seeds, emergency

[Doc Doom]

Don't make put flames on your bitch ass, you switch  
fast

My guns like an ATM part, stick your ass for some quick  
cash

Then mash to the getaway car, swerving through red  
lights  
Laughing, smoking and drinking, banging the Black  
Knights  
The five mic, hood superstars, we ghetto as it gets  
Rock my gear for three days straight and still snatch  
your bitch  
Silly fuck, don't get gagged or duct tapped up  
Body parts found in the dessert, a lost faker  
I ain't joking, I'll leave your crew heart broken  
If you ain't got five on the stack, you ain't smoking  
Picture a nigga rolling, holding my pocket swollen  
Shit, who gives a fuck if everything I got is stolen  
Huh, it ain't a puzzle, the minds, I keeps a tech  
Put the muzzle on mine, I was born into this life of  
crime  
This life of mines, been a bumpy road, but I won't fold  
in these streets  
Only makek my heart cold, huh

[Chorus]

[Crisis]

It's official, bloody paragraphs contaminate your  
system  
Perscribe the antidote, snipe that ass from a distance  
Baptize my throat with the henny and coke  
Firewater mixed with ridalin hold it in til I choke  
Get the full effect, eyes bloodshot, get drunk and pull a  
tech  
Disconnect the neck, a diamondback, and disrespect  
me  
Leave you posing for obitueries, posing in cemeteries  
Trapped in a box, for trynna slapbox with glocks  
Get your snot released with multiple slots, trays  
ricochet  
Off floors and hardway, gunplay, all day, got the block  
Locked like Broadway, fuck individuals we make 'em all  
play  
Lyrical Scarface, vandalize the streets like property  
It ain't no stoppin' me, I show 'em how to rock it  
properly  
Set up monopolies, get CREAM from state to state  
Bank the cake, from K to K, make the fake evaporate  
It's no escape, we holding weight, holding down, in  
every state

[Chorus]

