

## **Black Market Militia**

### **"Dead Street Scrolls"**

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[Intro: Killah Priest]

Black Market bitch, it's crazy, the album's here  
Right there, Black Market, Black Market  
Walk with us, yeah, the album's here now  
Happenin' now son, it's happening now, yeah

[Chorus: Killah Priest, Hell Razah]

The dead street scrolls, we, the ones that cry  
The dead street scrolls, we, the ones that ride  
The dead street scrolls, we, the ones that cry  
The dead street scrolls

[Hell Razah]

Hold my hands, let's take a stroll  
It was written like the dead street scrolls, now the truth  
unfolds  
They thought I came here to empty the chrome, they  
envy my soul  
Diablo, off of the world, and tempt me with hoes  
My holy blood drift from a rose, sweet Jerusalem  
My home sweet home, where the Christ was grown  
Now it's BK where dice is thrown, here's a light  
Check your 25 to life, over ice cream cones  
What you know about this microphone, royalties and  
the right to own  
When you're platinum and gold, too many followers  
and no leaders  
We in the time, the young souls need us, to be our  
brother's keeper  
It's Abel and Kain, way before labels and fame  
Brothers cryin' from the blood stains left in the rain  
Teardrops over open caskets, I'm just a genius in a  
straight jacket  
Don't have me write it backwards

[Killah Priest]

I reinvented myself, restored what was before  
The Heavy Mental instrumentals explored  
Vintage, Black Market prophets, we the heart of the  
projects  
See it in a sentence, this is some trap with mob debts

Street fillers, from dealers to killers  
And I went buck, fifties across they face  
This goes out, to hood niggaz that lost they way  
Mom's flippin' at the welfare office, thought she was  
burned  
We got plans to take the whole hood corporate  
Dollar bills with my homey's face printed on 'em  
We neighborhood wino's, the new prophets since  
Donald Goines  
Priest, the streets real, feel what I speak  
This is more than just a hook or a Neptunes beat  
Pharrell, no disrespect, but my eyes looked in the  
spec's  
I ain't a judge, no hidden agenda, yo, it should be 'I am  
a thug'  
Is love, I laugh til tears fill up my lids  
Kick the rockets out the closet, and go out on my wig  
I spit the realest words, comin' from the hood  
C-4, cock bells, Market is all good  
Got the negro's written in the dead street scrolls  
Pictures of gangstas with guns, in hood street clothes  
We arm wrestle with the devil, I broke and seen whole  
When our others box with God, I let my heat go  
For the people like Huey P., we the lost generation  
Til the preacher reads, our human plea

[Chorus]

[Tragedy Khadafi]

I write novels like Claude Brown  
Manchild in a Promised Land, all the hood children  
gather round  
Sun Tzu gave me The Art of War  
Robert Greene gave me The 48 Laws, The Art of  
Seduction is nothing  
Osato told a life story, Alex Haley showed me some  
Roots  
My ancestors, those who came before me  
Elijah taught me how to eat to live, not to live to eat  
From the pig intestine, deduction of feet  
King David gave me the book of psalms  
Huey Newton taught me how to a man, stand up and  
bear arms  
Learn the, the ways of the prophet, from Kalilda Brahm  
Mohammed Alai Salam, from the Qu'ran  
Iceberg Smith taught me how to move like a don  
William Cooper showed me the pale horses  
I studied with John Bay, secret sciences and forces  
Exist all around us, my soldiers never fold  
Black Market require readin' the dead street scrolls

[Chorus]

[Outro: Killah Priest]  
The desert eagles..

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