

## **Black Market Militia**

### **"GemStars"**

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[Intro: William Cooper (Killah Priest)]  
(Yea pass that) \*Sniffin' Weed\*  
Word up, word up, word up, haha!  
That shit feel good right? 'Knew'mean? (Yea)  
GemStar The Regime straight up!  
Black Market The Revolution (Yea)  
Both sides of the coin (Exoticness)  
You understand what we talkin' 'bout? (uh huh)  
We givin' y'all fair warnin'

[Tragedy Khadafi]  
Hot lead bust through iron pipes  
Blood drip from the corner of a young thug's mouth  
The hood life, is torn flesh  
And his last bit of breath, pulses over dead flesh  
Homicide hover like Vultures  
Married the game, now the Earth's dirty and indulges  
Should of seen him though  
Niggaz though his heart was the coldest  
Left two seeds, little son Rod was the oldest  
Two baby mothers, blowin' guns duckin' under covers  
And his motto was, no one in this whole world love us  
From the Womb to the Tomb, presume the youth's  
scars  
Soul on ice, tears of a killer behind bars  
When you curse God, streets is a gangsta's graveyard  
My advice, in the meantime to you is play hard  
It's real, when you deal with the cards you dealt  
It's not real, when your seeds feel the pain you felt  
Break the curse Disciple nigga paved the way  
It ain't gangsta when your seeds go lay in the same  
grave  
You die in the same hood, bleed on the same corner  
The game's over, all of my niggaz have fair warnin'  
Yea fair warnin', symbolize life

[Killah Priest]  
My rhymes a guideline for political thugs and O.G.'s  
We blow trees in front of authorities not givin' a fuck  
Revolvers will squeeze regardless to the warrants you  
read

Trauma we bleed, before they put our wrists in them cuffs  
I sit in the cut like I'm '62, an ex-Panther  
Narrator, screen writer for niggaz in handcuffs  
Gangstas are freedom fighters doin' life in the slammers  
Where the strangers take advantage when they tie our bandanas  
And I Thank You, wit the knife 'til we collide wit 'em hammers  
Phantoms they talk to me seldom  
Cats yell from they gut they shells come and their skeletons struck  
How I survive that .4 - .5, well, I tell 'em it's luck  
Felons erupt at chow time, shots heard from a loud .9  
Fitted Turbans we feast and beneath her loud signs  
I don't care if your Crip or you Blood  
When cops come, get rid of them drugs  
For Revolution grab that mask, pistol, and glove  
This is the love, Black oils richer than blood  
I'm sick of the grudge, between Vice Lords and G.D.'s  
Latin Kings and Mieta's, it's that real shit, that hood lecture

[William Cooper]

Your future's outlined in chalk, when you tangle with dope  
And few know what they riskin' 'til eventually choke  
I put them flames to the smoke your body leaks 'til y'all soap  
Black Market's the vault, now we that uncooked coke  
That smuggled in on boats, dippin' DEA coats  
Poppin' up like toast, so don't play me too close  
The FBI and the Mob be like the Bloods and the Crips  
Seems like the root of all evil leads to Government chips  
It's better to slip with the foot, then slip with the tongue  
Flash both sides of the coin, then the Ying and Yang forms  
Keep it straight, Black and White, wit no gray in my zone  
Stand on top of my word, what I gave is my soul  
So who do I owe? Dug myself up out of a hole  
And while y'all fightin' for Gold, I fight the NWO  
Since twelve years old, I'd known where to get a burner  
Because the breath of the Devil, have you huggin' the corner  
Word up!

[Hook: Killah Priest] \*2X\*

And in the hood, we spit 'GemStars'

Givin' you fair warnings, for life Lectures  
Puttin' holes in your Texture  
Only two ways to go - Parole or the Stretcher  
We'd rather be on our thrones, holdin' our Scepters

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