

## **Black Market Militia**

### **"Hood Lullabye"**

Visit "[Hood Lullabye](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Timbo King]

Yo, inside a hood, they are fiends  
Young teens, wanna look like the magazines, O.G.'s  
with M-16's  
Hear the story, later, upstairs, a baby's cryin'  
Cuz her mom's upstairs fryin', I'm outside  
With the lions, and the timberwolves, stalk the streets  
Gorilla beast heaters on, fitted on  
It's dark and gloomy, three pigs on a duty  
It's not a fable, it's hood lullabye, where the brothers  
die

[Hell Razah]

Project playgrounds, death singin' nursery songs  
Built a school on the cemetery, for your new born  
From the cradle to the casket, or in a straight jacket  
God will be forever, son, your flesh burn to ashes  
The hood school a shorty how to re-up on his crack flips  
Little Red Riding Hood got raped in the black whip  
Mother Goose crib got raided for them last bricks  
Them three little pigs again with DEA badges  
The warren and the judge, havin' dinner on the  
matress

[Timbo King]

We used to throw m-80's, but now that heat pop  
When the D's come, patrol the whole block  
In due time, they're kingdom will fall  
Inside project halls, with forty fours  
Humpty Dumpty, played the block hard  
Until he got shot down in the courtyard  
Mary has a coke habit, everywhere she go  
Backstage sniffin' snow, twenty gram hoe

[Killah Priest]

I'm like welfare for siblings  
The simulacrum of rap for all my children, digesting my  
facts  
Regurgitating all that weak shit, I lift they little arms  
But 'em over my shoulders, pat they back while singin'  
a song

But these are lullabye's of hood life  
I tell 'em stories of ratchets blowin' fiends, pullin' on  
pipes  
Before I kiss 'em sayin' goodnight, pictures in they  
dome  
Niggaz in jail, never coming home, the guns, crosses,  
tombstones  
Little youth never live long enough to become grown  
It's funny watchin' they expression change while they  
sleep  
From fear, to horror, cuz what they see is the streets  
I frighten them so they will never choose this life  
I'm like a ghetto Morpheus, holdin' red and blue dice  
I show you how and far the barrel hold goes  
Hope you see the light, right before it blows, hood  
lullabye

Visit [Black Market Militia](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.