

Black Market Militia

"Mayday!"

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

Fear the evil music, Renaissance Child
Yeah, Black Market, yea, Black Market Militia
We gon' talk to the ghettos, Hell Razah
All my niggaz in the projects, Will Cooper
Blood on the walls, yeah, yeah
And it breaths so shit, real deep, yea
Black Market Militia, roll with this
Ain't fuckin' wit us, yo, yo

[Hell Razah]

Welfare, got a respect for my moms
I found out, George Bush was the same as Saddam
I'm a digital bomb, downloaded on the CD-ROM
Before Muhammed and the Holy Qu'ran, an Egyptian
God
Abraham, saught the science of Brahm
Breath of life, education of Christ, gave Satan his life
He bought souls when they came with a price
I got the dice, rollin' three sixes, blowin' widow kisses
Keep wizes, readin' Hebrew scriptures
Each gun go a longer distance, to get ya
I develop, so the seller get the bigger picture
Ron O'Neal, superfly without no deal
I'm Shaquille, when it comes down to lyrical skills
Maccabee be a seed of Israel
What I can't eat in a mill, I guess, I'mma leave in my will
Set fire to America's flag, and the President mad
I raise the states, like the price of gas

[[Chorus - 2X]: Hell Razah]

We try'nna save up for AK's
Having helicopter niggaz screamin' "Mayday!"
This is Black Market Military, don't play
Ain't no comin' at my family, the wrong way, aye

[Hell Razah]

Child support, disrespectin' my pops, it's fucked up
When ya man breakin' bread with the cops
They love talkin' alot, so we send they heads back in a
box

This for Ray Charles and Red Foxxx, let off a shot
And all the brothers in the prison cells, livin' in hell
It's dawn of the dead, we born here, to war with the
feds
Lead the snakes to the edge, watch it fall of the ledge
It ain't over til we kill 'em, and oil they eggs
Probably kicked down the White House door
Cuz they wipe out poor, people that's homeless
Who life like lost, while the rich get richer, the poor get
poorer
So we run a menage, on both Bush's daughters
And show 'em all the riches that his twin sisters bought
us
That made a World Trade, when they slept with a slave
The same ones that got AIDS, that sickness ya'll made
The resurrected Nat Turner's, back from the grave

[Tragedy Khadafi]

When I write, the angels cry, tears fall out of the sky
Hit the earth, take human form and fly
Prophets and messengers, rise out of they graves
My enemies'll treat, four legged beasts, back to the
cage
Mountains of Caucus, I'm just dealin' with higher forces
Satellite's take flight when I'm swervin', bulletproof
porsches
The first dynasty was that of Egyptian's
Before commandments, my name was written in
golden scriptures
When I spit, it's like bare witness to Allah Chikis Sahatta
Nat Turner burner, soul of a rider
It's like me and you subtracted from two, last one left
Right over left, when cowards die, thousands of death
Let the revolution start, where's your heart, let ya heat
pop
Feel the lost cause of Afeni, when she lost Pac
Betty Shabazz, the slugs tore Malcolm's chest and he
drop
Audobon building, might get murdered, what I'm
revealing
Cinematic like Michael Moore, Fahrenheit 9/11
Mac-11 flamin', the president's head til it severed

[Outro: Killah Priest]

May day, may day, I report from the hood
Black Market, I report from the hood, Black Market

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