

Black Market Militia

"Paintbrush"

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[Intro: Killah Priest]
Black Market, Priest

[Chorus 2X: Killah Priest]
We paint the pictures without the paintbrush
Market hip hop, but think, gangsta

[Killah Priest]
Photography is like a movie film
Astrology is like I move through realms
Prodigy melodically, I produce a gem
Like cole, I dig deep into your eternal soul
I speak a journal, like your fortune told
Ya'll some purple, and light ya weed and blow a circle
I right the dead street scrolls, it's rare like the Devil's
love letters
Let this essence of this thug, bless ya
Dream of Black Israel, the fetus of a baby Jesus
Seed of Emmanuel, see a man, in his cell, a breather
I need one, my weed's done, throw away the roach
Get close, with the man, with the most witcha
I draw pictures without paint, with the ink
When I think, the sun and moon, stars, link
It's like sixteen bars, get in sink
I'm like the author Alex Halley
Ridin' the, last note, before Malcolm was buried
I'm the artist, and what I do with markers
I color in words, like I'm two years old
All I need is a fubius code

[Tragedy Khadafi]
I say yes yes ya'll, they try to handcuff the God
Armani specs with night vision, I see ya'll
Deep as the mind of Solomon, the metropolitan
Model women, like Cleopatra, they try to swallow in
My pilgrimage, straight to the hood, the children follow
'em
Thug gentlemen, rockin' Timberlands, suade cinnamon
The radio don't play our shit, we too militant
Soul controller, the ayatollah when I roll up
Nine eleven shit, that I spit, the hood blow up

[Hell Razah]

Aiyo hold up, angels cry, the ghetto for dead souls
We left on this globe, tryin' to crawl out the bottomless
hole

Live it out, before the book of life close

I was told from the first few sentences, written in
Genesis

Seven six, God gave me a gift, I exist

From a family, of kings and queens, and blacksmiths

We build like Harold O'Biff, add up the hype

Liftin' the whiff, and get while we equal infinite

It's Black Market militant, Hebrew immigrants

They check the pyramid, to see for my finger prints

From New York to Palastine, if you could travel in time

You realize, who was God's bloodline

Why the dead bury the dead, the blind leadin' the blind

The makers of the fathers and nines, fathers and
crimes

That climb on the mountain of Sear, evil drink from the
fountain of fear

Got men drowin' in tears, countin' on his birthday years

We break bread at a table, with thirteen chairs, and
long beards

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