

Black Market Militia

"Righteous Talk"

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[Intro: Killah Priest (old man) {Timbo King}]
Go ahead motherfucker, shit
I don't know man, this motherfucker
First day right, check it out, don't sit on the corner, man
We ain't talkin' bout you, we talkin' bout the same thing,
man, motherfucker
(I wanna see what goin' with the Black Market, I mean
Like when I was coming up, it was like, you know
Martin, and Malcolm, you know, I'm, I'm, kinda feeling
like
The Black Market is on that energy, and that type of
direction, man)
{Yeah, basically, that's like, our forefathers right there}
(All right) {the unit, knowwhatimean?} (all right)
{That generation just guided us to what we is right now
So basically, you know, we just moving}
(Slow motion, you know it kill me though
When you got these brothas out here, talkin' bout
They thugs and they gangsta, to me, like Malcolm
Like Malcolm, was a gangsta) {Yea, for real}
(Like Huey P. Newton, now that was a gangsta, Timbo
You know, you reppin', like how ya'll brothas say
Ya'll reppin', ya'll reppin' like that brother?)
{No, we reppin', like ya'll} Look at old man John right
there, man
(I just wanna see more life from you, you got alotta
music out there
Everybody running around talkin' bout, they this Unit,
and
Knowwhatimean, gangsta, and all that, I just wanna see
Some more life in the music, for the babies) {That's
what's it's about, man
We know about that generation right there} (Check this
out brother
I mean, not to catch above, what I'm sayin', I gotta keep
it movin')

[Timbo King]

Yo, you know the saying, it's black people, eat too
much grease
Cuz every diner in New York, is controlled by Greeks

Until my sons bust guns, like Paul Rover's son
Political rebel, rollin' with a, army of bums
Homeless, individuals, no government funds
Tell Colin Powell, he's forgot where it came from
Drug deals turn sour, the bitter taste of money
The hood, been hoodwinked, we've been labeled as
dummies
Education got the youth, like, fuck next period
Rather slang rocks, that's it, period
A rich man, can't walk on the floors of heaven
Fahrenheit 9/11, got ya'll callin' your reverend
Yeah, I said it's wartime, like we fightin' in Baghdad
Women you tryin' to have, I've had that, done bagged
that
The blood founder, call me Charles Drew
You need more than F.O.I., to guard you, when I barge
through
Producers want to charge 15 g's
Comin' into their studios with 15 G.D.'s
Bite the bullet, put the hit out on the President's head
For all the pain and the bloodshed

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