

Black Market Militia

"The Renaissance"

Visit "[The Renaissance](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Hell Razah]

1-2, 1-2, yo, you could hear me?

1-2 turn me up

[Hell Razah]

I've been a threat since Benetton Gazelles in Valleys
The Icon in graffiti in the Brooklyn Alley
Touch hearts of the Pharaohs in the Egypt Valley
My Engineer can't see me cuz the Booth is cloudy
Still rowdy even though we in BM's and Audi's
Lookin' like Black Saudi's in Black Denali's
I'mma Terrorist attack when I get on the track
If I'm ridin' Shotgun I need one in my lap
I adapt in any Habitat, a BK Desert rat
It's War, then we sendin' back bodies and gats
Flip the white flag homey it get worst than Iraq
We know the CIA game was to frame us wit Crack
So each bar's more dope, Heroin in my pen
Got a ??Marvin?? back robbin', head 'noddin again
Who you shit on to get on top could make it pop in the
end
Who's the flop and what's hot got you locked in the
Gym
Tell Jacob I spit Jewels I could drop 'em a Gem
And If he lookin' for a Diamond I could hook 'em wit Tim

[Hook: Timbo King & {Hell Razah}]

I'm hip-hop before 'SugarHill' signed a deal
Before 'Studio 54' poppin' pills
It was real when 'Kool Herc' worked the wheels of steel
Now we bring the game back into a New York field
I'm hip-hop before 'SugarHill' signed a deal
Before 'Studio 54' poppin' pills
I'm hip-hop, {since 'EPMD' You Gots To Chill}
I'm hip-hop, {since 'Beastie Boys' License To Ill}

[Tragedy Khadafi]

Yo, I'm Christopher Wallace wit street knowledge
Apostle of the project
Speakerbox wit the G-Packs stuffed in a G's closet
I'm tenement Buildings, cement streets, I'm British

Walkers

I'm scuff marks on your brand new Alize
5% Nation of Godbodies greetin' wit peace
I'm Raw like Kane, my lyrics are formed in solid rock
Spit it hotter than '86 on drug infested blocks
Last photo of 'Pac before his Beamer got shot
I'm the Queens, one man Supreme Team
Triple Beam Dream, Microphone Cream Fiend
Top Five Dead or Alive, I'm so amazin'
2-5 Costra Nostra, heart of this culture
The game ain't over
I'm the truce troop war reporter, legal life stick you
Against All Odds, not the ordinary shit you use to
I'm C-Murder before the life sentence
Predicate felons, homicide chasin' niggaz, hopin' over
benches

[Hook: Timbo King & {Hell Razah}]

I'm hip-hop before 'SugarHill' signed a deal
Before 'Studio 54' poppin' pills
It was real when 'Kool Herc' worked the wheels of steel
Now we bring the game back into a New York field
I'm hip-hop before 'SugarHill' signed a deal
Before 'Studio 54' poppin' pills
I'm hip-hop, {since 'EPMD' You Gots To Chill}
I'm hip-hop, {since 'Beastie Boys' License To Ill}

[Hell Razah]

All I need is a beat-box
And I'mma run through niggaz like Sheep rock
We flop? we gon' have to run up in weed spots
These glocks could send fake niggaz to meet 'Pac
We got - the pick that could open your key lock
If Hip-Hop is dead, then in this House of Madness
I'mma raise the dead out of that Mental Casket
No, niggaz 16 that'll sell you Ratchets
That drew when they see any jewelry flashin'
I still be at Bk Kool G Rappin'
You come through the wrong dude will sell you Aspirin
We still got luv for Ole Dirty Bastard
We judged by 12, six carry the casket
My gat spit, that's it, niggaz do backflips
My Black whips pull up to the Clubs and bag Chicks (Get
in, get in)
This rap shit got niggaz thinkin' they that sick (Look at
'em)
'Til Sixth Grade I stayed on some read and math shit
I'm hood but Intelligent, ??????????
When Hoes buyin' clothes off the poles of Saks Fifth
And I don't eat pork, Enzymes and cat-fish
And what you gonna do when the streets is cash-less

Take 2 pulls of my weed and pass it (Gimme my shit!)
Wit these beats I'mma toe tag it and body bag it
I don't want a deal if I gotta be a faggot (Naw I'm good)
These homos and 'E' addicts, go'head and have it
Cuz I don't need no money that bad to toss salad
From Brooklyn to Paris stay blowin' that Cactus
That match wit my Army Jacket, Green Cabbage
My bars be 24 Karats for the Average

[Outro: Hell Razah]
'Renaissance Child' - Tragedy Khadafi
Givin' ya'll niggaz that new upgrade
That next level of this Hip-Hop shit
It's the God core muzik, Hip-Hop is back niggaz!

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

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