

Black Market Militia

"Think Market"

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[Intro: Killah Priest]

Market, gotta relax, exoticness
Yo this is it, history in the making
Killah Priest, Tragedy, and Black Market
William Booth, yo, Will, yo we gotta do this, son
Hahaha, history in the making, y'all, yeah

[Killah Priest]

Niggaz wanna know what I base my theories in
Hebrew literature, face Nigerian
Black Market, we form the great pyramids
My poetry's deep, call it Shakespearling
Police harass, cuz the jury and the G I'm in
I speak on the past, Egyptian late periods
Look at my pad, misused shapes and imageness
Conscious lyrics, spoken through hieroglyphics
We cuenin' it for him, the God is mystic
I'm havin', constant dreams, that I'm Constantine
Surrounded by heaven's angels, with armored wings
See dead people, needles in the arms of fiends
The messiah of the ghetto, black Madonna seed
Revolver's squeeze, crack addiction, jars of weed
Court cases, mad convictions, they followed me
Sometime, my past is hollow, but I got and dodge y'all
lead

[Chorus 1.5X: Killah Priest]

Back down soldiers, we blow gats
Military thoughts, we attack like silverbacks
With automatic weaponry, our needs of ammunition
We ain't come to talk, we came to handle our business

[Tragedy Khadafi]

Inconspicuous crime shit, the criminals grind with
Fast forward, rewind it, the mental, we blinded
Lost my soul in the hood, but only God could find it
Inadvertently the government wanna silence and
murder me
Ya'll been trapped in the cage, and call a soul and it's
hurting me
I'm just, runnin' bleedin' and leakin', I'm barely

breathin', I'm wheezin'
Head to the sky, and I'm just lookin' for reasons
And even if I'm leavin', the price of freedom is death
Our we achieving, what's really left, broken legacy
Death of a nation, eracin' evil
We facin', sellin' our souls to Satan

[Chorus 2X]

[William Cooper]

We the tree, got planet to feed the Earth and his
children
Our pastor's smokin' the mirrors, and all our check
revisit
When evil pours through your pores, banana clips will
fill you
It doesn't get any realer, the chalk out, mindin' your
figure
But an eye for an eye, I had the whole hood blind
It's half the reason, half the hood, is right now, doing
time
What's done in the dark, could come to light in due
time
Turn my cheek to grapevines, until seen by third eye
Be under heaven's gates, with bullets, we then fly
Pray the most high, brings my soul upon flatline
On top of the world, to our mountain of crime
Look, behold a pale horse, in just a blink of an eye
But actions speak louder than words, when I just off
this
From the womb to the coffin, scalin' to suit, you caution
The Black Market, hood news, Thug Cooper reporting
Just givin' y'all fair warning, a new day is dawning

[Chorus 1.5X]

[Outro: Killah Priest]

World, world, world, world
Market, market, market, market, market
Think, think, think, think, true, true
Life, life, life, life, life

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