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Black Market Militia "Thug Nation"

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[Intro: Killah Priest (Tragedy Khadafi)] Yeah, knawhatimean, it's coming down like, that man (What we gon' do, now, man) Sorry to break up the radio, for a minute (What the fuck we gon' do now, they hear now) But it's gotta come down, it's gotta be real We gotta come through to the heart (they back now) And I wanna talk to the hoods right now If you a thug and you real, muthafuckin' speak (What the fuck ya'll gonna do now muthafuckas)

[Tragedy Khadafi]

I'm like Osama Hussein, hotter than the whole Population control, I'm seein' soldiers fold As I release the scroll, I spit perpendicular Walkin' barefoot across peninsulas, freein' slaves and prisoners

Black Market Militia is revolution, the mission is Free the minds of our listeners, resurrected with militance

We ain't beggin' politicians for nothing Government funded, comin' gunnin' and stunnin', seein' the D's running

God bless us, Supreme Team, extreme measures Max under mattress, C-4 in the dressers

The D's who wanna test us, and feds wanna arrest us Fuck professers and their lectures, I'm talkin' to ancestors

True story, give the glory to God, receive the blessings Made in an image, of his likeness, my true essence

[William Cooper]

I ride for the government, with clubs, and strugglin' Come from street corners, where all day cracks be hustlin'

You can't come in, unless you got a warrant for the crib I pay the bills for the crib, man, fuck the police field I got names on bullets in the clip, the world ran by the rich

We drop the genes, that's it Feel my aura as I walk with a millennium limp Talk what I walk, just be do what I've been taught See sirens show up, and now line 'em and chalk O.G.'s show me the ropes, and day by day head of coke

Keep a ruger in my coat, and never ever sniff dope Or watch your future go downhill like a ski slope, come on

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

My thug nation, let me break it down for you in lamen terms

Get what you can get now, before the plate burn No, I'm not a minister, or we preach it to you Oh, believe me, dog, I can see the future, get yours

[Timbo King]

Call me the black menace, slap niggaz like I'm playin' tennis

When shit pops off, it don't finish Smoke in the air, you smellin' spinach

I'm sick in the head, I need a clinic, yeah, infinite Cuz I rise without the finer thing, Lord of the Rings Be them corner kings, wings of war, hoes klingons So bring on your whole platoon, ya'll buffons With a bunch of toons, need to retreat soon Black therough, Black Othello, my click be the wild fellows

From the wildest ghettos, yeah

Armed with angels, protected by a guided light Violent fights, U.S. and dirt eternal silent nigih

[Killah Priest]

Fuck it, George Bush is abominations Spoken to us by the prophet Daniel Here's some instruction for the hood, I wrote down Call a project manual, rule 1: get arms And don't share what's spoken up inside the circles To outsiders, I don't know why, I know what I know is right But trust me, dog, guide our providers, rule 2: find out who's who See Judas hung around Jesus, you don't want the same thing to happen to you Rule 3: fuck storing food, ask for nothing, take what you need Reality, real warriors bleed, believe me, Ghetto Jesus Seize this, rule 4: they are no more rules, Cash Rules What you take us for? (That's Wu-Tang) Some muthafuckin' fools? I got a celestial gun that clap off demons

Smash on the brakes, the devil hit the dashboard

screamin' I'm a manic depressin', I'm on paxel and zoloff Now the hood don't gotta say nothin', I just took a load off And watch me cock the sawed off

[Chorus - 2X]

[Outro: girl] You are now tuned into the sounds Of Black Market Radio

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