

Black Market Militia f/ Dead Prez, Savoy

"Audobon Ballroom"

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[Intro: sample]

"For in America, black people should never
Be accused of being violent, or applicating violence
In America, when a black man says 'I have to defend
myself'
You should call that what it is, self defense
And if America has the right to defend herself, from
her enemy
The black man in America has the right, to defend
himself, from his enemies
If it's alright for, please I don't want to hear this
Cuz handclapping's been done long enough"

[Killah Priest]

I hold my marker, like Huey P. held his revolver
Plottin' vengeance, since them bullet shells, sailed
through Martin
I'm stressed, puffin' cigarettes, goin' through cartoons,
I'm vexed
Since the Panther leaders went up on charges, upset
I'll never meet 'em, but I'm with 'em regardless, my
guess
They die for freedom, and they dyin' for martyrs, they
blessed
But some share needles in the pissy apartments,
obsessed
By thoughts of treason, what they did to the father
Jesse Jackson, in the face, of his best friend's assassin
But wait, if I meet 'em, I'mma hand him a magnum
And whisper, in his ear, "leave none of them standing"
It ain't fair, he ain't here, you still appear in a pagence
Imagine gags in the dungeon, thoughts started by
gunmen
Beatin' me, but I'm sworn a mark of secrecy
(I feel you soon), they will never weaken me
For the struggle, til my fate reaches me

[M-1]

You either pimpin' the system, or gettin' pimped by the
sytem
Don't want no slice of the pie, we want control of the

kitchen

Gotta get this bread up nigga, handle business and
boss up

Ain't no slacken or slippin', perpetratin' or sharp cuts
The spirit of love, puttin' near work on the grind
Gotta sacrifice that blood, that sweat and our time
If you see it, we need it, we want it, we get it, for folks
Plottin' them planets, they own it, committed like
soldiers

Til we make it happen, it ain't no mystery God
It's guaranteed when we move, scientifically, God
It's like plantin' the garden, I'm just a seed of garments
In the field, tryin' to see the fruits of the harvest
Same and long range, grown folks do grown things
Can't let the game change me, I got to change the
game
I'm thinkin' long range, grown folks do grown things
Can't let the game change me, I got to change the
game

[Tragedy Khadafi]

One hand wash the other, both wash the face
Now real recognize real, homey stay in your place
What about the, revolutionaries given they lives
My souls on ice, it's like I got, blood in my eye
The price of freedom is bleeding, I ain't comitting no
treason
Why they hate my black skin, god, give me a reason
My mother said I'm an angel, and then say I'm a
monster
I grew up in the hood environment, lived amongst the
thugs
And killas, the gangstas, the streets, they feel us
Ain't nothin' realer than the feeling, when you loving
yourself
Just be a man, take a stand, don't be beggin' for help,
help
My regulation is building my black nation
I'm running out of my patience, you owe us some
reparations
Guns blowin', blood flowin', I ain't tryin' to be waiting
Out of control, sellin' our souls to Satan
Fakin' Satans fatin', Larry Davis

[Sticman]

Nowadays wars wage quietly, them secret societies
Nobody gon' fight back, we sit back silently
Reality hit hard, that could cause riots
See they dumbin' us down, medicate us with non-
violence
Television is ridilin, they lockin' up the militant in you

But the struggle continue, when they can prison you
In your dome, your home, your zone, you a zomb'
But you're fried and deputized, something is going
wrong
Is you an agent of the state, but wait
Cuz if you really wasn't choosin' your side
Somebody choosin' your fate, cuz the system don't
fight fair
Gorillas don't fight fair, it's warfare everywhere
Look, it's right there, in the gated communities
They hatin' on you and me, and Bush's economy
All he left us was the streets
In this dog eat dog world, we gotta fill our stomach's,
son
We takin' back what they took, knock-knock, we coming

[Savoy]
Somebody told me that ya'll, niggaz is haters
I'mma tell ya'll one thing, that ya'll, niggaz can't trade
us
Do about my business, and all about my paper
You can try to burn and lock, but the group is gon',
phase ya
I'm from the gutter, where niggaz pitchin' that butter
When niggaz up in your mother, they get knocked by
undercovers, man
For all my sisters who on they own with they children
Surviving to make a living, hold yea head up, there's a
brighter day

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