Black Sabbath (feat. Tone Trezure)

Black Milk

Stop! You can't find your way in the dark
You gotta see it
You're wasting time sitting and talking
Get up out your bubble and go
You get the feeling

On that black card (repeated)

Solid from the top
Left the world solid from the start
Was silent as a whisper in the dark
Bad intentions from the start
Had to make a choice prior
Either white picket fence or that fence with barbed wire
So reach for the cash money long, yeah we on the cusp
Reach for the stars man my arm's not long enough
Dreams of big whips sitting next to big cribs
Woke up next-door bout down house from where I live
You know those slums where them slugs hum passed your wig
Young kids at the store buying mom's pack of cigs
Life's short and everybody want they gold medal
Before you lay six-feet underneath rose pedals and...

"Where's my money motherfucker? Where's my money motherfucker? I want my money, I want my money!
I don't care if I have to revive your black ass, I want my money!"

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