

# 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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Lyrics provided by

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