

# The Militia

Guru

(feat. Big Shug, Freddie Foxxx)"There's a bulletin - state police, Princeton Junction""The militia...  
Certain individuals of unidentified nature  
is now under complete control""Hip-hop is not, what it is today.""It's the real [echoes]... it's the (militia)"[Verse  
one: Big Shug]If heads only knew how I felt about the rap game  
They'd relocate, and change their fuckin name  
I eradicate movefakers, roll with coat shakers  
Give dap to mad money makers  
Shared cells with lifetakers, have sex with rumpshakers  
I make moves so I'ma earthquaker  
I've been known to instill fear  
Although the world may be round, we still trapped in the square  
City light, got me buggin and trife  
Some die by the gun, some die by the knife  
It's alright, like a game of spades I'm trump tight  
Premier hit me with music to ensure that it thump right  
And my flight, will be taken solely at night  
Cause that's when the freaks come out, no doubt  
And in the dark hours is when I will shower  
with the knowledge of my trade to get paid  
Still I make moves like a snake in the grass, roundabout  
I be dickin it down while you be assed out  
Puff mad L's but never passed out  
And if I'm caught up in a jam I blast my way out  
There'll be no lettin up, just straight shuttin up  
or we'll start the wettin up  
Lyrical infrared sceptor never miss you  
Big Shug, Guru, Freddie Foxxx, The Militia, militia[Chorus: Freddie Foxxx]Everybody's spittin it, the rhyme is  
hot  
Cause it's Big Shug, Guru, and Freddie the Foxxx  
When Premier bring the beats, no it just don't stop  
It's The Militia \*echoes\*[Chorus][Verse Two: Guru]Yo; I ain't one to succumb to no man, but to command  
And scoop up the troops when it's time to take a stand  
Emphatically, deep strategies leave casualties  
I creep gradually, til everybody knows  
that I got more flows than Rosebud got hoes  
The anger inside had me trapped  
til I got geared up with raps to tear you up like big gats  
for big stacks, watch your back when I send em in  
Caught you tremblin, my name and face you're rememberin

Several attempts, but nah bitch, you'll never win  
Rhymes pierce your skin or maybe limbs we'll be severin  
Take you to the mat, peep that, you should keep back  
My ill-kid format will lay you flat like a doormat  
that I walk on, I meditate while you talk on  
And gossip, so I drop my hot shit; fully loaded glock clips  
So get the fuck out my block, kid  
As nights turn to days, days go back to nights, we be speaking it right  
And keeping it tight up in the street life  
I meet life, head on, no holds barred  
Born with a heart of gold, now mostly cold and scarred  
En guard, choose your weapon, or get to steppin  
Lyrical bullets make you dance from the trance you be kept in  
Assessments are made before, and during combat  
I master my hunger, blow the spot when I bomb cats  
One of us, equals many of us  
Disrespect one of us, you'll see plenty of us  
Conflict, is what I predict  
You and your fellas is mad jealous, attempting to flare  
We cleverly stalked ya, your fam'll miss ya  
The war's on, that's why we formed The Militia[Chorus][Verse Three: Freddie Foxxx]You niggaz owe me for  
my rhymes, I come to collect  
For you dope fiend niggaz in rap, I here to inject, check  
My style is water baby, spread it around  
But when you niggaz don't flow it right and fuck up my sound  
I get down; in '89 I spit the buck in the face  
of every MC that came in the place, a scar you'll never erase  
MC's are only recognized for their flows  
I'm worldwide for the bitches, that I turned into hoes  
You heard me spit it on Jew-elz, that's how it goes  
For all them faking ass niggaz and how I bust up they nose  
And while your, nose is drippin, and drainin blood  
I be standing over you screamin, "Nigga, WHAT, WHAT?! Nigga WHAT?!"  
Niggas feel my presence, like I'm right in they palm  
Cause a stormy day is coming, when you see me so calm, it's on  
No more twin glocks, they jam up my plays  
Now its twin .40 calibre Walther PPK's  
I'm in the control of my game, you must respect me like The Ref  
Uh-huh, you disrespect \*gun clicks\* you get the tech  
I turn you fake niggaz on and off, like I'm the clapper  
I rob so many niggaz, they should call me Jack the Rapper  
I'll the illest nigga doing this, dead or alive  
Gloria Gaynor on you motherfuckers, I Will Survive  
You can try to come at me, but do you want the kick back?  
You snap inside the cage of a pit, and you get bit back, huh

My war is so tight, my drama so ill  
Beef with me hangs around like a unpaid bill  
I push these lyrics through any MC, and make it burn  
So the niggaz who be rhyming next, will miss a turn  
When you speak of who's the dopest MC, I don't come up  
But when you speak of who's the livest MC, I stay what up, what's up?  
I got stripes while you got strikes and bogus mikes  
Do what bitch niggaz do best \*UTFO sample\* bite  
You niggaz can't make up a law that I don't overrule, overthrow  
Prim' brought Bumpy these tracks so I can let you know  
Before I slide I'ma leave you this jewel  
Even mechanics walk around with they tools  
It's the Militia

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