The Militia

Black Light White Light

(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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