

Black Market

Weather Report

The year is 1994
Black Market Records, 2001 Records, Doomsday Productions
Combined forces to create an unfadable click
Make way for the hounds of the underground
Feel the fury, ha ha ha ha haI put my hands in my pockets
They jiggle 'cause they fulla change,
Sometimes bein' broke'll make ya fall astray
But I got a better grip on myself
So I avoid gettin' played short like a elf
Bust her side bust her in the head
That white ? yoke come runnin' out his neck
I'm tryin' to stack a grip so don't let me hit this dank
'Cause if I hit this dank, I'ma shoot me a bitch
Fuck it, *puff*, bang bang,
Five minutes later, the cops came
I'm settin' up shop for the black market
So if I aim at your mark-ass you're a target
Told you that I'd come but I came insane
Born braincell killas, scramblin' niggas brains
If you gotta go you gotta go I like the six-fo
I'm pullin' GTA's, it ain't yo's no mo'
Then I take it and strip it down and leave nothin' but the frame
Then I'm gonna sell my cousin the gold thangs
Pop a burn and turn it over like a flapjack
Mo money mo money for black market[Chorus]
On the black market, yeah
On the black market, yeah
On the black market, yeah
On the black market, yeahCreepin' move with swiftness in the dark
And ain't no stoppin', once a nigga start
It ain't nothin' new, up under the sun for days and days
Under the moon, is where I was born and raised
And doomed for life, nigga this ain't no daylight
I love it, murderin' muthafuckas in the night
Deuced up ready to make his mark a underground target
Hooked up with black market now peep
Shit gets deeper and deeper, meet me
The doomstown grim reaper, and PIT
Platinum, Mister Doctor Lynch Hung

We do your ass in good just for fun
Fifteen inches in your ass bitch
Take it and love it, but I ain't talking bout no dick
14 suns and moons, somethin' you can assume
That on the 15th marks my day for doom
Buck em and fuck em with doomsday productions
Eclipse a crip if I catch you fuckin' with my grip
you'll find your ass dead in a graveyard
And I'ma continue on my ?Well if you see me chewin' baby guts locc, would ya choke?
I vomit when that teflon pierce that babys' throat
Peep me eatin' dead cock
Ya trip 'cause eatin' dead pussy clit'll make ya sick
But its that season so my reason is legit
I'm havin' fits, I've dreamed of eatin' bloody pussy clit since I was 6
I fiend for dead pussy on my dick, I got the schitz
Meanin' I don't give a shit about yo biatch
That nigga that's from the block killin' off that cock
So nigga, sheeeit
Baby barbeque ribs and guts, and uh
don't let me get to deep fryin' baby nuts
Sluts, get ate out like a ? them crooked teeth hurt
I pull that tampax string out and straight put in work
It wouldn't work without the sick
So page a nigga quick so I can serve you some of that shit
And have you murderin' your biatch, violently
I've been keyed for 20 minutes and feel like killin'
Loadin' that milli-milli its that infant killa
Nigga Lynch, Mr. Doc, D-O double M and hella heat
Niggas unload, I need another dose of human meat
Outlive the creek, and black market death by the scene
As that nigga that nigga that nine millimeter punch you in yo spleen[Chorus]You lay yo eyes up on my 4-4
And notice every curve in my strap
As them tears roll down
Flash yo life as ya fade to black
If that gat wasn't all up in yo face
Reminisce of yo folks, yo bitch, yo kids, yo fate
Replace, take it down to the South, get deep
Think of mobs at your funeral locc, and all ya family
Huh, its kind of crazy you could lose all of these things so quick
And what's worse, nigga shot you for the fuck of it, yeah
Never know I'd be the one to have your life in my handThat niggas life won't last
Keep listenin' while I guide right down into your throat
Dig that barrel in your neck, watch your bitch-ass choke
No hope, no joke, I'm savin' you the pain of old age
All I ask for is yo muthafuckin grip in exchange

One to the brain, in the throat out the skull
From the big chrome gat, peeled cap relation, so
Now ya niggas know, one mo dead muthafucka on the street
Fo the Mista Doc, locc
Straight to the brain with St. Ides brew
The black market dealt murder when they serve them foo's[Chorus]

Songwriters

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