

Almighty Black Knights

Black Knights

Yeah, yeah, Six came with a hot ass track
The Black Knights is mothafuckin' back
Close that mothafuckin' door
We don't wanna hear no echoes
Hell no, blaze that weed up
This mothafuckin' shit is about to let loose
Ah yea, blaze that shit
We from the city of the Queen Mary and the Spruce Moose
Long Beach to Compton, niggas is on these

Street smart, strong darts
Come from the heart, can't fall apart
Slacked off and now it's time to show the real value of the Rugged Monk
Fuck y'all marks, my niggas thug it up
Wu-Wear and chucks, the Knights, we just don't give a fuck
Criticize about this and that, Black Knights done Pillaged that
Fuck that, keep the shit real, y'all niggas love my raps
Not just that, the style, the Knights got ya actin' wild
Demolishin' styles, watch Monk rock the crowd
All killas, we gang members and rap niggas
With black Tecs, pull more cards and pull spreads
With killa instincts, peep my rugged technique
I, slay MC's if you wanna battle in these streets
On beat or raw beat, I gotta keep it complete
You can't fuck with my crew, what ya, thought I was weak?
Feel the effect, Black Knights live on the set
Protect Ya Neck before you be the first one to get swept
Let 'em know, it's the.

It's the Black Knights, Almighty Black Knights
There's no beginnin' and there is no end
Fuckin' with us, you don't have no wins
Fuck this is my groove

The Knights hold mic's like black gats
So MC's hold ya money stack, heard ya funny raps
Got ya tape, got my money back, the shit ya spit is wack, black
Black Knights, we don't deal with that
Killa Bees attack from the West, now can you fuck with that?
Hell no, that's like a mountain compared to a pebble
Ya stale flows'll never be able to match the levels
That I'm on, you silly rap niggas gotta be head-strong
Battlin' me is like tryin' to run when the infrared's on
And I won't miss, so you can just kiss that ass bye-bye
You silly fucks should've learned to duck when I let lead fly
Doc Doom the dangerous, straight from Los Angeles
You can't hang with the Swatch gang, so bang to this
And ride dry to this, plug you like appliances
Real street scientists adapt to all environments
Heat firin', got big niggas perspirin'
Slugs slap ya dome, put ya in gangsta retirement

A black living museum (muahahahaha), after dark we're plenty
Five copper pennies, Holocaust the Minnie
Matinee theme where music meets film
A suitcase bomb, apple crisps and tarts
Peak lemon pie, bullets in a basket

In a lonely place, Last of the Mohicans
Navaho Geronimo, exquisation a scarecrow
Thin red line, red corners and hallways
California stallion towards the light berzerk
Loud dirty work, fingers walk up a skirt
One-eyed Cactus Jack, sketch artist
Long palmagranit, pirate gun slinger
Created from the pieces of different Gargoyles
Pico one, the last home run
A town called Buffalo Jum is where it landed
Murder single-handed, ice planets, the bandits

The West Coast Killa Bees is too strong
And Wu-Tang Clan money is too long
It's too long.