

# Millenium Movement

## Blak Madeen & Tragedy Khadafi

[Verse 1: Blak Madeen]

They call me Abu Malaika, the microphone fiend  
Who's only (?) to Blak or Madeen  
Speaking in the beam wearing camouflage  
And the Kofi on stage like a man of God  
God, I planned my heart  
Once in a lifetime obligation for my wife and I  
I'm on the mic divine, always saying something  
So I pray as I wait for the day of judgment  
Like David Ruffen I'm a calming man  
I stay calm, knotting up the palm on my hands  
Make dua to Allah, and I don't trust no man  
But he Devil and Obama wanna bomb Iran  
You got a army, fam  
But knowledge of Qur'an  
So we can get close to Allah we call upon  
(?) is a fraud, they can't promise you a job  
But heaven and in hell, there's a promise there is a God

[Hook]

My death may be a tragedy, my life will be a triumph  
Bow down, great God  
Wise words being quoted  
Keep the weakness in the rap game  
My death may be a tragedy, my life will be a triumph  
Bow down, great God  
Hoping that He's listening  
Pay attention

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

I move like Hannibal's army, soldiers around me  
Mike X caliber swords, the streets crown me  
Maseratis banging my album, I'll play loudly  
Wiser than Solomon, the hood just astounds me  
Police move in demon form, that's when the heat is on  
If you a G then you relate to what I'm speaking on  
Blood, sweat, and tears  
Henny, Duchess and beers  
Clouds the brain of a young G pressured by peers  
But I'll die for the same thing I ride for

Like Huey in the Black Panther Party, proud war  
Some claim to live it and hug the sky for  
It might seem (?), I'm a rare creature  
'Cause all frames on my features on moment it seizes  
Jesus moving in street form  
Verbally deep, or synonymous tracks God that teach on  
Poetic prophet, toxic when I drop it  
Like a (?) on the world how I lock it

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Of the microphone I ask ya, who's the master  
Me, myself and I isolation and annihilating the Jewish factor  
A piece of happiness and procedure the rapture  
Computer hacker  
The future got done wrapped up  
Refuse to fall victim to the jungle, disgruntle  
Though the kids humble  
Where were the canary the tip of Colombo  
My cyphers free of suckers, and the streets is ruckus  
No piece without justice, should I reach out for a Muscat?  
Knowing no weapon which is greater  
They trying to get the best of me, neighbor  
While destiny awaits us  
Adding to the disaster, I'm the recipe to haters, save her  
Getting off my chest, B, directly from the waist up  
A forced marriage  
No man can never ever sever no (?)  
I'll settle the score and numbers  
Can't afford to slumber, or to ignore the hunger  
You won't catch me eating a feasting among whore mongers  
Haha, for sure, that's a plunder

[Hook]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>