

Trials & Tribulations

Blak Madeen & Tragedy Khadafi

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]

Yo, salute me, I'm in a major x
Penetrate like a shank through the data-bank
Prone to injure ya, known to administer
Jones the emperor
On a throne to the bone, I'm sinister
What the streets is missing, the beat is victim
The only outlook they certain is grief stricking
I speak with wisdom, dedicated (?)
Exquisite and bold
Frigid and cold is the timid I scold
Fight to live without using my hands
To get physical and analytical
Your man's critical
Third eye perception, extra (?)
All eyes against me evidently
With the discreditation I play it sensibly
Let the mind reflect with a moment declare
Hopelessness and despair, the Capone that fills the air
The realness spill for this shake muscular
Cut to the chase, wait, rather stray for the juggler

[Hook: Tragedy Khadafi]

Allahu Akbar, God is great
Trials and tribulations, it's hard to escape
We move as a unit, united as one
To become victorious once the fighting is done

[Verse 2: Blak Madeen]

I see 'em burn Qur'an and Muslim corpses
They lock or brothers up without habeas corpus
Imperial forces hold 'em body parts
They thirsty for blood so the party can start
The new age of crusaders on newspaper pages
I read 'em and weep, they raping teenagers
(?)
God bless the martyrs who dying with honor
They cocked and bombed mad innocent people
In the market shopping, what's the root of all evil?
It says money in the book, Yosemite

The true identity, ain't no trinity
I read the New Testament, and gave it up for then
Allahu Akbar, there ain't no mystery
And our history is written in blood
For the love of Allah some brothers died in the mud

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Tragedy Khadafi]

Multiple styles

I come through with lines, the game is blazing
Hot like cation, two-five invasion
Lyrical threat laying in Tibet with two Malaysians
Malaysia move triad style like I was Asian
On occasion, idolize my rap pageants
In my own lane for the throne, my zone staying
Beastmode discreet with heat disclosed
Hannibal accomplished the way I beat my foes
Never set trip, never been locked for no domestics
Model for rap, I spit lines that's anorexic
Let's just stop the gossip, words is toxic
Lyrical profit, 41st outta my projects
Quiet as kept, my guerillas rep to the death
Right over left, safe to say I never slept
Eyes open, the streets wanna know if I'm holding
Hit the game like, media is exploding chosen
On my grind while the rest of y'all nod of dozen

[Hook]

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