

Militant Minds

Blak Madeen & Tragedy Khadafi

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]

Solo releases, immaculate thesis
I spit holy water, the rest of these dudes fecies
Last of a dying breed, a rare species
Too real for TV and video green screen
Spit Harlem grand rap, virtual 3D
Via Large Professor, I'm the heart of QB
Pure like Black Seas, sacrificed by Sainess
Lines make the Pope bow down, the art's dying
Still ahead of game by judged last finalists
Analyzed the resume, classics old timeless
Veteran legend rhymes, circle around the Kabali
Seven times infinite mind capital crimes
(?) occupied Babylon guerilla don watching the world rot
It's the Makdee, live and direct
Alive and in flesh
Militant minds, all you say

[Hook: Tragedy Khadafi]

Build 'em on the civilized, not the primitive kind
To show and prove, every minute, and no limit or time
Being timised of crime, a scrimmage to get to the finish line
Ask yourself, what got you into this bond
Build 'em on the civilized, not the primitive kind
To show and prove, every minute, and no limit or time
Truth will reflect and light with infinite shine
As my syndicate align with militant minds

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

Say one for the trouble, two for the crumb
Keep it moving like a fugitive on the run
Dangerous without shooting a gun
Focus, fam, close to hand be the fugitive come
Twenty-five with an L, extended my sentence, jerk
To repunish the Earth and allow chemist at work
Devired by your country, (?) in front of me
In the final hour apply power abundantly
Hoodlum intelligent, the hood in him was prevalent
What you could have and should have done, son, is irrelevant
The result of Reagan, Bush and Gordon Gekko

Scorned in the ghetto, I'm on the pooring in Metro
Remind you of the warning you snoring, none the echo
Concerning mortal men, and ignoring it could be death of you
Vendetta in this endeavour was calling me under mic
Quality is a right, lets add to the quality of life

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Blak Madeen]

I got fam across the world, got a lot of love
Got a beautiful daughter, got the (?) in blood
Kids are caught up in drugs at the youngest age
I prefer the Third World and hunger pains
I was born and raised right here, the great Satan
Belly of the beast for the 12. imam waiting
Inspired by true stories
Watching Bernard Hopkins' Beyond The Glory
Hip hop kids makes songs that just bore me
I spit war (?)
It's hard to ignore me
Cause when the brother rhymes
I won't contradict myself in every other line
Hypocrites move (?)
I'll rather rhyme frontline at (?)
Abu Malaika, born to do or die
Leaving the deen, that's a form for suicide

[Hook]

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