

# The Militia II

Rakim

"A special guest" "It's the militia... It's the militia"

This is a conquest, so I suggest you take a rest  
Or keep a breath, but definitely keep a vest on that chest  
Rymes I'm packin, just like a thug at a car-jackin'  
Shoot off your hat when I start cappin, this is no actin  
G-A-N-G, S-T-A double R  
And you don't want no trouble up in here, baby pa  
From the late-night drama, of the New York streets  
To the hoods of LA, real niggas likin Primo's beats  
Put suckers on glass, send em, back to class  
And kick hot shit, so we can stack the Johnny Cash  
I brought the God, Rakim, lyrically gunning you wanna dash?  
I got Dub C, from South C, what you doubt me?  
Travellin through warzones with my infrared microphone  
In the year One Mill, destroying, enemies chromozones  
Words burn through flesh, leavin nothing but skeletal  
You best pay resect to the legends, boy I'm tellin you, Militia

The illest Realest Representin  
Bringin the rukkus Let it be known  
The illest Realest Word up  
It's The Militia; Freddie Foxxx

Makin a move, makin a move, who's that nigga thats makin a move?  
It's the Shadiest rhymin'-back, actin' a motherfucking fool  
Four-four packers, my jackets ?hittin the tag? saggin, baggin  
Foot on my rag, mess up a bag, leavin my enemies in bodybags  
You niggas was crackin, what y'all thought it wasn't gon' happen?  
Dub C and my East Coast sisters gettin together rappin  
Gun-clappin, chump smackin, kiss the ring of your highness  
Look while I'm in New York City,  
walkin with two of the Brooklyn's finest  
My two affiliates from the East we all bang  
But if y'all don't mind, this is still Westside Connec' Gang  
Dress-code the same, just new pieces on my neck  
East Coast brownies, house shoes, and hair nets  
Y'all can't see this, so peep the sister G is pushin a Six  
As I freak this, caviar GangStarr Militia remix  
It's Dub C the jankiest loc', I'm runnin this here  
With the Guru and New York's hardest, DJ Premier, Militia

Yo, it's The Master, mister, Musical Massacre  
Passion for disaster, paragraph ambassador  
R get the red carpet, just call me on  
Corner the market like the mic's last name was Corleone  
The facade killer, come through your city like Godzilla  
Think of the sickest thing you ever seen, Ra's iller  
My vision's vicious, suspect suspicious  
Plans is ambitious, my motive's malicious  
No interferin, if you ain't down, you got to swearin  
And these cats they ain't carin, habitat awarin  
Crack appearin, from out the track that I'm hearin  
It's either that, or I'm going back to racketeering  
Yo, you should see me, I got a crew like Mussolini  
But Kool as Moe Dee, my flow be, smooth and easy  
For turnin ?area centers? to wilers, you get the picture?

Rakim is, the minist', with malice, Militia

GangStarr, The R, Dub C, baby pa. Straight up, check it out