

Revelationz

Yukmouth

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Welcome
It is I that you see
Little boys an girls, Revelationz
Listen
Why do the good die young?
An' the bad muthafuckas live fo' ever?
'Cuz nigga, we livin' on hell nigga
This is hell muthafuckasUh, all my life it's like I'm fuckin' around wit' the wrong people
Make a movie about my life an' it be a long sequel
'Bout people livin' off free-be's an' brick cheese
That's how that shit be's, out here you have to grind to get G's
No Bentley flippin' less yo name is Felix Mitchell listen
Little boys an' girls, my mama could barely pay the fuckin' rentin'
My daddy is surely gotta be somewhere in this world pimpin'
White bitches fo doe, he was a jiggalo livin' in womenHe used to take me an' my village potnas to go swimmin'
He drove a BMW, they father drove a lemon
Nigga in the end my mama kept spendin' money on gin an' drugs
I had to sleep on the fuckin' rug where the roaches was
I hung wit' thugs always rollin' dice
An' pumpin' gas to get some cash
You had to store the coke, we mop his ass
My pops would give me cash, but my mama would take it from meIf I didn't give it to her, she'd beat my ass
butt-naked homie
The only way I would see a movie was out wit the homies
I'm always bummy, had no money, they would pay it fo me
My daddy told me when I was very young
That he was on the run, I heard him mention
Somethin' about Colombians
An' I could come stay wit' him
If I didn't like the way that moms treat meI jus' didn't like the way that moms beat me
Wit' Tonka toys, in front of my boys hit me wit objects
So I jus' got to sky the fuck up out these projects

I left behind my moms an' sisters so relentless
 Never thought they'd get evicted an' be sleepin' on benches
 My pops was on some pimp shit, sewin' up Frisco on novero
 5-0 kicked down the door, he flushed the elbow
 There goes another nigga straight to the pen By the age 10, done lived wit every relative, an' friend I know
 Here I go again livin' wit' my grandma, then my auntie, my uncle
 Whereever I go niggas would gank me fo my bundle
 Swindle my check, wit Section 8 an' medical benefits
 But me I wasn't gettin' shit, spend my shit on nay kids
 That's what they did, fuck relatives
 If I don't do my thang now, I never lived
 Never gone get it if you sit on yo ass so fuck math class I'm on the Ave wit crack fo that ass like son, like dad
 I love the smell of money, hash an' zig-zags
 Look at the back of my ass, beat the sag, it's big cash
 Involved but we all get caught up an' sent to juvenile halls
 Scrape yo turf on the wall, in county drawls
 My mama abused alcohol, my pops an inmate
 An' me I'm sweepin' halls to intake hate
 My mama carried the weight, ain't seen my pops since '86 Every year, in an outta jail fo' crazy shit
 So much shady shit done happened to me
 I can't put it behind me, the Lord took my mama life in '93
 God bless her soul 'cuz she was caught up in a house hold fire
 At a rehab so we sued they ass this shit makin' me mad
 High ass lawyer we had Melvin Bell
 I tried to tell my sister that he'd get paid half settlement
 Me 56 G's, my big sister 56 G's, my little sister 106 G's Ripley's wont believe that for the life of my mama
 They only gave us a quarter a mill ticket to split
 I can't deal wit this shit, I wish you was here
 To see me get this deal wit Chris, an Noo-Trybe
 Mama you died, I cried 'cuz you missed
 The gold an platinum plaques
 I bet you never thought yo little black ass son could rap
 Now I'm breakin' off scratch an' burnin' zags wit Sparkle That's my little sister askin' the Lord
 Why did you make her life so awful?
 Next thing you know my pops go, in '95 he died of AID's
 It's either suicide of cry fo' days an' weeks, an' months
 Blowin' blunts, keep away flashes
 No funeral caskets, jus' two vases wit ashes
 I ask if he spare my life
 'Cuz all I got is my nieces, my two sisters, an' my wife Recite behind the mic, the type of shit that niggas like
 Fo' the first time in my life I'm makin' bread, doin' it right
 But at night seems like I'm hunted
 Probably because jack moves an' licks I've done it
 What goes around comes around
 Hollow point tip rounds to my stomach

Bitches screamin' at Summit
That's how you busta niggas want it But I still jus' get blunted in big six hundreds
Niggas done, done it, done deal nigga, been there like Dre
Blowin' hay in the air on the freeway
Pray, forgive me God is what I would say
I gotta lot of days to count
Blessed, went from claimin' sets wit yay up in my mouth
See task an' bounce, now I blow hash at half an ounce
Smoke out to the facial, blessed to be livin' on hell mutha fucka 'Cuz this is hell nigga
If you ain't know, nigga
This hell nigga
Right now
Armededdon
Nigga, done deal, done deal
Uh, this live Every nigga done had this shit happen to 'em
You know what I'm sayin'
All my potnas, every nigga I tell that I went through
They do, done did the same shit
Let's do it, jus' salute niggas
Jus' do our thang, fuck everybody, let's ride this shit
Do yo thang blaze, get shermed out all that shit, whatever
Mushrooms an shit, Xtacy's an all that shit, let's get high an' Jus' reminisce about all that dangerous shit we done
went through
An' ask yo'self, "Why the fuck am I here?"
'Cuz this is hell nigga an' the good die early
An' the mutha fuckin' bad stay fo'ever, 'cuz yo ass
On hell nigga, 'cuz you a bad mutha fucka like me
Done deal, uh, uh
(Livin' in hell, dead mutha fuckas, uh)
(Livin in hell, dead niggas dwell, uh)
(Livin in hell, dead niggas dwell, uh)
This Earthel is hell mutha fucka

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