

# Revolution (feat. Grace Jones & Lil' Cease)

## Lil' Kim

S W nine millimeter, check  
Long-nose double barreled rifle, check  
Semi-automatic infrared laser beam shot, check  
Alright Puff, I'm ready to go Threw the clips around the shoulders, toasters in the holster  
Kim let's go! Slow down bab' bro  
You with the rap Rambo, Tony Montana  
Here's a hammer, a camera and a 'Life After Death' bandanna Here take it, in case I don't make it  
'Cause if my life don't end, I'm damn sure gon' fake it  
The way I see it, mmm, sexual  
In the gunfight, two on three, you on me Dawg, I got shit to make the world shake  
One mistake, blaow, start a earthquake  
Fuck them niggaz, them niggaz dust to me  
And if I knock Cyrus off that's a plus for me And the funny thing about it, I'm a bitch  
And got niggaz runnin' from me, like the Olympics  
And I told my man Gutter I'ma get him  
And every shell I spit, is guaranteed to hit him, blaka Pressure down below, fire in de hole  
Lose control, got nowhere to go I heard Cease and Puff callin' like the Holy Tabernacle  
I'll be down in a minute, I'm drinkin' a Snapple A Snapple? Bitch I got bombs and shit  
Grenades and razor blades and alarms and shit  
You better come on, girl, throw a hat on that weave  
I'm tryin' to catch this nigga Cyrus, 'fore him an' his boys leave They at this restaurant that serve African food  
Where you allowed to smoke weed and the waiters is type rude  
You see, I used to date this bitch from Botswana  
Half-African but she looked like Madonna Aiyyo check it, she had a tiger for a pet  
I'll never forget, the restaurant is where we met  
And her girlfriend Lizette, that bitch is a freak  
I used to fuck her in the ass while my girl was asleep And she the one who told me where these cats is at  
I can't wait to get the gat and holla back, Kim c'mon Pressure down below, fire in de hole  
Lose control, got nowhere to go We came to a red light, gave right-of-way to pedestrians  
Two black and white lesbians  
The nigga Puff ready to holla at these bitches  
I'm like, "Yo Dawg, them bitches down with them niggaz" And never would the drugs make the bitch slack up  
I got hit men, spreaded through the restaurant for backup  
And we communicate through headsets and walkie-talkies  
Them niggaz just bitches like my Yorkie Pigs like to forfeit, we on point like snipers  
Cyrus and his Doolies, is Clueless like the movies  
All I can think about, is how he killed my man Smiles  
Cut his head off, masochist style Yeah, Cyrus did it, Cyrus the Virus they call him  
When I finish with him please, his name is Swiss Cheese

My main focus, is his right hand man Mouse  
An' Sheisty and two-sided, profession dick rider  
And his boys, they seem to be all on his dick  
I mean the whole situation is really makin' me sick  
And when Cyrus got up, and dipped off to the bathroom  
We started suckin' niggaz up like a vacuum  
Bullets flyin' nonstop, and bodies droppin'  
Puff yelled, "Away", that's the cops then  
My trigger finger started itchin'  
Then Cyrus came spittin' from the kitchen  
And next second, you missed it  
Listen, it's soundin' like the 4th of July  
Like the solar eclipse is lit right in the sky  
I can't believe this guy, he won't fall over  
Holes is in his body the size of cup holders  
One more shot, he's over, shit Puff, I'm empty  
But I'ma hold my breath, til he fall to his death  
But he was helpless  
This little kid squeezed off in his pelvis  
Pressure down below, fire in de hole  
Lose control, got nowhere to go  
Pressure down below, fire in de hole  
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Pressure down below, fire in de hole  
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