

When the Revolution Comes

The Last Poets

When the revolution come
I'ma be at the front banging a bass drum
I'll be drunk as fuck on rum
taking out the bacon to the sound of their gun
So from here to wherever
take off their heads with a saw and sever
On the News at Ten with Trevor
forward ever, backward never
well they call us mindless?
the problems in my mind are timeless
Heartache and struggle
now you expect there's gonna be trouble
When the revolution come
and we're out on the street chanting scum
waving a loaded gun
shouting "I don't wanna hurt no one"

When the revolution come
and we rise up from the slum
Better run boy, better run
When the revolution come

You're damn right I'm a history writer
freedom fighter, flame igniter
No hands feed me so I might bite ya
set a city on fire with a lighter
Cheeky little blighter, shine your light brighter
don't cut off your nose just to spite ya
Never let them conquer and divide ya
fight for the right to do what you like
We say no retreat, no justice, no peace, no army, no police
Whose streets? our streets!
We're gonna come and hook up a generator
power up the sound for all the demonstrator
Finger on the volume it's the detonator
to blow up and blast out our interrogator

When the revolution come
and we rise up from the slum

Better run boy, better run
When the revolution come

Lyrics submitted by Kyeeniah BlazingStar Nix.

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