The Revolution

Ate One

I'm seein' bodiez in the alley and blood in the valley
From the shores of Maine all the way to Compton Cali
I'm callin' rally to the homies in the street light
Take a real close look at what it look like
A young nigga in the ghetto raised up on whit
The first thing momma told him was don't take no shit
Playin' tag with body bag, bullets and bloody rag
And did you put the dodge on the toe tag?
Whoever the man today, might not be the man tomorrow
'Cuz life is full of hardships, pimpslaps and sorrow
You gotta believe in something but whatever you do
Make sure what you believe is real and true
Fuck the liez an' alibiez an' come to realize
My vision won't assault of wasted on blind lil' eyes
Like AT&T, you gotta make a switch
Or get pushed to the side like a lil' ol' bitch
When the revolution come, I'ma be up front
With my finga on the trigga of a Mossburgh Pump
When the revolution come, I'ma be right there
With my nine in my hand and braids in my hair
I've been hollerin' and hoopin' yeah, lootin' an' shootin'
I'm doin' some recruitin' to bring mo' troops in
Niggaz don't be doin' what they 'posed to do
They betta post on the corna with the busta crew
Playin' games, I used to play back in '79
With the same bullshit an' the same ol' lie
If you want some respect, ya won't be individual
On the nigga nuts 'cuz he rollin' in the '64
Yo favorite line is fuck all a y'all
But one day there's gonna be a final call
That's why I'm rollin' deep in the motherfuckin' Jeep
Always on a peep an' my crew don't fall asleep
So pull your money outa your pocket an' put it in the middle
This ain't no roosta ass Chicken George nigga on a fiddle, huh
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in my mothafuckin' self I trust
When the revolution come, I'ma be up front
With my finga on the trigga of a Mossburgh Pump
When the revolution come, I'ma be right there
With my nine in my hand and braids in my hair

Way back in the days, we used to sling 'em in the street
But now when niggaz get beat they wanna go an' get their heat
Everybody know that you know how to kill
But tell me do you how to let a nigga live?
I gotta dream that maybe one day
Niggaz can't fight then walk away
I'm talkin' fist to cuff with them pistols up an'
Shoot 'em from the shoulders to show them you can hold your
I sing the song of the fight of the black man in America
In a state of hysteria, no longa will I accept the second rate
I plan to set the record straight b'fore I disobey
It's the one, two combination punch to the throat
There's a hole in ya boat, bitch, that's all she wrote
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in my mothafuckin' self I trust
When the revolution come, I'ma be up front
With my finga on the trigga of a Mossburgh Pump
When the revolution come, I'ma be right there
With my nine in my hand and braids in my hair
When the revolution come, I'ma be straight loc
Goin' out in a cloud of pistol smoke
The revolution come, the revolution come

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