

# 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, pimplaps 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 tricga 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 tricga 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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