

# Revelationz

## Yukmouth

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 penBy 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 draws  
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  
Armageddon  
Nigga, done deal, done deal  
Uh, this liveEvery 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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