

# The Revolution

## Shawn Chrystopher

Teed niggas with braids inhale the haze  
Reminisce on days trapped inside that cage  
Poppa left nada, no father I wasn't fazed  
To replace him in the mornings waking up I wouldn't shave  
My peach fuzz got my fe buzz, nigga on citas  
Learned from baby mommas they knew more than all my teachers  
Shootin shots up at Darby  
My nigga really shootin shots, he hit a cop he wasn't sorry  
Told me thats the way of life my nigga thats just how we fight my nigga  
That's just how we gotta get down  
And if you ever life yo life my nigga make sure that it's right my nigga  
Make sure that yo niggas really down, then its all good  
They'll stop yo money fo you get it  
Cause johnny at yo temple like a fitted  
And Ronnie know the spots you like to kick it  
Shots through yo window twist yo body like a gymnast  
Now I'm on it, I'm on it  
And all my niggas is on it  
They shot at Dre for his Jordans  
We'll deal with that in the morning  
See some of my niggas is corny  
But them my niggas you feel me  
The crime is loyal I'm guilty  
So drop the gavel come kill me (hold up wait)  
See my uncle Sonny taught me how the white man gon be salty  
If he ever snooped and caught me  
In his daughter CD player that mean she bought me  
See that ticket that mean she saw me  
See that poster that mean she love me  
VIP yeah that mean she fucked me  
She fucked me why you mad Mr. Whiteman  
Shit, cause after all you still a white man  
You ain't living how I'm living  
The chuck dickens of this new edition smooth as Michael Bevins, wait  
So what the fuck they gon tell me  
Huh  
What the fuck they gon tell me  
This is, The Lovestory LP

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>