

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 Bevens, wait
So what the fuck they gon tell me
Huh
What the fuck they gon tell me
This is, The Lovestory LP

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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