

Revolution

Lil' Kim

S W nine millimeter, check
Long-nose double barreled rifle, check
Semi-automatic infrared laser beam shot, check
Alright Puff, I'm ready to go
Threw the clips around the shoulders, toasters in the holster
Kim let's go! Slow down bab' bro
You with the rap Rambo, Tony Montana
Here's a hammer, a camera and a 'Life After Death' bandanna
Here take it, in case I don't make it
'Cause if my life don't end, I'm damn sure gon' fake it
The way I see it, mmm, sexual
In the gunfight, two on three, you on me
Dawg, I got shit to make the world shake
One mistake, blaow, start a earthquake
Fuck them niggaz, them niggaz dust to me
And if I knock Cyrus off that's a plus for me
And the funny thing about it, I'm a bitch
And got niggaz runnin' from me, like the Olympics
And I told my man Gutter I'ma get him
And every shell I spit, is guaranteed to hit him, blaka
Pressure down below, fire in de hole
Lose control, got nowhere to go
I heard Cease and Puff callin' like the Holy Tabernacle
I'll be down in a minute, I'm drinkin' a Snapple
A Snapple? Bitch I got bombs and shit
Grenades and razor blades and alarms and shit
You better come on, girl, throw a hat on that weave
I'm tryin' to catch this nigga Cyrus, 'fore him an' his boys leave
They at this restaurant that serve African food
Where you allowed to smoke weed and the waiters is type rude
You see, I used to date this bitch from Botswana
Half-African but she looked like Madonna
Aiiyyo check it, she had a tiger for a pet
I'll never forget, the restaurant is where we met
And her girlfriend Lizette, that bitch is a freak
I used to fuck her in the ass while my girl was asleep
And she the one who told me where these cats is at
I can't wait to get the gat and holla back, Kim c'mon
Pressure down below, fire in de hole

Lose control, got nowhere to go

We came to a red light, gave right-of-way to pedestrians
Two black and white lesbians
The nigga Puff ready to holla at these bitches
I'm like, "Yo Dawg, them bitches down with them niggaz"
And never would the drugs make the bitch slack up
I got hit men, spreaded through the restaurant for backup
And we communicate through headsets and walkie-talkies
Them niggaz just bitches like my Yorkie
Pigs like to forfeit, we on point like snipers
Cyrus and his Doolies, is Clueless like the movies
All I can think about, is how he killed my man Smiles
Cut his head off, masochist style
Yeah, Cyrus did it, Cyrus the Virus they call him
When I finish with him please, his name is Swiss Cheese
My main focus, is his right hand man Mouse
An' Sheisty and two-sided, profession dick rider
And his boys, they seem to be all on his dick
I mean the whole situation is really makin' me sick
And when Cyrus got up, and dipped off to the bathroom
We started suckin' niggaz up like a vacuum
Bullets flyin' nonstop, and bodies droppin'
Puff yelled, "Away", that's the cops then
My trigger finger started itchin'
Then Cyrus came spittin' from the kitchen
And next second, you missed it
Listen, it's soundin' like the 4th of July
Like the solar eclipse is lit right in the sky
I can't believe this guy, he won't fall over
Holes is in his body the size of cup holders
One more shot, he's over, shit Puff, I'm empty
But I'ma hold my breath, til he fall to his death
But he was helpless
This little kid squeezed off in his pelvis
Pressure down below, fire in de hole
Lose control, got nowhere to go
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