

# Revival

A.R. Rahman

Word up

Uhh

I've become accustomed to goin' through customs

Pound in my pocket hollerin', "Fuck them"

I'm livin' that life that you only talk about

I'm fuckin' them hoes that you only thought about

I spend that money but you won't spend about

As much that I made off my last single out

Whatchu think of that? Niggaz, y'all know

That I kill niggaz slow when I live for this dough

Got labels sick, I know they hate that

I'm makin' they artists push them dates back

I don't need tattoos to prove I pack tools

Go 'head and act fool and become dog food

Memph Man, uh-huh, yeah that's me

Same nigga that don't give a "Basically"

And I'm still smokin', it be like that

Ya blunt went out, nigga relight that

I'm from M.A.R.C.Y.

B.K. style, see Bleek how?

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Yeah, I'm finally put in the game, right where I should be

And the gat laid right where it should be

Violate, you be put where you should be

Have your family and friends screamin', "How could he?"

Walk the streets with a body on his back

Ride around in a V with the shottie in the back

And for y'all that swear, that I front for rep

Only thing that I front is hoes and coke and clips of tef

With a co-D, that's a, menace to the people

Yeah we sold D and made a livin' off of people

Ghetto, corrupted us, and we taught ourselves

How to add and scale plus bag and sell

And how to, aim and shoot and I got brain when the wrist locked

Wherever the dot spot leave the tape  
You keep actin' like you can't die in a blaze  
And I let sixteen of 'em dive in your wake  
I'm from M.A.R.C.Y.  
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I'm from M.A.R.C.Y.  
B.K. style, see Geda how?  
Picture me rollin' in that five hundred Benz  
I got no love for you niggaz it ain't no need to be friends  
I give a fuck 'bout 'em, no need to talk 'bout 'em  
He act 'bout it, I let the fo'-fo' pound 'em  
The co-D's, nigga no statements  
Just shots, empty shell casings  
No prints, V's no tint  
Phone, Sprint, Six, no chips nigga  
R-O yeah M-A  
Realist hood and clique nigga, comprende?  
You bitch niggaz know I'm focused right?  
You still catch M-E-M loc'n right?  
In the black V, wit' the gat on my lap  
Shovel in the trunk, go 'head nigga, front  
This M dot E-M-P-H-I-S Bleek  
Coppin' out to a one to three, you bitch nigga  
I'm from M.A.R.C.Y.  
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I'm from M.A.R.C.Y.  
B.K. style, see Geda how?  
I'm from M.A.R.C.Y.  
B.K. style, see Bleek how?  
I'm from M.A.R.C.Y.  
B.K. style, see Geda how?  
DJ Clue, Desert Storm  
Roc-a-Fella  
The Professional Part 2

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