Revolution

Kirk Franklin

The book of revelations
Chapter 7, Verses 16 and 17
(Yes Sir)
'They shall hunger no more
Neither shall they thirst anymore'
(Preach, Preacher)
'For God shall wipe away
(Yes sir)
Every tear from there eye
(Yes sir)
Get ready for a revolution'
(Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on)
What you say, uh
(Whoa, whoa)
Do you want a revolution?
(Whoop whoop)
Do you want a revolution?
(Whoop whoop)
(Whoa, whoa)
Do you want a revolution?
(Whoop whoop)
Do you want a revolution?
(Whoop whoop)
Sick and tired of my brothas killin' each other
Sick and tired of daddies leavin' babies with their mothers
To every man who wants to lay around and play around
Listen partner, you be man enough to stay around
Sick and tired of the church talkin' religion
And yet, they talk about each other, makin' decisions
No more racism, two-facism, no pollution, the solution?
A Revolution
(Whoa, whoa)
Do you want a revolution?
(Whoop whoop)
Do you want a revolution?
(Whoop whoop)
(Whoa, whoa)
Do you want a revolution?
(Whoop whoop)

Do you want a revolution?
(Whoop whoop)
No crime, no dying, politicians lying, everybody's trying
To make a dollar it makes me wanna holler
The way they do my life, they way they do my life
There's gonna be a brighter day, all your troubles will pass away
A revolution's comin', yes it's comin', comin'
Revolution's comin', yes it's comin', revolution's comin', comin'
(Whoa, whoa)
Do you want a revolution?
(Whoop whoop)
Do you want a revolution?
(Whoop whoop)
(Whoa, whoa)
Do you want a revolution?
(Whoop whoop)
Do you want a revolution?
(Whoop whoop)
Say, what you feelin'? What you want son?
Who you callin' to son? You know Jesus is the true son
The second in the trinity, I know you feelin' Him
Five hundred days left until the new millenium
You hearin' 'em, trumpets and the sky cracks
The last, the first the first, the last and won't pass
So don't be caught slippin' brotha, don't be trippin' brotha
'Cause when I see 'em [Incomprehensible] brotha
Everywhere we go, we say we move too much, we do too much
And if you step against us then you lose too much
Ain't no stoppin' what we doin' when the spirit is movin'
Don't be hatin' what I'm doin', I'm the vessel He's usin'
Everywhere I be they try to judge me
They try to shake me, they try to budge me
But they can't break me, 'cause I'm down with Christ
Darkchild and Nu Nation, make ya feel alright
Where my east coast saints at?
(Whoop whoop)
Where my west coast saints at?
(Whoop whoop)
Where my Detroit saints at?
(Whoop whoop)
Where my Dallas saints at?
(Whoop whoop)
Where my [Incomprehensible] saints at?
(Whoop whoop)

Where my A T L saints at?

(Whoop whoop)
Where my Jersey saints at?
(Whoop whoop)
Where my [Incomprehensible] saints at?
(Whoop whoop)
Oh, where my preachers at?
(With their hands up)
Where they got 'em
(Up, they got their hands up)
Oh, where my saints at?
(With their hands up)
Where they got 'em
(Up, they got their hands up)
Oh, where my folk at?
(With their hands up)
Where they got 'em
(Up, they got their hands up)
Oh, where my niggas at?
(With their hands up)
Where they got 'em
(Up, they got their hands up)
Oh, where my people at?
(With their hands up)
Oh c'mom
(Up, they got their hands up)
Oh, where the saints at?
(With their hands up)
Oh c'mon up
(Up, they got their hands up)
Oh, where my saints at?
(With their hands up)
Where they got 'em
(Up, they got their hands up)
Oh, where my folk at?
(With their hands up)
Oh c'mon
(Up, they got their hands up)
Where my D C saints at?
(Whoop whoop)
Where my Nashville saints at?
(Whoop whoop)
Where my Houston saints at?
(Whoop whoop)

Where my [Incomprehensible] saints at?
(Whoop whoop)
Where my [Incomprehensible] saints at?
(Whoop whoop)
Where my [Incomprehensible] saints at?
(Whoop whoop)
Where my Tampa saints at?
(Whoop whoop)
Where my Fort Worth saints at?
All my real loud saints, throw your hands up
(With there hands up)
Throw your hands up, throw your hands up
(Up, they got there hands up)
All my real loud saints, throw your hands up
(With there hands up)
Throw your hands up, throw your hands up
(Up, they got there hands up)
All my real loud saints, lift your hands up
(With there hands up)
Lift your hands up, lift your hands up
(Up, they got there hands up)
All my real loud saints, lift your hands up
(With there hands up)
Lift your hands up, lift your hands up
(Up, they got there hands up)
(Whoa, whoa)
Do you want a revolution?
(Whoop whoop)
Do you want a revolution?
(Whoop whoop)
(Whoa, whoa)
Do you want a revolution?
(Whoop whoop)
Do you want a revolution?
(Whoop whoop)
Whoa, whoa
Whoa, whoa
Whoa, whoa
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