

The Revolution

Coolio

I'm seein' bodiez in the alley and blood in the valley
From the shores of Maine all the way to Compton Cali
I'm callin' rally to the homies in the street light
Take a real close at what it look like
A young nigga in the ghetto raised up on whit
The first thing momma told him was don't take no shit
Playin tag with body bag,
Bullets,
And bloody rag
And did you put the dodge on the toe tag?
Whoever the man today, might not be the man tomorrow
Cuz life is full of hardships, pimpslaps, and sorrow
Ya gotta believe in something, but whatever ya do
Make sure what you believe is real and true
Fuck the liez an' alibiez an' come to realize
My vision won't assault of wasted on blind lil' eyes
Like A T an' T ya gotta make a switch
O' get pushed to the side like a lil' ol' bitch....

When the Revolution come I'm gonna be up front
With my finga on the trigga of a Mossburgh Pump
When the Revolution come I'm gonna be right there
With my nine in my hand and braids in my hair

I've been hollerin' and hoopin' yeah
Lootin' an' shootin'
I'm doin' some recruitin' to bring mo' troops in
Niggaz don't be doin' what they 'posed to do
They betta post on the corna with the busta crew
Playin' games I used to play back in '79
With the same bullshit an' the same ol' lie
If you want some respect ya won't be individual
On the nigga nuts cuz he rollin' in the Sixty-fo'
Yo favorite line is fuck all a y'all
But one day there's gonna be a final call
That's why I'm rollin' deep in the motherfuckin' Jeep
Always on the peep an' my crew don't fall asleep
So pull your money outa your pocket an' put it in the middle
This ain't no roosta ass Chicken George nigga on a fiddle, huh
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
In my mothafuckin' self I trust....

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Way back in the dayz we used to sling 'em in the street
But now when niggaz get beat
They wanna go an' get their heat
Everybody know that you know how to kill
But tell me do you how to let a nigga live
I gotta dream that maybe one day
Niggaz can't fight then walk away
I'm talkin' fist-a-cuffs put the pistols up and shoot 'em from
the shoulders to show that you can hold yours
I sing the song of the fight of the black man

In America
In a state of hysteria
No longer will I accept the second rate
I plan to set the record straight b'fore I disobey
It's the one - two combination punch to the throat
There's a hole in ya boat bitch
That's all she wrote
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
In my mothafuckin' self I trust.....

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With my finger on the trigger of a Mossburgh Pump
When the Revolution come I'm gonna be right there
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When the Revolution come I'm gonna be straight loc
Goin' out in a cloud of pistol smoke
The Revolution come.....
The Revolution come.....