

# 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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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.....