

# Revolution

Lowkey

Little man never did exams,  
Got a particular bigger plan flipping grams,  
When a bigger man in his gang gave him a stick to bang,  
Or maybe just hold 'cause no one thought he would kill a man,  
Till he got silly billy feelin & chilling in the jam,  
Sipping cham', spliff in his hand checking to the jam,  
Bang bang biddy bang biddy bang,  
Now he's in the camp thinking damn what a pity fam,  
Rappers are yapping and flapping their lips,  
Bout how they're packing and clapping their sticks,  
Has to be big,  
The impact it has on the kids, tells me where the factory is,  
The government kill, they're just stacking their chips,  
You wonder why the youths are strapped and their pissed,  
If not a nine, it's a knife getting jabbed in your ribs,  
People die for the petrol, the gas and the whip,  
In London, you can get shanked in the heart,  
Still the government put more tax in Iraq,  
Ignorant little spitters are talking greezy,  
Cause they bitten bits that the saw on TV,  
If all you rap about is the hoes and the doe,  
It's already too late, you sold 'em your soul,  
You jokers act like you know but you don't,  
'Cause there's little kids dying all over the globe,  
[Faith SFX:]  
They used to put my lights out and nights out  
And days in spent blazing  
And tell me to not be gaining the mazes  
But why now it's right out amazing to think  
Now let the revolutionaries sing  
Stand up for your rights and fight for revolution  
Free your mind so we can prise constitution  
'Cause they're killing us all...  
[Mic Righteous:]  
Little man never did exams,  
He be chillin with his fam in a flat,  
Spliff in hand and spittin raps,  
But there's more than one way to skin a cat,  
Gotta make up for the things he didn't have,  
Wanna be a dan,  
Little mans gott bigger plans,  
Wanna be bigger than jigga and killer cam,  
Picture that while hes sittin back sippin out a guinness can,  
Feelin trapped,  
Done with the chitter chat!  
Little man didn't crack for a bit of cash,  
Got his shit all splashed,  
Billin stack,  
Livin isnt bad,  
Untill a cat got in his flat,  
And hit him with a bat,  
And they found where he hid his stash,  
Little man fouled it,  
Get him back,  
Now really mad,  
Feelin militant put on his timberlands and headed to the flat,  
Where the cats that had jacked him were chillin at,

[? ] full of gas in his gaff,  
And lit a match,  
Put it in a [? ],  
And away it goes BANG!  
But the cats whole family was in the gaff,  
Now it's defiantly different for little man,  
He could of been one in a million he could of had the whole world in his hands,  
But shit hit the fan,  
When the cat came back,  
With his strap,  
Pulled the trigger back,  
Finished little man in a flash,  
It's a FACT!  
That he's dead now...  
[Faith SFX:]  
They used to put my lights out and nights out  
And days in spent blazing  
And tell me to not be gaining the mazes  
But why now it's right out amazing to think  
Now let the revolutionaries sing  
Stand up for your rights and fight for revolution  
Free your mind so we can prise constitution  
'Cause they're killing us all...

Correct these lyrics

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