

The Revolution

Outerspace

Whattup whattup whattup

Yo, OS, Celph Titled baby
What's goin' down

My niggaz, yo spit that shit

I'ma known beast sick with it full blown speech
Buryin' bones deep beneath the stone streets
Stamped in the globe deep with the Pharaohs so don't sleep
We flame arrow your dome piece but when these cannibals go eat
I'ma cannon with no leash no hammer and no heat
Spit at random anytime acapella with no beat
Believe me dog cyclop vision I see through fog
Y'all transparent niggaz on tape I see through y'all
Like a crystal ball, my dogs gnaw till ya tissues gone shook
When niggaz ran to they pistols to hit you hard
This games a fixed neck, go ahead and pick your card
Like playin' Russian roulette by yaself on a trip to Mars
I break atoms in the same fashion I spit these bars
Put barbwire on my mic rip it tight till it slips and scars
Outerspace get it right we shift and drift from y'all
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It's a revolution, a new state of mind
We bringin' hip hop back with new ways to rhyme
Yesterday it was dark but today we shine
Tryin' to make the best out these last days in time
(2x)

Stick me in a room with a track Celph Title made
No tellin' where my ink flow it's like a tidal wave
Battle emcees dog I survived those days
Now it's murderous spittin' fire those pyros crave
Makin' joints from the gutter, the grittiest rhyme
Sorry if you think I'm rude I get too shitty at times
I'm with Crypt on barstools talkin' rep, cars and pool
Tryin' to build foundation with no garage and tools
With a squad that bruise anybody who act
Outta order Q-Demented will demolish you cats
Outta water outta food, we grisslin' niggaz
Don't speak, cuz you know your body fittin' in rivers
Don't sleep, does who slept don't pose a threat
We runnin' with the Army now Pharaohs to the death
We are, what you hard renegades wanna be
We spit regardless, no matter center stage or the street

Yo, first off let me say fuck you and fuck dead homies
You got beef with me you got beef with my cronies
And when it come to machineguns, we fire Tommy's like Sony
Leave you missin' from your tribe like Jahrobee
We block buster spot rushers; my shots musta'
Let off from the glock and sprayed you down like crop dusters
I rock mustard color Timbs the same ones that busted ya chin
Celph Titled and Outerspace the spicks is at it again
Get a number for it to drop through
See me with a 4-4 when I drop through

That's my bitch and I don't think she likes you
And all that bullshit about let there be light
It wasn't that easy plus I gave life to Christ
Immortalized my story noticed that I eternally rep
Bring mother Mary to Maury Povich paternity test
Their ain't a nigga that can play, that's preposterous G
Cuz I'll make sure ya album is released posthumously