

# 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  
Stampedin 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