

Revelationz

Yukmouth

Welcome.

It is I that you see.

Little boys an girls.... Revelationz.

Listen.

Why do the good die young, an the bad mutha fuckas live fo ever?

'cause nigga, we livin on hell nigga.

This is hell mutha fuckas.

Verse 1

Uh.

All my life it's like I'm fuckin around wit the wrong people

make a movie about my life an it be a long sequel

bout people livin off free-be's an brick cheese

that's how that shit be's, out here you have to grind to get g's

no Bently flippin less yo name is Felix Mitchell listen

little boys an girls my mama could barely pay the fuckin rentin

my daddy is surely gotta be somewhere in this world pimpin

white bitches fo doe, he was a jiggallo livin in women

he used to take me an my Village potnas to go swimmin

he drove a BMW, they father drove a lemon

nigga in the end my mama kept spendin money on gin an drugs

I had to sleep on the fuckin rug where the roaches was

I hung wit thugs always rollin dice an pumpin gas

to get some cash

you had to store the coke, we mop his ass

my pops would give me cash, but my mama would take it from me

if I didn't give it to her, she'd beat my ass butt-naked homie

the only way I would see a movie was out wit the homies

I'm always bummy, had no money, they would pay it fo me

my daddy told me when I was very young

that he was on the run, I heard him mention somethin about Colombians

an I could come stay wit him if I didn't like the way that moms treat me

I juss didn't like the way that moms beat me

wit Tonka toys, in front of my boys hit me wit objects

so I juss

got to sky the fuck up out these projects

I left behind my moms an sisters so relentless

never thought they'd get evicted an be sleepin on benches

my pops was on some pimp shit, sewin up Frisco on novero

5-0 kicked down the door, he flushed the elbow

there goes another nigga straight to the pen

by the age 10, done lived wit every relative, an friend I know

here I go again

livin wit my grama, then my auntie

my uncle

where ever I go niggas would gank me fo my bundle

swindle my check, wit Section 8 an medi-cal benefits

but me I wasn't gettin shit

spend my shit on nay kids

that's what they did

fuck relatives

if I don't do my thang now, I never lived

never gone get it if you sit on yo ass

so fuck math class

I'm on the Ave wit crack fo that ass

like son like dad

I love the smell of money, hash an zig-zags

look at the back of my ass, beat the sag, it's big cash

involved but
we all get caught up an sent to juvenile halls
scrape yo turf on the wall, in county drawls
my mama abused alcohol
my pops an inmate
an me I'm sweepin halls to intake
hate
my mama carried the weight ain't seen my pops since '86
every year, in an outta jail fo crazy shit
so much shady shit done happened to me, I can't put it behind me
the Lord took my mama life in '93
God bless her soul
'cause she was caught up in a, house hold fire at a rehab so we sued they
ass
this shit makin me mad
high ass lawyer we had Melvin Bell, I tried to tell my sister that he'd
get paid half
settlement, me 56 G's
my big sister 56 G's
my little sister 106 G's
Ripley's won't believe that for the life of my mama they only gave us a
quarter a mill ticket to split
I can't deal wit this shit
I wish you was here to see me get this deal wit Chris, an Noo-Trybe
mama you died I cried
'cause you missed
the gold an platinum plaques
I bet you never thought yo little black ass son could rap
now I'm breakin off scratch
an burnin zags wit Sparkle
that's my little sister askin the Lord why did you make her life so
awful
next thing you know my pops go
in '95 he died of AID's
it's either suicide of cry fo days
an weeks an months
blowin blunts, keep away flashes
no funeral caskets, juss two vases wit ashes
I ask if, he spare my life
'cause all I got is my nieces, my two sisters, an my wife
recite behind the mic the type of shit that niggas like
fo the first time in my life I'm makin bread, doin it right
but at night seems like I'm hunted
probably because jackmoves an licks I've done it
what goes around comes around, hollow point tip rounds to my stomach
bitches
screamin at Summit
that's how you busta niggas want it
but I still juss get blunted in big six hundreds
niggas done, done it
done deal nigga, been there like Dre
blowin hay in the air on the free-way
pray
forgive me God is what I would say
I gotta lot of days to count
blessed, went from claimin sets wit yay up in my mouth
see task an bounce
now I blow hash at half an ounce
smoke out to the facial blessed to be livin on hell mutha fucka!
'cause this is hell nigga.
If you ain't know, nigga.
This hell nigga.
Right now.

Armageddon.

Nigga, done deal.

Done deal.

Uh.

This live.

Every nigga done had this shit happen to 'em, you know what I'm sayin.

All my potnas, every nigga I tell that I went through, they do, done did the same shit.

Let's do it, juss salute niggas.

Juss do our thang, fuck everybody, let's ride this shit.

Do yo t hang blaze, get shermed out all that shit, whatever.

Mushrooms an shit, Xtacy's an all that shit, let's get high an juss reminise about all that dangerous shit we done went through.

An ask yoself...."why the fuck am I here?"

'cause this is hell nigga.

An the good die early, an the mutha fuckin bad stay fo ever, 'cause yo ass on hell nigga, 'cause you a bad mutha fucka like me.

Done deal, uh, uh.

(livin in hell, dead mutha fuckas, uh)

(livin in hell, dead niggas dwell, uh) 2x

this Earthel is hell mutha fucka.