

## Lil' Kim "Revolution"

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Nine-millimeter, check  
Long-nose, double barrel rifle, check  
Semi-automatic infared, laser beam shot, check  
All right, we ready to go

Lil' Kim-

It was sixes around the shoulders  
Posters in the holsters (Kim, let's go!)  
Slow down babe 'Ro, you wit' the rap Rambo  
Tony Motana, here's a hammer, a camera  
And a Life After Death bandana  
Here take it, incase I don't make it  
Cause if my life don't end, I'm damn sure gonna fake it  
The way I see it, mmm sexual  
In a gun fight two on three, you on me  
Dog, I've got shit to make the world shake  
One mistake, blah, start an earthquake  
Fuck them niggas, them niggas dust to me  
And if I knock Syrus off, that's a plus for me  
And the funny thing about it, I'm a bitch  
Got niggas runnin' from me, like the Olympics  
And I told my man Gutta how I'm gon' get 'em  
And every shell I spit is guaranteed to hit 'em (blah!)

(Chorus)

Grace Jones-  
Don't you know  
You've probably got a revolution  
Don't you know  
You've bought yourself a revolution

Lil' Kim-

I heard Puff callin' like the holy tabernacle  
I'll be down in a minute, I'm drinkin' a Snapple

Puff-

A Snapple? Bitch I've got bombs and shit  
Grenades and razor blades, and alarms and shit  
You better come on, girl throw a hat on that weave  
I'm tryin' to catch this nigga Syrus before him and his  
niggas leave  
They're at this restaurant where they serve African

food

Where you're allowed to smoke weed  
And the waiters is tight with the crew  
See I used to dig this bitch from Botswana  
Half-African but she looked like Madonna  
And yo check, she had a tiger for a pet  
I'll never forget, the restaraunt where we met  
And the girl from Lisett, that bitch is a freak  
I used to fuck her in the ass while my girl was asleep  
And she the one that told me where these cats is at  
Can't wait to get the gat and hunt back, come on!

(Chorus)

Don't you know  
You've probably got a revolution  
Don't you know  
You've bought yourself a revolution

Lil' Kim (Puff)-

Uh, uh, uh  
We came to a red light  
Gave right-of-way to pedestrians  
Two black and white lesbians  
The nigga Puff ready to hollar at these bitches  
I'm like, "Yo dog, them bitches down with them niggas"  
And never would a drug make a bitch slack up  
I've got Hitmen spreaded through the restaurant for  
back up  
And we communicate through headsets and walkie-  
talkie's  
Them niggas is just bitches like my Yorkie  
Pigs like the Porky  
We on point like snipers  
Syrus and his doomies is Clueless like the movies  
All I could think about is how he killed my man Smiles  
Cut his head off, masacre style  
Yeah, Syrus did it  
Syrus the virus they call him  
When I finish with 'em, please, his name is Swiss  
cheese  
My main focus is his right-hand man Mousey  
Sheisty and two-sided, confession, dick ridin'  
And his boys, they seem to be all on his dick  
I mean the whole situation is really makin' me sick  
And when Syrus got up and dipped off to the  
bathroom  
We started suckin' niggas up like the vaccum  
Bullets flyin' non-stoppin', bodies droppin'  
Puff yell (Bloody!), that's the cops then  
My trigger finger startin' itchin'  
That's when Syrus came spittin' from the kitchen

The next second, he missed me  
Listen, it's soundin' like the 4th of July  
Like a solar eclipse is lit right in the sky  
I can't believe this guy, he won't fall over  
Holes in his body the size of cup-holders  
One more shot, he's over, shit Puff I'm empty  
(Kim, I've only got one shot left)  
But I'ma hold my breath 'til he falls to his death  
But he was helpless, his little kid beat off in his pelvis

(Chorus)

Don't you know  
You've probably got a revolution  
Don't you know  
You've bought yourself a revolution  
Don't you know  
You've probably got a revolution  
Don't you know  
You've bought yourself a revolution

Grace Jones-  
Bet ya'll just don't know  
Why ya'll in the hol

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