

M**"Revolution"**

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[Society's verse]We was raised in these streets on pork
and poison meat

Now i recognize the beast and bare the mark of the
gold teeth

Puff on the rolled leaf and bust on the police

While yall playas are fakin bacon we cook the whole
beef.

I put it down plain, i stimulate the left and right brain

Cell by cell and frame by frame.

Names, dates, are all inmaterial.

i big dick sick ryhme killer like cereal. i

Burn like venerial, and spit that imperial wizardry
that climbs right through

The curcity.

Choake your team for their cream but that's as far as
we go

Drop shit like seaguls and smash your little ego.

I get visions like stevie and coleco,

Give me 2000 live people

One late show no seaquel.

Aint no equal in the flesh

I been through more evil than men do.

Nasty off the head and with the pen too!

[Chuck's verse]Now im pissed

Easy to rhyme on tracks like this

The more things change

The more they remain the same

These games them vidiots

Playin on the brink of insane

Must be a hockey rink

Lost in their drink

In pursuit of plain jane

I think man they think a revolution be pretty in pink

Now in these new tracks

Some of these cats dont know how to act

All them criminal acts aint got nuttin to do wit rap

One hand cuffuffed behind them backs in black

Quiet riot ,yall cant hear one hand clap

Revolution is more than what you hear and what you
see

The mass reintroduction
Of society to society
Together we got 100 years of sobriety
These clones
Who be flippin like new phones be surprisin me
Turned out
They happy just to be in the house
So im a call emout
I aint no church mouse
Luvout

[Griff's verse]I master rap
Write a 16 and half of that
Then eat some mix greens after that
My raps niggerish black like licorice
While wack rappers get rich off some jibberish
The hoods begging for deliverance"g"
I'm just a hood figure to deliverance this
L y should get into the "sy"
I'm thinkng me and pe should have passed it on
Society's the menace
He get's more love than tennis
On the road to riches
Cause revolutions expensive
Finance whips. finance clips spend our chips
In the ghetto raising rebelz with some fine azz tits.
No champagne no campaign no ice on my wrist
While bred'z dipp'n on fedz sipp'n on crys
Out of my mind ethiopian wine on my lips
Still aint signed the master mind
The masters mine. hey!!!!

Back in your dome where the rebelz rome
The greatest weapon in the hands of the oppressor is
the mind of the oppressed

Public enemy the 7th octave we out

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