

Reveille

"Splitt (Comin' Out Swingin')"

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Yo, we about to twist this shit up right here
(As we cross over into a new millennium)
It might be to strong for some
So I suggest you motherfuckers

Buckle the fuck up
(See what I'm saying?)
Where you gonna hide?
Rags to rags, how does stone turn to static?

Its tragic, drop 'em like a bad force of habit
Not dramatic traumatic got me turning in my sleep
Pencil pushin' putos, motherfuck critiques
No defeat, compete, never sleepn' never will

And just like the real, I've entered my time to kill
Climbing in the ring, I'm gonna wear away my doubt
'Cause if I dug my own grave then I can dig myself out
Come on, come on, check it, check it, check it

Takers, fakers, barrel bottom scrapers
Separating family from those phony money makers
Papers, stuffed rolled and laced with a lesson
Vapors graced so aftertaste is faced with a confession

End of session blessin' first impressions stessin'
thinking twice
And blaming my aggressions on some other world's
advice
So slice, split, splice and pay the price that it brings
But I can stand on my own, I don't need your strings

I'm not fuckin' splitt
I'm comin' out swingin', so heads be spinning
Bring on the soup to keep the ear drums ringing
I'm comin' out swingin', with ties unstringing

Splitting up the frame for a whole new beginning
I'm comin' out swingin'
I've told too many lies, built too many walls
Broken too many hearts, shed too many tears

Burned too many bridges, taken too many falls
Buried too many friends, I've buried too many fears
Shits pumpin', body's are jumpin'
Waiting for something or somebody

Up in the party to get the head bumpin'
Split it up, hit it up but get it up
While I set it up, causing confusion, we wet it up
From the drum tracks, guitars strum and high strung

And fine tuned the time is soon so let it hum
From the power lung, the hour come to make it happen
Over the bother some bitches who wanna jack it up
Track it up, pick it up, you better stick it up
Dope shit all over the table, you gotta lick it up

I'm comin' out swingin'
I'm comin' out swingin'
I'm comin' out I'm comin' out
Motherfucker ha, ha, ha
Splitt

Family feuds and family ties
Now you can sew'em shut but I see through your eyes
Through the surface and through the lies
And through your ability to hypnotize

Now my road has spit and I can see no ends
I've got angels wings mixed with plastic friends
I got two paths to choose and I can't decide
Too little, too late, two worlds divide

And our worlds divide
So better choose your side
Split and our worlds divide

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