

# Reveille "Splitt"

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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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