

Big Tymers, Juvenile, Lil' Wayne, B.G.

"Eye Out Remix"

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[D-Shade] {Revolution}

SOC coming again, once again hard hitting
We ain't nothing like jackets, only styles that be ripping
Break weak rhymes in two, because we're Heavy like D
And as we head to the hill with a well built beat
The clock, not because we got lots of time for the
rhyme and the hip-hop
Tell me was it ever thought ????
And when you try to knock
Knock I hear you knocking but you can't come in
You ex-ager-ate the situation
Then you have a cramp to stop and listen
Now see it's famous Amos with his head up his anus
But now we SOC, or should I (say)
Sort of cuss when we buss with the {fly stuff}
You never knew we had enough to get rough and tough
Like to puff, where oh where
And why should I live in fear from those who don't
really care
{I am on individual}, before the simple numerals
On a piece of plastic, treat me like a slapstick
Jokes on you Jack, director's living large and fat
Rapping while he's laying down in luxury's lap
Getting money in (stacks) because of a (tax)
On top of a tax, now what the hell is that
We the people as a human race are free
But it sure don't seem that it gotta be a slave to pay a
fee
For this or that, for the clothes on your back
Everything's got a cost, for so long it's been like that
What's the price on a life when it's taken a presidency
Nobody know because they try to close (our eyes to
this)

CHORUS [Revolution] {D-Shade}

I keep an eye out eye out, keep an eye out
I keep an eye out eye out, (watch your back)
I keep an eye out eye out, keep an eye out
I keep an eye out for the knife while my brothers watch
my back
I keep an eye out eye out, keep an eye out

I keep an eye out eye out, (watch your back)
I keep an eye out eye out, keep an eye out
{I keep an eye out for the knife while my brothers
watch my back}

[Revolution]

Let's see

I hit my tow and it was sonic

The next branch up on the tree is marked free

The rough styles, the boom bap is gettin' fatter

Bounce back like rubber, so you leggo leggo leggo

Bring back the radio styles that got buried

'Cause the guy who lived at the country store (didn't
know what it was)

Freedom of speech got lost in the mix

It's full of tricks, just check the fine print

I'm floating in the realm of another nation

So I try to bring it back through mic domination

Speak out the words that should be heard by many

And plenty to send I ain't absorbing the trend

I attract from the front to the back

But your styles ain't got the juice to get loose

The girlies on my curlies I brought her to a climax

If rap was a movie I'd be large like Imax

I got something smooth to say

But the government's ear always gets in the way

Reconstitution of a lame constitution

Doesn't constitute, revolution or solution

Praise for the eara of terror I represent, gee

Paraise for the battle that's about to get bloody

Praise for the rides, praise for the crimes

('Cause this Revolution's going prime time)

CHORUS

[Revolution]

Back and forth the crowd sways as I blaze

The beats, the fucking fat track Ease Back

Stop dissing the fusion, just listen to what you're
missing

I put two songs together like fission

Not branch, the avalanche, buries beast

To carry the bad brain family is very hard

You stand too close you get scarred

By the positive vibes straight from New York yard

[D-Shade]

Call me nasty Lou, in the end you'll call me bigger

Bigger than the other men behind the mental trigger

Telling who not me, what to do, my name's not Booboo

Since then I ???? I will try another cool

But who, strike two another swing and a miss
Time to put the bat down, you're not ready for this
Lyrical terror of the era
I'm not the only one that's getting kind of tired
Of the little bitty drums
What the rap lacks is some lyrical content
'Cause then it won't be until they start to pay me
Respect that is due, you know respect I give to you
Each and everyday, but still you play me the fool
Treat me like you want to be, now you'd rather fight
Step up step up, I'll take your kid out tonight
I'll take your eye out (eye out)

CHORUS

"Peace, see ya later"

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