

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

"The Revolution"

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[Verse 1]

Getting armored. For armaggeon
When the east coast/west coast beef turns to
hamburger
The microphone is my metal committing mental
murder
My brain waves cascade through baracades
Searching for fascists to transform
Swing the vocal axes, if you didn't practice, it be
embedded in your backs
Quick like faxes, from next to rasp(?) creeps
Turn around and face the music
Catch the mace to your face piece

CHORUS

Yet another hip-hop head took a turn for the worse
It must have hurt to have your realm burst
And certainly, crossing swords with me will spell your
doom
Rev rev, the revolution is coming soon

[Verse 2]

If you see my shining smile you better duck or grab a
mic
Because your universe will end in one single flash of
light
When the Earth falls off its axis, you'll fly spinning into
the cosmos
Do the same thing last night so you'll be searching for
your lost prose
In outer space without a case, you can not judge me
Not that I would but if I do fall off, I'll spring back like
bungee
Elasticized, never plastified like RuPaul
I'm the unseen terror, by night fall you might fall
Off your pedestal but leave my rhyme work alone
You can't decode my shit without the use of Rosetta
stone
This ain't Costco or price chopper hip-hopper
Take one, the beat dropper, crush your head with the
neck bopper

CHORUS

[Verse 3]

My roots extend deep into the planet
Through bedrock and magma, disintegrating granite
Back when Osiris and Isis circumnavigated the globe
eliminating crisis
Struck down by treason, but what's the reason
For brothers against brothers, it's wrong in any season
Face facts, stay strong and be bold
Take a look at your past, let your soul unfold

CHORUS

"Rev..." (Scratched up)... Revolution
{Repeat several time}

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