

## **Buckingham Lindsey**

### **"Your Revolution"**

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#### [Intro]

Yeah yeah, yeah this goes out to all the women and  
men from New York to  
London to LA to Tokyo struggling to keep their self-  
respect in this climate  
of misogyny, money worship and mass production of  
hip-hop's illegitimate child,  
Hip-Pop. And this especially goes out to Gil Scott-  
Heron, friend, living legend  
and proto-rapper who wrote "The Revolution will not be  
Televised." Much Respect.

#### [Verse]

Your revolution will not happen between these thighs  
Your revolution will not happen between these thighs  
Your revolution will not happen between these thighs  
Not happen between these thighs  
Not happen between these thighs  
The real revolution ain't about booty size  
The Versaces you buys, or the Lexus you drives  
And though we've lost Biggie Smalls  
Baby your notorious revolution  
Will never allow you to lace no lyrical douche, in my  
bush  
Your revolution will not be killing me softly, with Fugees  
Your revolution ain't gonna knock me up without no ring  
And produce little future emcees  
Because that revolution will not happen between these  
thighs  
Your revolution will not find me in the backseat of a  
jeep  
With LL, hard as hell, you know doin it and doin it and  
doin it well  
doin it and doin it and doin it well, nah come on now  
Your revolution will not be you smacking it up, flipping  
it, or rubbing it down  
Nor will it take you downtown or humpin around  
Because that revolution will not happen between these  
thighs  
Your revolution will not have me singing, ain't no nigga  
like the one I got

And your revolution will not be sending me for no drip,  
drip VD shot  
And your revolution will not involve me, feelin your  
nature rise  
Or helping you fantasize  
Because that revolution will not happen between these  
thighs  
No no, not between these thighs  
Oh, my Jamican brother, your revolution will not make  
you feel bombastic  
And really fantastic  
And have you groping in the dark for that rubber  
wrapped in plastic  
You will not be touching your lips to my triple dip of  
french vanilla,  
butter pecan, chocolate delux  
Or having Akinyele's dream, m-hmm a 6-foot blowjob  
machine m-hmm  
You want to subjugate your queen? uh-huh  
Think I'm a put it in my mouth, just cuz you made a few  
bucks?  
Please brother please  
Your revolution will not be me tossing my weave  
And making me believe I'm some caviar-eating ghetto  
mafia clown  
Or me giving up my behind, just so I can get signed  
And maybe having somebody else write my rhymes  
I'm Sarah Jones, not Foxy Brown  
You know I'm Sarah Jones, not Foxy Brown  
Your revolution makes me wonder, where could we go  
If we could drop the empty pursuit of props and ego  
We'd revolt back to our Roots, use a little Common  
Sense  
On a quest to make love De La Soul, no pretense  
But your revolution will not be you flexing your little sex  
and status  
To express what you feel  
Your revolution will not happen between these thighs  
Will not happen between these thighs  
Will not be you shaking and me \*yawn\* faking  
Between these thighs  
Because the real revolution, that's right I said the real  
revolution  
You know I'm talking about the revolution  
When it comes, it's gonna be real  
It's gonna be real  
It's gonna be real  
When it finally comes  
When it finally comes  
It's gonna be real, yeah yeah

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