

Mario Bush

"Revelationz"

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Welcome.

It is I that you see.

Little boys an girls.... Revelationz.

Listen.

Why do the good die young, an the bad mutha fuckas
live fo ever?

Cuz nigga, we livin on hell nigga.

This is hell mutha fuckas.

Verse 1

Uh.

All my life it's like I'm fuckin around wit the wrong
people

make a movie about my life an it be a long sequel
bout people livin off free-be's an brick cheese
that's how that shit be's, out here you have to grind to
get g's

no Bently flippin less yo name is Felix Mitchell listen
little boys an girls my mama could barely pay the
fuckin rentin

my daddy is surely gotta be somewhere in this world
pimpin

white bitches fo doe, he was a juggalo livin in women
he used to take me an my Village potnas to go
swimmin

he drove a BMW, they father drove a lemon
nigga in the end my mama kept spendin money on gin
an drugs

I had to sleep on the fuckin rug where the roaches was
I hung wit thugs always rollin dice an pumpin gas
to get some cash

you had to store the coke, we mop his ass
my pops would give me cash, but my mama would take
it from me

if I didn't give it to her, she'd beat my ass butt-naked
homie

the only way I would see a movie was out wit the
homies

I'm always bummy, had no money, they would pay it fo
me

my daddy told me when I was very young
that he was on the run, I heard him mention somethin
about Colombians
an I could come stay wit him if I didn't like the way that
moms treat me
I juss didn't like the way that moms beat me
wit Tonka toys, in front of my boys hit me wit objects
so I juss
got to sky the fuck up out these projects
I left behind my moms an sisters so relentless
never thought they'd get evicted an be sleepin on
benches
my pops was on some pimp shit, sewin up Frisco on
novero
5-0 kicked down the door, he flushed the elbow
there goes another nigga straight to the pen
by the age 10, done lived wit every relative, an friend I
know
here I go again
livin wit my grama, then my auntie
my uncle
where ever I go niggas would gank me fo my bundle
swindle my check, wit Section 8 an medi-cal benefits
but me I wasn't gettin shit
spend my shit on nay kids
that's what they did
fuck relatives
if I don't do my thang now, I never lived
never gone get it if you sit on yo ass
so fuck math class
I'm on the Ave wit crack fo that ass
like son like dad
I love the smell of money, hash an zig-zags
look at the back of my ass, beat the sag, it's big cash
involved but
we all get caught up an sent to juvenile halls
scrape yo turf on the wall, in county drawls
my mama abused alcohol
my pops an inmate
an me I'm sweepin halls to intake
hate
my mama carried the weight ain't seen my pops since
'86
every year, in an outta jail fo crazy shit
so much shady shit done happened to me, I can't put it
behind me
the Lord took my mama life in '93
God bless her soul
cuz she was caught up in a, house hold fire at a rehab
so we sued they
ass

this shit makin me mad
high ass lawyer we had Melvin Bell, I tried to tell my
sister that he'd
get paid half
settlement, me 56 G's
my big sister 56 G's
my little sister 106 G's
Ripley's wont believe that for the life of my mama they
only gave us a
quarter a mill ticket to split
I can't deal wit this shit
I wish you was here to see me get this deal wit Chris, an
Noo-Trybe
mama you died I cried
cuz you missed
the gold an platinum plaques
I bet you never thought yo little black ass son could rap
now I'm breakin off scratch
an burnin zags wit Sparkle
that's my little sister askin the Lord why did you make
her life so
awful
next thing you know my pops go
in '95 he died of AID's
it's either suicide of cry fo days
an weeks an months
blowin blunts, keep away flashes
no funeral caskets, juss two vases wit ashes
I ask if, he spare my life
cuz all I got is my nieces, my two sisters, an my wife
recite behind the mic the type of shit that niggas like
fo the first time in my life I'm makin bread, doin it right
but at night seems like I'm hunted
probably because jackmoves an licks I've done it
what goes around comes around, hollow point tip
rounds to my stomach
bitches
screamin at Summit
that's how you busta niggas want it
but I still juss get blunted in big six hundreds
niggas done, done it
done deal nigga, been there like Dre
blowin hay in the air on the free-way
pray
forgive me God is what I would say
I gotta lot of days to count
blessed, went from claimin sets wit yay up in my mouth
see task an bounce
now I blow hash at half an ounce
smoke out to the facial blessed to be livin on hell mutha
fucka!

Cuz this is hell nigga.
If you ain't know, nigga.
This hell nigga.
Right now.
Armageddon.
Nigga, done deal.
Done deal.
Uh.
This live.
Every nigga done had this shit happen to 'em, you
know what I'm sayin.
All my potnas, every nigga I tell that I went through,
they do, done did
the same shit.
Let's do it, juss salute niggas.
Juss do our thang, fuck everybody, let's ride this shit.
Do yo t hang blaze, get shermed out all that shit,
whatever.
Mushrooms an shit, Xtacy's an all that shit, let's get
high an juss
reminise about all that dangerous shit we done went
through.
An ask yoself...."why the fuck am I here?"
Cuz this is hell nigga.
An the good die early, an the mutha fuckin bad stay fo
ever, cuz yo ass
on hell nigga, cuz you a bad mutha fucka like me.
Done deal, uh, uh.
(livin in hell, dead mutha fuckas, uh)
(livin in hell, dead niggas dwell, uh) 2x
this Earthel is hell mutha fucka.

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