

# Revenge

## Little Brother

They say a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush  
In the home of the babblin' brooks and armed crooks  
Cowardly hearts, just straight up cold shook  
Where the money get took and hoes open like a book  
Take a look to the center, uh  
The opposite of love  
Let them hot slugs go when it's live enough  
A penny saved in a penny earned  
How many dollars is it gon' take for a nigga just to learn?  
If I had a dime for every time that I heard  
"Nigga you nice."  
The price would be absurd  
But now served from the corner to the curb  
You hear the cops comin', warn a/Warner nigga like Kurt  
Hurt from the heart to the ash to the dirt  
Automatic rounds cascade in short bursts  
Then you hear cars skirt  
Ease off the new turf  
Strapped to the teeth he's out to do work  
This where the boogiemane lurks  
Where things go bump in the night  
Invade like di-sperse  
The vampires out tryin' to quench a blood thirst  
And man it's real bad but shit could be worse  
The worse with no purpose, verses  
Those who attend the masses in churches  
Regularly  
Who you kiddin'? You a felon to be  
And yeah it's hell but it's heaven to me  
I burn steadily

Out for revenge again  
It's gettin' too tough to hold what's held in  
It's gettin' too rough to just smile and grin  
So I can't pretend  
Naw, I can't pretend  
I'm out for revenge  
"Please come get me"  
"My man"  
"Payback"

People take smiles for weakness  
Like I ain't tryin' to run the race the Pre'ness  
Like I ain't tryin' to taste the spoils the sweetness  
Like I ain't really in it to win  
I compete bitch  
In the spirit of competition  
I debut a limited edition  
No comparison to war but I'm on a mission  
I pledge allegiance, Poobie's rendition  
And this is my transmission  
Every now and then need a bang on the engine  
Every now and then need a jump for precision  
Was my decision to not speak tunes  
Told you, "I'm the shit", I did not mean prunes  
Come in second place your reward is a Zune  
This is real spit, youngin', no cartoon

Real life shit, I'm familiar, I presume  
Yo  
Now, as I choose to resume  
The butterfly effect, I emerge from cocoon  
People say to me and not a moment too soon  
I would have had even if that meant fumes  
Yo  
It's like a burner to a book  
The block to a cook  
Yeah, I'm cookin' up, this is not how it looks  
Know a little bit, certain people get shook  
Now niggas tryin' to read me like a book

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Seven score, six years later  
Still catchin' hell with the law, emancipated  
Still slavin', I'll wages, shit's shaky  
Make your own way, get a tax, get a cage for them  
Who's raisin' them?  
American made  
Grow, gain, the American way  
No shame  
So sick of waiting  
Hardly no patience  
No break it is  
Niggas start breakin' shit

Niggas start takin' shit  
Don't care how many cameras be tapin' shit  
Run it now nigga, we ain't tryin' to wait for shit  
And you are sadly mistaken if  
You think we ever gon' rest  
If you ever think we never gon' step  
To the A.M. with the A-R's so can settle the bet  
No job, no crib, no life support  
That's a last resort, nigga what the fuck you expect?

Kinda unexpected how I came ain't it?  
So radiant  
Cold Al Davis the player to go Raiders  
No payment, no juice like Oshea spit it  
Comin' for the loot from N.W.A. hits

Comin' for your troops like snipers on some chase shit  
H.O.J. shit is what we get down for  
How we usually go  
If opportunity don't knock at my do'  
You best believe I gotta kick down yours  
Give me some Get Back

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