

Revolution

Max B

Life in the Pen
Never that
They came back for the base
We came with the better crack
I came to provide the people
Better tracks
The narratives I engage
20 years in the cage
20 years as a slave
Ni, ni, nigga please
Hang me from bigger trees
Play me my trigger squeeze
Ecstasy liquor chase
Pay him or get the ease
Watching him plead his case
Spray em or get the cheese

How could you fuck with niggas that been from the jump
I gotta draw full of ammo I gotta sawed off pump
I got my niggas they activate em they come with a phone call
Bust at the opposition he die its his own fault

Gambled ya life nigga
You reap what you sow
They send some killas to come and get me I reach for the four
I signal left in the Vee
Like they ain't heard of the Don yet
Connections is overseas
Murderous contacts, yeah

If its a genie in the bottle then she better be a model
Gotta dolla to my name
I'm a bet it on the lotto
We was playing in the sin
Now we playing in the wind
Cause if I could do it over, I'm a do this shit again

My nigga please
I trade you my bitches for some weed
60 of some liquor
My music is a disease
Nigga freeze
Put cha hands where I can see
They were fed the wrong description and it wasn't even me

I go soft I go hard
Take a look at all my scars
Frederick Douglas, Adam Clayton
Malcolm X Blvd.
I ain't never pull the trigger sipping brown sugar liquor
Even Momma call me Bigga
Make my money saying nigga
All the women all the weed
Watermelon spitting seeds
In these bitches now my children feel neglected enemies
Bowing down spit the grit
In my town this the shit

This a gift, this a gift, this a hit

Now every single time that the police
Come for a nigga
I gotta run and take cover
They tryna come for a nigga
They wanna kill us in cold blood
Leave us in bloody streets
The prophecy I fulfilled
Top of the money reach
Choppers we gone conceal
Pockets is on E'
And every time I drop I'm the hottest thing on the streets

We was looting
Niggas tried
And I had a of hell of a team but a couple niggas died
And it wasn't no Gucci stores
Couple niggas ride
Some hammers and DVD's
Couple of em fried
The witnesses on the stand
Couple of em lied
They want me to take a plea
Some pull up to hide
The Bentley pull up and swerve
Some pull up and glide
She fuck with them BNB's
I look at the sky
Them fuckers they think could see me
I pull out the nine
Leave them fuckers nice and dreamy in send em up to die

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I don't know about all that shit
This ain't no hit
Nigga this for the streets
For your motherfucking mind
Boss Don, Negro Spirituals
Gotta love it... ow!