

Revolution

Pusha T

From Virginia, never raided
Before us, no one ever made it
Dope boy lane, a nigga paved it
When every nigga was afraid to say it
Sold a mill, spent a mill
We was grindin', Lord's will
Never thought of hiatus
Only chains, hi haters
All these bitches, high maintenance
But I love it though, I cater
Deal fell, Tony saved us
After blowing up, Al Qaeda
Feds rushed like Raiders
Took our coach down, Al Davis
Regroup, tears faded
Casket Drop a year later
Three albums, three majors
Only critics to our favor
Crew members turned traitors
Put the spin on it, tornados
Our father, thy neighbor
Couldn't tell me that God hate us
I was lost, I was jaded
Malice found his way to our savior
Now author, he offers
Way to view it 'fore I see coffins
Way to view it 'fore we see vultures
Different way to view it, for the culture
Ross called 'em, Ye and all them
In Hawaii, Jay and all them
I was honored to be called in
Ran away with the So Appalled them
New catalog gonna hurt you
Go on it, it's dark like it's curfew
Goin' in the vault, it will earth you
I'm back in with P, it's full circle