

"The revolution gets it's name by always coming back around in your face  
You tried to kill me you son of a bitch, so welcome to the revolution  
There's more to follow, I'll stay in touch"

Get lit up  
When you talking out your face  
Get hit up  
The detectives gon' close the case  
Get lit up  
See you fucked with us, we got to see you die  
Get hit up  
Bottle after bottle one more DUI  
Get lit up  
You gon' have to let the swelling go down  
Get hit up  
Oh you ain't got nothing to say no more now  
Get lit up  
Yeah I heard what ya said  
Even if you living with an army its still off with your head

I know y'all think I'm out my mind (out my mind)  
Your fired if you are one minute late  
I don't play about my time (get your shit and go)  
Even when a nigga sleep I hustle  
That's how I grind (how I grind)  
If you try to take food off my table  
I'ma kill, I'ma die about mine (die 'bout mine)  
Ungh..  
If I gotta do a murder I ain't losing no sleep I'ma sleep so peaceful  
Show up at the funeral like I ain't did nothing give condolences to all of y  
our people  
I'm a crisp grim reaper say my name 5 times I'ma make you pay for all of your  
evil  
And if I do a drive by I do it in a Lamborghini I am too rich to do it in a  
Regal (ha ha)  
Was from a hood called trust my people, from a block named show love bouleva  
rd  
Now I'm from a hood called fuck my people from a block named no love bouleva  
rd  
Now how can I ball, how can I ball  
How can I catch my enemies and murder them all?

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Nigga I lit yo whole street  
That's the .50 If you still living that mean you dove deep  
I'm a hood regular but you ain't known in these streets  
So connected 'Ro don't need a telephone in these streets  
On MLK in every city it's a real nigga hustling  
And fuck niggas in the way they just on the field fumbling  
But I ain't got no time for that  
Gun in the front with a pound in back  
I give a nigga what he looking for I bet he won't do it no more  
You can see where his mind is at  
Through cereal bowl holes, yes I'm cocoa pops up in this bitch  
Murder gangs, once they start it ain't no stopping in this bitch  
It's Joseph McVey baby, shooting this a way and that way baby  
I'ma put it in they face, Mocity Don, King of the Ghetto  
God forgive me, I don't want to be a devil  
But these niggas be and these bitches be  
Having meetings 'bout killing me  
For more show money and more hoe money  
Houston Texas will never hear the end of me  
I don't pretend to be cause I am  
Y'all already know what I'm talking 'bout  
But we gon' keep that on the low cause real killers don't talk a lot

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