

Revolution (feat. Grace Jones & Lil' Cease)

Lil' Kim

S-W nine millimeter, check
Long-nose double barreled rifle, check
Semi-automatic infrared laser beam shot, check
Alright Puff, I'm ready to go Threw the clips around the shoulders, toasters in the holster
(Kim let's go!) Slow down bab' bro
You with the rap Rambo, Tony Montana
Here's a hammer, a cam and a "Life After Death" bandana
Here take it - in case I don't make it
Cause if my life don't end, I'm damn sure gon' fake it
The way I see it, mmm, sexual
In the gunfight, two on three, you on me
Dawg, I got shit to make the world shake
One mistake, BLAOW, start a earthquake
Fuck them niggaz, them niggaz dust to me
And if I knock Cyrus off that's a plus for me
And the funny thing about it, I'm a bitch
And got niggaz runnin from me, like the Olympics
And I'm told my man Gutter I'ma get him
And every shell I spit, is guaranteed to hit him, BLAKA
Grace Jones Pre-ssure down below. fire in the hall...
Lose control. got nowhere to go. (Lil' Kim)
I heard Cease and Puff callin like the Holy Tabernacle
I'll be - down in a minute, I'm drinkin a Snapple (Lil' Cease)
A Snapple? Bitch I got bombs and shit
Grenades and razor blades and alarms and shit
You better come on, girl, throw a hat on that weave
I'm tryin to catch this nigga Cyrus, 'fore him and his boys leave
They at this resteraunt that serve African food
where you allowed to smoke weed and the waiters is type rude
You see, I used to date this bitch from Botswana
Half-African but she looked like Madonna
Aiyyo check it, she had a tiger for a pet
I'll never forget, the resteraunt is where we met
And her girlfriend Lizette, that bitch is a freak
I used to fuck her in the ass while my girl was asleep
and she the one who told me where these cats is at
I can't wait to get the gat and holla back - Kim c'mon!
(Lil' Kim)
Uhhh, uhhh! Uhhh
We came to a red light, gave right-of-way to pedestrians
Two black and white lesbians (Hey hey baby)
The nigga Puff ready to holla at these bitches

(Hey baby let me holla at you for a second)
I'm like, "Yo DAWG, them bitches down with them niggaz"
And never would the drugs make the bitch slack up
I got HIT MEN, spreaded through the resteraunt for backup
And we communicate through headsets and walkie-talkies
Them niggaz just bitches like my Yorkie
Pigs like to forfeit, we on point like snipers
Cyrus and his Doolies, is Clueless like the movies
All I can think about, is how he killed my man Smiles
Cut his head off, masochist style
Yeah, Cyrus did it, Cyrus the Virus they call him
When I finish with him PLEASE, his name is Swiss Cheese
My main focus, is his righthand man Mouse
Sheisty and two-sided, profession - dickrider
And his boys, they seem to be all on his dick
I mean the whole situation is really makin me sick
And when Cyrus got up, and dipped off to the bathroom
We started suckin niggaz up like a vacuum
Bullets flyin nonstop, and bodies droppin
Puff yelled, "AWAY!" That's the cops then
My trigger finger started itchin
Then Cyrus came spittin from the kitchen
And next second, you missed it
Listen, it's sounded like the 4th of July
Like the solar eclipse is lit right in the sky
I can't believe this guy, he won't fall over
Holes is in his body the size of cup holders
One more shot, he's over, shit Puff, I'm empty
(Here, I only got one shot left!)
But I'ma hold my breath, til he fall to his death
But he was helpless,
This little kid squeezed off in his pelvis3X w/ ad libs (to fade)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>