

# 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)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>