

# Esham, The Rev.

I'm not taking enough medicine,  
I know I'm sick in the mother f\*\*king head  
These niggers think I'm nice,  
You don't know me very well do you?  
Check this shit out  
As I take a dose of this medicine  
Now watch me sin  
Take a sniff of this boy, I'm the real McCoy  
Real nutty, just like Almond Joy  
Screamin' I want that nigger dead and when you dead I'ma enjoy  
Haunting and taunting the microphone  
Reconstruct your brain and f\*\*k up your chromosomes  
On my own since a toddler  
45 bullets swallower  
Footprints burn in the sand  
Cause all my shit be kickin'  
Just like Japan, chop off your hands  
Ya fall off you're done  
Who's number one with the bloody bullets  
From the gun, that shot the rapper down  
No more will he see the sun  
The U-N-H-O-L-Y, while the revolution, has begun  
And it will not be televised, bitch ass nigga  
666, bloody mic in my hand  
Rolex ain't worth no f\*\*king 30 grand  
Half y'all niggas can't stand on your own two feet  
You ain't nothin' but a worm who needs to be 6 feet deep  
Water  
When I'm in Cleveland I be in the projects I be smokin' wet  
Seein' all types of shit things that my mind won't never forget  
And I am, sacrilegious  
And still block indigious  
My voodoo's just as true as Andy Palmer  
But I warned ya  
The day will come when niggas will fill this prophecy  
And if they ever do you might go crazy from what you see  
Make you wanna be blind  
Some say I see too much  
But I see straight through your mind  
You brain's so close I can touch it  
And the revolution, will not be televised for your punk ass  
You don't even know, you're stupid  
I shot a hole in my television set  
On the presidents announcement  
Cause little do he know,  
Aliens is plottin' on the government  
But the suicidal sick,  
Mother f\*\*ker still livin'  
Murder ride driven  
The dead has arisen  
The neighborhood's the prisons,  
Is anybody listenin'?  
Or is niggas just blowin' bubbles sittin' around whistlin'?  
Hello, bitch, is anybody in there?  
And women don't know they can change this shit  
But they so busy tryin' to shake their tits  
Money, in god we trust, lust and bustful  
But still don't trust no force  
Beware of the pale white force  
Knock your punk ass off course  
Of course, the revolution will not be televised  
For no punk ass nigga  
Yo, yo I said,  
The revolution will not be televised, will not be televised,

It will not be televised