

Outerspace, The Revolution (feat. Celph Titled)

(Celph Speaking)

Whattup whattup whattup

(Crypt Speaking)

Yo, OS, Celph Titled baby

What's goin' down

(Celph Speaking)

My niggaz, yo spit that shit

(Crypt The Warchild)

I'ma known beast sick with it full blown speech

Buryin' bones deep beneath the stone streets

Stampedin the globe deep with the Pharaohs so don't sleep

We flame arrow your dome piece but when these cannibals go eat

I'ma cannon with no leash no hammer and no heat

Spit at random anytime acapella with no beat

Believe me dog cyclop vision I see through fog

Y'all transparent niggaz on tape I see through y'all

Like a crystal ball, my dogs gnaw till ya tissues gone shook

When niggaz ran to they pistols to hit you hard

This games a fixed neck, go ahead and pick your card

Like playin' Russian roulette by yaself on a trip to Mars

I break atoms in the same fashion I spit these bars

Put barbwire on my mic rip it tight till it slips and scars

Outerspace get it right we shift and drift from y'all

Outerspace get it right we shift and drift from y'all

(Outerspace X2)

It's a revolution, a new state of mind

We bringin' hip hop back with new ways to rhyme

Yesterday it was dark but today we shine

Tryin' to make the best out these last days in time

(Planetary)

Stick me in a room with a track Celph Title made

No tellin' where my ink flow it's like a tidal wave

Battle emcees dog I survived those days

Now it's murderous spittin' fire those pyros crave

Makin' joints from the gutter, the grittiest rhyme

Sorry if you think I'm rude I get too shitty at times

I'm with Crypt on barstools talkin' rep, cars and pool

Tryin' to build foundation with no garage and tools

With a squad that bruise anybody who act

Outta order Q-Demented will demolish you cats

Outta water outta food, we grisslin' niggaz

Don't speak, cuz you know your body fittin' in rivers

Don't sleep, does who slept don't pose a threat

We runnin' with the Army now Pharaohs to the death

We are, what you hard renegades wanna be

We spit regardless, no matter center stage or the street

(Chorus X2)

(Celph Titled)

Yo, first off let me say fuck you and fuck dead homies

You got beef with me you got beef with my cronies

And when it come to machineguns, we fire Tommy's like Sony

Leave you missin' from your tribe like Jahrobee

We block buster spot rushers; my shots musta'

Let off from the glock and sprayed you down like crop dusters

I rock mustard color Timbs the same ones that busted ya chin

Celph Titled and Outerspace the spicks is at it again

Get a number for it to drop through

See me with a 4-4 when I drop through
That's my bitch and I don't think she likes you
And all that bullshit about let there be light
It wasn't that easy plus I gave life to Christ
Immortalized my story noticed that I eternally rep
Bring mother Mary to Maury Povich paternity test
Their ain't a nigga that can play, that's preposterous G
Cuz I'll make sure ya album is released posthumously