Public Enemy, Revelation 33 1/3 Revolutions

Revelation, revelation...

[Flavor Flav]

Yeah that's right, y'all better act like you know Shit is gettin critical (in all the nations) Shit is gettin crazy, that's right (all the lands) Y'all better listen yo shit is blazin G Shit is blazin, that's right, I'm tryin to let y'all know...

Soldiers of the future we are approachin with to be Earth's last battle The war fever's on the rise The lives of many are in the hands of fate Armageddon is the destiny we await In the trenches of the ghettos we meditate Developin our defense, I'm gettin tense I hear the bombs of time tickin As the smoke of fear thickens in the air I cock my glock and give thanks For the peace that will exist, when this war is over Revolutions, revelations will be revealed Babylon has fallen, now time to build, labwars

[Chuck D] When I spit at the government bombs like Saddam hit Make you flip to the music with your shit half-lit Harder than time and convicts Rhymes never be basic, afraid of the dark twenty-five to the L, no I just can't face it Need a mill for two passports and face-lifts Ain't tryin to see handcuffs and steel bracelets Twisted politics, high speed chases on the races, locked down places Prophet of rages, reincarnation as gauges set to show off in the blazes Revolution, revelation, resurrection stages Raw like wild dogs locked up in the cages And my brain cell with ice picks under the floor Plottin the war I'll sign a Shakur for sure Revisited, hear the shorties be quizzin it Geronimo Platt, politically incarcerated cats I dwell on all the black males doin time And got me wanderin who invented motherfuckin crime Goin in a tantrum lyrical fits Spread like cancer on tracks that hit Feel the pulse in the boom in the night song Rally up all the people like a Farrakhan Spittin words that'll send em back to Peningon Hittin cats in the head out in Lebanon Through the New World order I'ma carry on Hittin brothers with jewels they can grow on More than wack videos in a dance song If you don't believe it so long and so on So on, prove the player haters so wrong I don't care who the fuck is out there yeah My militant mind stay guerilla zone Shorties feelin me in the chest like a silicone Get ya home with a honeycomb Go to any Coast I'ma bet ya I'ma bust chrome Once again in Terrordome I'll show em My Mics come equipped with chips and fax modems Got the facts and rewrote them

2001, 2002, what's it gonna do? What's it gonna do, gonna do?

[Chorus: Chuck D]

Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin

Age was created in the lab Small pox created in the lab Beats too marks created on the AB The futuristic thinks, BIO pass

In nine hundred and ninety eight we gonna take down the head of state and demonstrate non-stop resistance It is time, time for a drastic change. Time to retaliate and wake up I've had enough, enough of the lies enough of the destruction, information and corruption's. False religions, doctors and puddy compoundin and who gets in trouble? And I won't stop no, no No more violence, no, no, no more induses and no more two-face politicians who stab you in the back Plus, mother is too long and I'm densing. And I'll attack and I won't hold back I'm gonna trouble you, hold you and squeeze you until the truth is told You can keep your man-made diseases and your welfare reform, housing projects penitentiary, fake genitals that ain't never really included me Nothin can stop us, not even death (*echoes*)

[Chorus: Chuck D]
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars...