

God's Property From Kirk Franklin's Nu Nation, R

Do you want a revolution? (wo-ooh, wo-ooh)
Do you want a revolution? (wo-ooh, wo-ooh)

Sick and tired of my brothas
Killing each other
Sick and tired of daddies
Leaving babies with their mothers
To every man who wants to lay around and play around
Listen, partner you should be man enough to stay around

Sick and tired of the church talkin religion
But yet they talk about each other make a decision
No mo' racism... Two facism
No pollution... The solution
A revolution

CHORUS

No crime, No dying... Politicians lying
Everybody's trying to make a dollar
It makes me wanna holla
The way they do my life
The way they do my life

There's gonna be a brighter day
All your troubles will pass away
A revolution's comin'
Yes Its comin, comin
Revolution comin, Yes Its comin
Revolutions comin, comin

Do you want a revolution?
Do you want a revolution?

What you feeling, what you want son?
Who you callin to son? You know Jesus is the true son
The 2nd in the trinity I know you feelin him
500 days left until the new millennium You hearin 'em
Trumpets crack the sky Christ the last the first,
The first the last That won't pass

So don't be caught slippin brotha'
Cause when I see Him I'm gettin caught up
We move too much, we do too much
And if you step against us Then you loose too much
Ain't no stoppin what we doin when the spirit is movin
Don't be hatin what I'm doin I'm the vessel He's using

Everywhere I be they try to judge me
They try to shake me
They try to buzz me
But they can't break me cuz I'm down with Christ
Darkchild and Nu Nation make you feel alrite.