

Reveille, Splitt (Comin' Out Swingin')

yo, we about to twist this shit up right here
(as we cross over into a new millennium)
it might be too strong for some
so I suggest you motherfuckers buckle the fuck up
(see what I'm saying?)
where you gonna hide?
rags to rags, how does the stone turn to static?
its tragic, drop 'em lie a bad force of habit
not dramatic, traumatic- got me turning in my sleep
Pencil pushin' plutos, motherfuck critiques
no defeat, complete, never sleep 'n never will
and just like "the real", I've entered my time to kill
climbing the ring, I'm gonna wear away the doubt
cause if I dug my own grave I can dig myself out
come on, come on
check it- check it- check it
takers, fakers, barrel bottom scrapers
seperating family from those phony money makers
papers stuffed, rolled, and laced with a lesson
vapors graced so aftertaste is faced with confession
end of session blessin' first impressions stressin' thinking twice
and blaming my aggressions on some other world's advice
so slice, split, splice and pay the price that it brings
but i can stand on my own, I don't need strings
I'm not fuckin' splitt
I'm comin' out swingin' so heads be spinning
bringing on the soup to keep the ear drums ringing
I'm comin' out swingin' with ties unstringing
splitting up the frame for a whole new beginning
I'm comin' out swingin'
I've told so many lies, built too many walls
broken too many hearts, shed too many tears
burned too many bridges, taken too many falls
buried too many friends, I've buried too many fears
shit's pumpin', body's are jumpin'
waiting for something or somebody
up in the party to get the head bumpin'
split it up- hit it up- but get it up
while I set it up, causing confusion, we wet it up
from the drum traks- guitar strum and high strung
and fine tuned- the time is too soon so let it hum
from the power lung, the time come to make it happen
over the bother some bitches who want to jack it up
track it up, pick it up, you better stick it up
dope shit all over the table you gotta lick it up
(chorus)
I'm comin' out swingin'- I'm comin' out swingin'
I'm comin' out- I'm comin' out, motherfucker..ha ha ha..
Splitt
family fueds and family ties
now you can sew them up but i see through your eyes
through the surface and through the lies
and through your ability to hypnotize
now the road has splitt and i can see no ends
I've got angel's wings mixed with plastic friends
I got two paths to choose and I can't decide
too little, too late, two worlds divide
our worlds divide
so better choose your side
splitt- and out worlds divide