

# Yukmouth, Revelationz

Welcome.

It is I that you see.

Little boys an girls.... Revelationz.

Listen.

Why do the good die young, an the bad mutha fuckas live fo ever?

Cuz nigga, we livin on hell nigga.

This is hell mutha fuckas.

Verse 1

Uh.

All my life it's like I'm fuckin around wit the wrong people  
make a movie about my life an it be a long sequel  
bout people livin off free-be's an brick cheese  
that's how that shit be's, out here you have to grind to get g's  
no Bently flippin less yo name is Felix Mitchell listen  
little boys an girls my mama could barely pay the fuckin rentin  
my daddy is surely gotta be somewhere in this world pimpin  
white bitches fo doe, he was a jiggalo livin in women  
he used to take me an my Village potnas to go swimmin  
he drove a BMW, they father drove a lemon  
nigga in the end my mama kept spendin money on gin an drugs  
I had to sleep on the fuckin rug where the roaches was  
I hung wit thugs always rollin dice an pumpin gas  
to get some cash  
you had to store the coke, we mop his ass  
my pops would give me cash, but my mama would take it from me  
if I didn't give it to her, she'd beat my ass butt-naked homie  
the only way I would see a movie was out wit the homies  
I'm always bummy, had no money, they would pay it fo me  
my daddy told me when I was very young  
that he was on the run, I heard him mention somethin about Colombians  
an I could come stay wit him if I didn't like the way that moms treat me  
I juss didn't like the way that moms beat me  
wit Tonka toys, in front of my boys hit me wit objects  
so I juss  
got to sky the fuck up out these projects  
I left behind my moms an sisters so relentless  
never thought they'd get evicted an be sleepin on benches  
my pops was on some pimp shit, sewin up Frisco on novero  
5-0 kicked down the door, he flushed the elbow  
there goes another nigga straight to the pen  
by the age 10, done lived wit every relative, an friend I know  
here I go again  
livin wit my grama, then my auntie  
my uncle  
where ever I go niggas would gank me fo my bundle  
swindle my check, wit Section 8 an medi-cal benefits  
but me I wasn't gettin shit  
spend my shit on nay kids  
that's what they did  
fuck relatives  
if I don't do my thang now, I never lived  
never gone get it if you sit on yo ass  
so fuck math class  
I'm on the Ave wit crack fo that ass  
like son like dad  
I love the smell of money, hash an zig-zags  
look at the back of my ass, beat the sag, it's big cash  
involved but  
we all get caught up an sent to juvenile halls  
scrape yo turf on the wall, in county drawls  
my mama abused alcohol  
my pops an inmate  
an me I'm sweepin halls to intake  
hate

my mama carried the weight ain't seen my pops since '86  
every year, in an outta jail fo crazy shit  
so much shady shit done happened to me, I can't put it behind me  
the Lord took my mama life in '93  
God bless her soul  
cuz she was caught up in a, house hold fire at a rehab so we sued they  
ass  
this shit makin me mad  
high ass lawyer we had Melvin Bell, I tried to tell my sister that he'd  
get paid half  
settlement, me 56 G's  
my big sister 56 G's  
my little sister 106 G's  
Ripley's wont believe that for the life of my mama they only gave us a  
quarter a mill ticket to split  
I can't deal wit this shit  
I wish you was here to see me get this deal wit Chris, an Noo-Trybe  
mama you died I cried  
cuz you missed  
the gold an platinum plaques  
I bet you never thought yo little black ass son could rap  
now I'm breakin off scratch  
an burnin zags wit Sparkle  
that's my little sister askin the Lord why did you make her life so  
awful  
next thing you know my pops go  
in '95 he died of AID's  
it's either suicide of cry fo days  
an weeks an months  
blowin blunts, keep away flashes  
no funeral caskets, juss two vases wit ashes  
I ask if, he spare my life  
cuz all I got is my nieces, my two sisters, an my wife  
recite behind the mic the type of shit that niggas like  
fo the first time in my life I'm makin bread, doin it right  
but at night seems like I'm hunted  
probably because jackmoves an licks I've done it  
what goes around comes around, hollow point tip rounds to my stomach  
bitches  
screamin at Summit  
that's how you busta niggas want it  
but I still juss get blunted in big six hundreds  
niggas done, done it  
done deal nigga, been there like Dre  
blowin hay in the air on the free-way  
pray  
forgive me God is what I would say  
I gotta lot of days to count  
blessed, went from claimin sets wit yay up in my mouth  
see task an bounce  
now I blow hash at half an ounce  
smoke out to the facial blessed to be livin on hell mutha fucka!  
Cuz this is hell nigga.  
If you ain't know, nigga.  
This hell nigga.  
Right now.  
Armedgeddon.  
Nigga, done deal.  
Done deal.  
Uh.  
This live.  
Every nigga done had this shit happen to 'em, you know what I'm sayin.  
All my potnas, every nigga I tell that I went through, they do, done did  
the same shit.  
Let's do it, juss salute niggas.

Juss do our thang, fuck everybody, let's ride this shit.  
Do yo t hang blaze, get shermed out all that shit, whatever.  
Mushrooms an shit, Xtacy's an all that shit, let's get high an juss  
reminise about all that dangerous shit we done went through.  
An ask yoself....&quot;why the fuck am I here?&quot;  
Cuz this is hell nigga.  
An the good die early, an the mutha fuckin bad stay fo ever, cuz yo ass  
on hell nigga, cuz you a bad mutha fucka like me.  
Done deal, uh, uh.  
(livin in hell, dead mutha fuckas, uh)  
(livin in hell, dead niggas dwell, uh) 2x  
this Earthel is hell mutha fucka.