# Mindfuck

## The Coup

[Chorus]
They're givin us a mind fuck
They don't have to put our hands in cuffs
They can tell us stay put and that's enough
We bust, they feel the earth vibratin
It ain't a earthquake, we just need a new equation
Mind fuck; they don't have to put our hands in cuffs
They can tell us stay put and that's enough
We bust, they feel the earth vibratin
It ain't a earthquake, we just need a new equationThe fog rolls in like the thickest cream
Nightfall comes and the crickets scream
Deafened by the latest lotto ticket schemes
Cement lies and white picket dreams
The pain on his face is glistening
No one's eyes are listening
'Til his 44 starts whistling
Hairs on necks bristling
You can holla so loud 'til the silence comes
Ask that hustler with the Midas tongue
He was born after you but not quite as young
Waitin for the day when the fighters come
She said, "Seem like traffic lights is always red"
"Your application's on file," is all they said
She wish the great leaders wasn't always dead
She could resurrect 'em inside of her instead[Chorus]He was killed in the end by quiet persuasion
Not the FBI home invasion
Nor the cross on his lawn emblazoned
The predictable fights didn't phase him
Bullhorns off holidays given
House notes nine to five prison
He yells at the news sayin, "There'd be a movement
If the new generation was a little more driven"
One mind, two hands, four walls
She says Babylon's gon' fall
She'll tell you the signs since everybody's dumb
She'll be home waitin for the Messiah's phone call
There was pride in the fact that the blunt was massive
Tight like the ships in the middle passage
They escaped through the flames, then wondered

If the flame in their soul, if the smoke has smashed it[Chorus]Day broke in like a fiend with a ladder
Suicidal dew drops splatter
Teeth on shirtless bodies chatter
A blowjob short of a breakfast platter
Crowded rooms on lonely souls
At work before the whistle blows
They never knew their strength in numbers
So power seems so mystical
They're waiting for that perfect day
When they've paid all their bills
They kids are grown, they graduate
And guerrillas come out the hills
And for her it gets too much
'Til she won't accept my touch
She'll fix it by herself
She's fallen into their mind fuck[Chorus]

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