

# 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 equation  
The 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]

Songwriters

BOOTS RILEYPublished by

Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.

Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>