

# The Shipment

## The Coup

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It ain't Indonesia, China White  
Purple haired Thai, big H Delight  
Take my shit, we gon' have to fight  
I'm always rollin' dirty, so be actin' right  
It ain't Indonesia, China White  
Purple haired Thai, big H Delight  
Take my shit, we gon' have to fight  
I'm always rollin' dirty, so be actin' right  
I'm bombing uppercut swipes as my knuckles ignite  
More strikes than a teachin' staff's fight for pay hikes  
Like cleats wit' spikes I clings to my turf tight  
Get, low like a Smurf might earth is my birthright  
You salivate at the sound of the bell  
I come sick and make your lymph nodes swekk  
Nickel-plated teeth and tongue as well so you can tell  
When I'm shootin' off my mouth the politicians start to bail  
When I shoot, Fuhrman scoot I'm yellin', "Gimme all the loot"  
Bourgeoisie pimpin' me now my digits don't  
compute  
Chillin' in a house of ill repute  
But is you wearin' canvasols or purple-pinstripe suits?  
Fact of earth and comets: macroeconomics  
Yack, until you vomit or come up on a lick  
Sweat oozin' my skin just to get another fin'  
Changed my name to Valerie so I can get WIC  
Savage Storm Troopers be less than seductive  
Jail time producin', silly Lilliputians  
This Gulliver, come equipped with a fo', fo'  
And twelve comrades in a box Chev' fo' do'  
Skirtin' down the strip with a mission to render  
And we don't give a fuck if we missin' a fender  
Mix it in a blender, you ain't home return to sender  
Can't be saved by cokenders or a public defender  
This ain't no macrobiotic chemical colonic  
This political symphonic lyrical narcotic  
Somethin' much mo' potent that we plotted  
Come and get some if you ain't got it  
It ain't Indonesia, China White  
Purple haired Thai, big H Delight  
Take my shit, we gon' have to fight

I'm always rollin' dirty, so be actin' right  
 Ex, ex, ex, ex, ex, exhilaratin', I accuse you of nigga hatin'  
 And exploitatin' for profit making, don't cop a plea  
 'Cause I'm B double O T from the C O U the P  
 I feel my epidermis at it's firmest just befo' a skirmish  
 If you want green like Kermit keep it heated like a  
 Thermos  
 Aspired to be famous, puttin' fire in their anus  
 Made the rulin' class hate us more than child sup-port payments  
 To Rosemary's baby, shick a shick shady  
 Pissin' in your gumbo and they tell you, "It's all gravy"  
 See you can't trust a big grip and a smile  
 And I slang rocks but Palestinian style  
 Now there's a rumble in the jungle  
 Never mumble though I humble  
 Couple rappers took a tumble but my folks still want to rumble  
 Who's pimpin', your bundle? I'm fly like, Seth Brundle  
 If you're snitchin' to Columbo we gon' drop you like a fumble  
 Now what you make is point oh one  
 Percent of what the boss make  
 And what the boss take is keepin' us from livin' great  
 If this ain't straight you think you  
 Wanna sit down and negotiate  
 You better have a crew to help you shutdown his estate  
 Don't get frustrated, discombobulated  
 Don't stand and debate it, get a mob and take it  
 'Til then it's food stamps, vouchers, mildew-smellin' couches  
 Overturned garbage cans wit' no Oscar the  
 Grouches  
 Makin' money sellin' plastic pouches as Mystikal would say  
 "My flo' is covered wit' roaches", absotively, posolutely  
 Can't do without it, the shipment is delivered  
 Come and get it if you bout it  
 It ain't Indonesia, China White  
 Purple haired Thai, big H Delight  
 Take my shit, we gon' have to fight  
 I'm always rollin' dirty, so be actin' right  
 Systematic play-a-hation  
 Green paper complications  
 Got my ass an education  
 Can I get an application?  
 Pam the funkstress  
 Thank you for a funky time  
 It's kinda funky  
 Mat machine gun, Kelly

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