

# The Coup

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Hello

Yes, I would like to speak to Boots from the rap group The Coop

It's The Coup and this is Boots, speak

Well, my name is Dick Doolittle and I'm a reporter from Grime magazine

And we would like to comment on the tragic riots Not a riot, it's a rebellion

Well the tragic rebellion?

Man, tragic for who? Well, there's havoc in the streets

The police have lost control over the people

Criminals are running free from jail

And people are actually taking property from big businesses

It's full of complete chaos That's not chaos, that's progress

Hmm, okay, is that your comment?

No, this is it Check it out, it's the motherfucking C O U to the P now

You're fucking with the real dudes

Who will meet you with a fleet of brothers in the street

Getting drunk off liberation fuck the Hennessey 'Cause you calmly kept us down for far too long

Now you're going up in smoke like Cheech and Chong

And the song, "I Ain't The Nigga" is the Constitution

Niggers die but Africans make revolution So what happens when a people do not get their dues

Well, it's tried, there's a riot so flip on the news

And let's go reach the 98th here in Oaktown

But let's just say for story's sake that it's in your town A hundred brothers taking factories, Warren's law is  
gutters

And now they're handing out free chicken and free peanut butter

Free food to the people, how it should be

But now let's go a few blocks over to 7-3 Channel 2 says at the mall, twelve cops got shot

'Cause there's eight hundred sisters taking over Eastmont

With nines and AK's doing the right think like Spike Lee

And now their babies got free Pampers and free Nikes Up at the schoolhouse they said, "Mother fuck a hall pass

Until you teach the truth, check it we ain't going to class

You're teaching lies, we got wise, now we realize

There's no end to this road, you disguised the prize

So peep game for real mental penetration, our education's liberation Things ain't gon' never be the same

Things ain't gon' never be the same At 6-9 there's a rally and it's swinging

Through the crowd with a thousand voices singing

Once upon a time in the projects, yo

Motherfuckers took over and now we running the show We don't give a damn about section eight though

For what we really need, we're gonna have to take mo'

The same thing was heard in the A courts

In Kendall Village, across the bay in Fillmore  
And in the hills where all the rich folks live  
They're in shock, we're not failing to vote and build  
Instead of brothers on stage singing, "Do me"  
A black man has a gauge singing, "Do this, see?"  
All of a sudden everybody is out of jail  
But it's funny 'cause no one is out on bail  
And somebody shoved some police against the wall  
I guess today, they should've worn their clean drawers  
'Cause an ambulance came, that's the reality  
There's now a new meaning to police brutality  
All we need is satisfaction  
We don't want just a fraction  
And we've come to a conclusion  
Revolution is the solution  
Check it  
Now the Uzi's that were once used to kill each other  
Are now used to serve and protect the brothers  
And the sisters 'cause they're packing .45's and nines  
We're down for revolution, not just down for their behinds  
'Cause the word is heard across the bay and in L.A.  
In New York, NY, Chicago and Atlanta, G-A  
We gives a fuck if you've got money and the millions  
'Cause motherfucker, we've got posse in the billions  
So break yourself Bush, it's collection day  
Break yourself Trump, it's collection day  
Break yourself DuPont, it's collection day  
You stole the shit from my great granddaddy anyway  
The liquor stores around but they're not selling beer or ale  
Motherfuckers selling Molotov cocktails  
To the crew, so light up a brew  
And this is what is meant by a goddamn coup  
DJ O, on the cut y'all  
Ah yes, K-Mack's on the strings, y'all

Lyrics provided by

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