The Shipment

The Coup

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' rightIt 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' rightI'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 birthrightYou 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: macroeconomicsYack, 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 seduciveJail 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 defenderThis 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 itIt 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' rightEx, 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 skirmishIf 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 shadyPissin' 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 jungleNever 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 fumbleNow 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 negotiateYou 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' couchesOverturned 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 itIt 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' rightSystematic playa-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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/