

Sneakin' In

The Coup

How we gon' get in for free? Now, I calculate the beatin' for approximated speakin'
Play it at your party for intoxicated freakin'
One for the motherfuckers at the party
Two for the DJ's bumpin' this for me Three for the girls with the fake ID
And a pound if you snuck through the back for free
See sneakin' into shit probably always been my hobby
1985, in the Henry J. lobby Ten bones for the Fresh Fest to me was like robbery
Tennis shoes squeakin', security tried to mob me
People screamin' so loud, they lungs got broke when
Short grabbed the mic and started yellin' out, Oakland Not the type of brother that's hard with a death wish
But one thing that I'll die for is bein' on the guest list
I'm talkin' bout a pissyfit, sayin' loud explicit shit
Can't you read my name, motherfucker; ain't you literate? I be sayin' this even if it ain't legitimate
Although it ain't considerate, I get in with no scrilla spent
Caught the 57 bus to the Coliseum
Run D.M.C. and LL, gotta see 'em Negotiatin' with a guard out by the trailer
Me and twenty Potnah's got in for a Taylor
Later in the game, shit was much more elaborate
Motherfuckers rocked the spot, with fake laminate Show 'em to security and it was like, bam
On stage with Ice Cube at the Summer Jam
I'm not a fronter and this ain't a cover band
I'm always givin' you, the really and no other than Alameda Drive-in, didn't wanna pay a buck
Five motherfuckers layin' flat in the mini truck
Used to sneak in to the Eastmont Cinemas
Through the exit, sometimes about ten of us But you know, I guess it was so easy
'Cause they playin' movies that's already on TV
Most of them flicks I can't recommend
But back then, half the fun was sneakin' in See me in the alley but, nah, I ain't no crack hoe
I'm waitin' for my folks to open up the back do'

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