Not Yet Free

The Coup

sample -- "Blacks are too fuckin broke to be republicans", Ice Cube
(cut and scratched by DJ Pam the Funkstress)Verse One: BootsIn this land I can't stand or sit
and not get shit thrown up in my face
A brotha never gets his props
I'm doin bellyflops at the department of waste
And everyday I pulls a front so nobody pulls my card
I got a mirror in my pocket and I practice lookin hard
I'm lookin behind me beside me ahead of me
There'll be no feet makin tracks here instead of me
But I can't disregard just what the news says to me
I'm twenty-one, so I've reached my life expectancy
At any minute I could be in some shit that kills my skinny ass
From motherfuckers doin the sellout strut or probably Oakland task
My relationship with OPD has been like one big diss
Long arm of the law, grips my dick so tight it's hard to even piss
So I forgot ain't even got a pot to do it in
Up at the church they're tellin me it's because I live in sin
So I grin, but nevertheless my mind won't dwell
I must be trippin cause I thought I was livin in hell
Capitalism is like a spider, the web is getting tighter
I'm struggling like a fighter, just to bust loose
It's like a noose asyphyxiation sets in
Just when I think I'm free it seems to me the spider steps in
This web is made of money made of greed made of me
Of what I have become in a parasite economyVerse Two: E RocIn the winter there's a splinter with the smell of
the rain
And the scent of the street, but all I smell is the pain
Of a brotha who's a hustler and he's stuck to the grind
Of a sista who's a hooker gotta sell her behind
Desperation makes her brotha get a little more bold
The circumstance gets deeper when it's damp and it's cold
So I spend my time thinking bout the ultimate gank
Can I get my Coup together pull a move on the bank?
I be the picture perfect hustler for the piece of the pie
But my daddy always taught me just to reach for the sky
Now my dream and aspirations go from single to hoe
As I realize there's a million motherfuckers in the cold
No need to be told, cause when you got a million po' people
Gettin ganked, by a few that are rich and evil

But it's illegal, to wonder how they livin fat
(One two three) everybody get a gatVerse Three: BootsAhhhhhh yeah!
Niggaz, thugs, dope dealers and pimps
Basketball players, rap stars, and simps
That's what little black boys... are made of
Sluts, hoes, and press the naps around your beck
Broads pop that coochie, bitches stay in check
That's what little black girls... are made of
But if we're made of that who made us
and what can we do to change us
The oppressor tries to tame us
here's a FOOT for his anus!
Well since the days when I was shittin in diapers
It was evident the President didn't like us
Assassination attempts I'd root for the snipers
My teacher told me that I didn't know what right was
Well she was wrong cause I knew what a right was
And a left and an uppercut, too
I had a hunch a sucker punch is what my people got
That's why I was constantly red, black, and blueOutro: E Roc, Boots[E] Boots, Boots, Boots, you wanna throw some shots out?
[B] Ay man I ain't done with my lyrics yet, that's not cool
[E] Ay, but ain't this a freestyle?
[B] Naw, this is not yet freestyle cause we not yet free
[E] Hey we gonna throw some shots out anyway
guns are cocked
[B] Awright fuckit, who y'all wanna throw some shots out to?
[E] Uhh whassup with that uhh Bill Clinton and Al Gore?
[B] Aight, they the new masters up in the White House and everything
Let's throw some shots out
[E] Yeah
blam, blam blam
[B] Awright, what about Bush? He on the way out and everything
but I think we need a goodbye for his ass
gun cocked
[E] Uh-huh
blam
[E] See-ya!
[B] Awright, what about Ross Perot and the good ol boys?
guns cocked
[E] The who?
[B] You know who they are, awright
blam blam, blam
[B] Ay what about Pete Wilson? (Whassup) That Pete Wilson motherfucker
[E] Yeah whassup wit him?

[B] Awright
blam
[E] Got him!
[B] Awright, ay, the L.A.P.D., *guns cocking repeatedly throughout*
The O.P.D., The Richmond P.D., Detroit P.D., ay
[E] Ay fuck it, fuck it, the whole, the whole motherfuckin P.D.
[B] Awright, load up
[E] Yeah, here's a loaded club for yo' ass
semi-automatic
[B] Awright, cool -- ay, what about these skinheads?
Ay check it out
[E] I can't stand dem fools
[B] Awright awright, load it up, load it up, awright, cool
semi-automatic
[E] Yeah, got em!
[B] Ay, what about these sellout motherfuckers!
[E] Who? *gun cocks*
[B] You know these sellout motherfuckers -- Ellay DuHarris
[E] Who else? *gun cocks*
[B] Tom Bradley
[E] Who else? *gun cocks*
[B] David Dinkins, ay, line em up
[E] Yeah be true to the game
blam blam blam blam
[B] Ay, we outta ammo, what we gon do?
[E] Let's get the fuck up outta here
[B] Aight cool, we out

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