Gunsmoke

The Coup

Come on, let's go
Put this under your beltSmell the gunsmoke
Smell the gunsmokeI be having homicide running through my mind
Don't know what's up with me
Shit fuck with me all the time
Eating at my spine, motherfucka in my primeHow you gonna get yours?
When you're too busy getting mine
Now look is this murderous criminal coming through
If you think it's Eroc then the subliminal is working on youThere's thirty million of us buried in the fucking sludge
'Can't come straight from fudge, I got a bloody grudge
Dead bodies lying all around me
But the real murderers ain't never got no bountyCount it coroners as we sitting as statistics
With this ass if you think this
Blast is coming from my residential district
There's something that I think you should know
It's the motherfucking Coup, we from the Eastside OPeep my flow creep by slow
See all my folks is broke
Survival for the cautious and the low
Get a whiff of my gunsmokeSmell the gunsmoke
Smell the gunsmokeI'm getting white hairs from the nightmares everynight
'Cos somebody's got a contract on my life
I'm in a gang that's in an all out war
They drop me in when they knife my umbilical cordSo it begins with a slap on the ass
Now you in, in the workin' class, Trick
You here so fast we already made your casket
While it's got one buck so the phrase gunshot gets hella tide
Can't take the only motherfuckas getting friedSkeletons deep down in the ocean
'Cos them slave ships had that three stop motion
Coasting down fulton on the Mississippi river
Burning crosses and motherfuckas saying die nigga, die niggaIt all started when we start producing scratch
Some of my homies got no legs attached
Without no food up in the fridge you ain't go never have peace
Cos with a trigger you can finger fuck without no greaseSmell the gunsmoke
Smell the gunsmoke
Off to the war
Off to the warI say fuck the whole judge and the jury
My mind got delirious, my eyes got blurry
Had my uncle strapped to the chair, hands oxtied

Breathing in gas, breathing out carbon monoxideWhole systems stacked like a loaded bowel
'Cos ain't no billionaires on the murder trial
Make the ghetto concentration camps every mile
So march your ass through the gas chambers single fileWho's the biggest problem that they show on the TV?
My peoples die of starvation and TB
See me with an angry face and a beanie
'Cos my relationship with uncle Sam is steamyIt's what I've been through, I'm like sinecue
What I got you got to get it put it in you
The ruling class was cut throat since we fresh off the boat
Show 'em we ain't no joke
Let them choke off the gunsmokeSmell the gunsmoke
Smell the gunsmoke

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/