

# 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 monoxide  
Whole 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 file  
Who'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 steamy  
It's what I've been through, I'm like sinecure  
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 gunsmoke  
Smell the gunsmoke  
Smell the gunsmoke

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