Fat Cats, Bigga Fish

The Coup

Well, now haha, what have we here?Come with it
Get down, get down, get down 2ce
Come with it
Get down, get down, get down 2ceIt's almost ten o clock, see I got a ball of lifted property
So I slid my beenie hat on sloppily
And promenade out to take up a collection
I got game like I read the directions
I'm wishing that I had an automobile
As I feel the cold wind rush past
But let me state that I am a hustler for real
So you know I got the stolen bus passJust as the bus pulls up and I step to the rear
This ole lady look like she drank a forty of fear
I see my ole school partner said
His brother got popped, pay my respects
Can you ring the bell? We came to my stop
The street light reflects off the piss on the ground
Which reflects off the hamburger sign as it turns round
Which reflects off the chrome of the BMWWhich reflects off the fact that I am broke
Now what the fuck is new
I need lot, I sweat the motherfucka in the tweed suit
And I'm on his ass quicker than a kick from a grease boot
Eased up slow and discreet
Could tell he was suspicious by the way he slid his feet
Didn't wanna fuck up, the come on
So I smiled with my eyes, said hey, how it's hanging guy
Bumped into his shoulders but he passed with no reactionDamn this motherfucka had a hella of Andrew Jacksons
I'm a thief or pickpocket, give a fuck what you call it
Used to call 'em fat cats
I just call them wallets getting federal, ain't just a klepto
Master card or visa, I'd gladly accept those
Sneaky motherfucka with a scam know how to pull it
Got a mirror in my pocket but that won't stop no bullets
Story just begun but you already know
Ain't no need to get down, shit, I'm already lowCome with it
Get down, get down, get down 2ce
Come with it
Get down, get down, get down 2ceMy footsteps echo in the darkness
My teeth clenched tight like a fist in the cold sharp mist

I look down and I hear my stomach growling
Step to burger king to attack it like a shaolin
I never pay for shit that I can get by doing dirt
Link up to the girl cashier and start to flirt
All up in her face and her breath was like murder
Damn the shit, I do for a free hamburgerWell, you got my number, you gonna call me tonite
It depends is them burgers attached to a price, "Sorry, sorry"
I'm just kidding, I'ma call you, write you love letters
"It's all good"
Thanks for the burgers emm hook me up with a Dr Pepper
That's cool you want some ice
Yeah, and some fries will be hella nice
Damn my managers coming play it off okay have a nice dayI'm up outta here anyway, I use peoples before they use me
'Cuz you could get got by an Uzi over an oz
That's what an og told me
Got's to find someplace warm and cozy
To eat the vittles that I just got
Came to an underground parking lot
This place is good as any fuck, it's all good
Walked in, found a car, hopped itself up on a hoodAte my burger, threw back my cola
Somebody said, "Hey, it was a rented pig, I thought it was a roller
Want me to call the cops?" I don't want them to see me
Looked down and saw that I was sitting on a Lamboughini
It was Rollses Ferraris and jags by the dozen
A building door opened, damn it was my cousin
Getting offa work dressed up no lieTux cummerbund and a black bow tie
I was like hey, "Who is it", me
"Oh what's up man, I just quit this company
They hella racist and the pay was too low "
I said arite what was up in there though
"A party with rich motherfuckas, I don't know the situation
I know they got cabbage owning corporations
IBM chryslers and shit is what they seeing"Just then a light bulb went off in my head
They be thinking all black folks is resembling
Gimme your tux and I'll do some pocket swindling
Fit the change in the bathroom and I freeze off my nuts
Let's take a short break while I get into this tux
Grunt zipp, alright I'm readyCome with it
Get down, get down, get down 2ce
Come with it
Get down, get down, get down 2ceFresh dressed like a million bucks
I be the flyiest muthafucka in an afro and a tux
My arm is at a right angle up, silver tray in my hand
May I interest you in some caviar mam

My eyes shoots 'round the room there and here
Noticing the diamonds in the chandelier
Background Barry Manilow copacobana
And a strong ass scent of stogies from HavanaWhat no place where a brother might been
Snobby ole ladies drinking champagne with rich white men
All right, then let's begin this
Nights like this is good for business
Five minutes in the mix noticed several different cliques
Talking, giggling and shit
Well, one mother fucka gave me twits
And everybody else jacking it throttlingFound out later you know coca cola bottling
Talking to a black man who he's confused
We looking hella bourgie, ass all tight and seditty
Recognzed him as the mayor of my city
Who treats young black man like frank nitty
Mr. Coke said to Mr. Mayor, "You know we got a process like
Ice T's hair, we put up the fund for your election campaign
And oh um, waiter can you bring the champagne?"A real estate fronts as opportunities arousing
To make some condos out of low income housing
Immediately we need some media heat
To say that gangs run the street and then we bring in the police fleet
Harrasing me everybody till they look inebriated
When we bought the land motherfuckas will appreciate it
Don't worry about the urban league or Jesse Jackson
My man that owns Marlboros, donated a fat sumThat's when I step back some to contemplate what few know
Sat down, wrestle with my thoughts like a sumo
Ain't no one player that could beat this lunacy
Ain't no hustler on the street could do a whole community
This is how deep shit can get
It reads macaroni on my birth certificate
Poontang is my middle name but I can't hang
I'm getting hustled only knowing half the game
Shit how the fuck do I get out of this place?

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