

Hip 2 tha Skeme

The Coup

chorus

i get it done

make it one make it two make it three

right before it happens

make it four make it five make it 6 7 8 9

ten

come on motherfucka we can do it again

repeatSee i aint never had shit

but my strife and my game and my life

and all them is just hand downs from my granddaddy lidvens

the closest black folks ever came to pimpin

is steal and hustling food stamps for that 94 caddy

how many days can i stretch this box of grits

shit never quits im a brother

pitching fits or pitching shit

i use my mouth or a lack muscle anything to make the rent,

dont you know the hustle.

I know the us economy and i could run it

im about to make these four dollars into 4 hundred

aint nothing happening but this serious game

while they got billions in the bank

we just got money on the dank

and when we got fresh rims we on top,

on top of what when the kitchen's table's on hock

gun on cock but we seen it on the past

make a fast dash for the cash and gangsta leaning on your ass

twentys and tens its all about making ends

no need to sin to uplift a california living

but i grin cos all i remember as a tot was them ogs

gankin motherfuckars with the glocks

and now the rocks is in my pockets

and my spots hot like the haiwaiian tropics

a taskforce topic cos this one's a cya

even though the yay is brought in by the cia

see im a motherfuckas thats done some dirt for my meal ticket

but i learned quick you gots to deal with it

well i did for twentytwofucking years

you damn straight my homies relate when we all shed tears

and its clear to my ear i had to learn that knowledge

cos after 12th grade i had to say fuck college
and the knowledge no longer will i waste my time
the pen was stuck in my hand
but im stuck to the grind
im steady mobbing
back to the police station,
they checking me but its inflation thats doing this taking
no hesistating cant be waiting let me do my thing
i was hooked like a fiend but now im hip to tha skemechorusi heard recognized game when its in your face
im spitting the game so close to you
you could feel the wet trace
if everybody in the hood had a phd
you'd say that dr flip that burger hell it good for me
200thousand brothers walkin one line one place to go
aint no revolution they just walking to the liquor store
here take a swigger so its quicker said the niggerroe
just wanna get thru the rigamole i been here before
a typical ho aint really no different
except that she would know that caint no prostitute
can become a pimp up in this system
it'd be more drama than a soap opera daytime spot
but aint no twist up in this cemetery plot
since nineteen fiftyfour
i's been hustling for that dough
my girl been putting out cross that wick like she's a specialized pro
this shit is getting steep
im getting ill ready to kill
the only thing i can inherit is an overdue bill
now its six in the morning
i stride to the ride
as i glide down the street
i cant get to far
cos my gas is pushin E
im not yet free
but you dont hear me though
unlesss you creeping soap as my drive through window
now if you wondering bout my fucked up fickle frown
is cos im thinking bout how the wealth dont trickle down
listen to that beat nickle pound as my homies in the back
pass the nickle bag around and im looking at the street
through the fogged up windows knowing if i was walking
id be smelling stench of piss or stale pussy in your window
i ask when those stores get closed down
a system that eats itself got it looking like a ghost town
no proof of purchase yeah my ass is purchase proof

analyze how they fucked us like if i was dr ruth
im on proof with the truth they started with nothing
robbed and ganked and killed
aint no po folks getting rich
less some caps is getting peeled
except for a couple of motherfuckas who done live their
token seen lifestyles of the rich and famous
front page of the magazine but that's a known
trick tell them suck their own dick
im hip to the skeme
im bout to bring up the whole clique.

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