Nowalaters

The Coup

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Well if you thrust, eventually you gonna gush
And I'm implyin' I ain't had no business cryin'
'Cause we used the rubber twice
And we knew that shit was dyin' to bustWell, we was only seventeen
But you was older in between
And in my fresh Adidas fits
I used to come more clean than Jeru
Jerkin' off in a can of chlorineSophisticated with the game I was spittin' in
A nymphomaniac was with it
That's just a clip, more experience
Be on my chest when I was put to the test
You said, "Goddamn nigga, that ain't how ya get it in"Dashboards for the leverage
Tall cans for beverage
The weed can make you courageous
Make a Honda Civic seem so spacious
Make five minutes seem like ages, anywayYou smelled like care-free curl and nowalaters, baby
Said you liked high-top fades and Jesse Johnson's crazy
Seventeen, all on you like chicken and some gravy
Learned a lot, thank you much, today I'm still campaignin'The lake don't smell so bad now, do it
Don't trip off ya hair, baby, just re-glue it
The windows is fogged up, can't nobody view it?
Put down the O E and turn up the Howard HewettAnd some more, we had things to discuss
Like how we do it, we got amniotic fluid
And a baby floatin' though it
Hey, imagine if it look like usIt was me up in the vaginary
And I'ma love my kids whether real or imaginary
Quit school, work well depends at the mall
Next to Fashion Berry, operation cash and carry
Manual labor from six to noonMakin' six kabooms
Got a baby that's fixin' to bloom
And he befits the groom plus grips the spoon
So let me twist the ploom

And inhale and emit the fumesYou smelled like care-free curl and nowalaters, baby
Said you liked high-top fades and Jesse Johnson's crazy
Seventeen, all on you like chicken and some gravy
Learned a lot, thank you much, today I'm still campaignin'I was composed, I didn't even crack a frown
I was supposed to let my parents fall down
And show my ass when I found that the baby was
Four months early and around ten poundsI heard a lot of bad things about teenage mothers
From those who don't really give a fuck about life
She said, "It ain't so much that they startin' out younger
It's just they supposed to be more like a wife"Meanin' you ain't shit without a man to guide you
If ya mama tried to feed you that she lied too
Make ya grab any motherfucker that ride through
If jobs are applied to knots can get tied tooPlus I know that you must have been scared
It made it easy when the feelings were shared
Flashback to 20/20, I know you waitin' for the dollars
'Cause you knew I had funny moneyYellin' all loud like I'ma tear the whole hood up
Don't tempt me 'cause the real daddy stood up
He said, I was a mark for believin' in you
Now it's more that I'm seein' is trueThere's a few things I'd like to say in this letter
Like I wish I would've seen him grow
And ask my wife I learned to fuck much better
And thank you for lettin' me go
Yeah, thank you for lettin' me go
For real, thank you for lettin' me goYou smelled like care-free curl and nowalaters, baby
Said you liked high-top fades and Jesse Johnson's crazy
Seventeen, all on you like chicken and some gravy
Learned a lot, thank you much, today I'm still campaignin'

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