U.C.P.A.S.

The Coup

[Boots]
We don't make no damn Mickey Mouse music!* Pam the Funkstress cuts "I shot the sherriff" *F.T.S. with The Coup, whatchu wanna do?
F.T.S., CoupChorus: Boots, Clap, Vexx (repeat 2X)Undas, Cops, Pigs and Shit
They be gettin on my nerves I'm bout to have a fit
I need land, a place where no money is spent
I'll kick back, and live life immaculate (you say)[Vexx]
Exchange data, no contact, no matta
Eternally, you'll find, information to be, God sent
The soul, my body's bein spent like some dope shit
All the way from across the Atlantic Ocean
See I can't help but talk about the way my people been raped
Right about now, I'm bout to set some shit straight
To all you late bloomers and early consumers, ignore the rumors
who has the made the whole nation backslide, to homicide
Almost and damn near, genocide
We all need to check our soul inside
Have you ever seen a human body landslide?
How bout some tanks doin a driveby
or a bomber droppin napalm from way high?
We long live, but sometimes we got ta die
The whole world's about to bow man, that ain't no lie
You betta find yo'self befo' yo'self takes all your time[Boots]
One mo' gen nowChorus[Clap]
Bump you.. it got to be.. hot to me..
A cop to me.. could burn in hell
We re-bel.. we don't swell like the pressure
Tester.. even leave the best of shakin and
shivering.. WHOOO.. icy cold.. delivery
Deliberately slippery when wet
You moist yet? You check out
the hop-hippin.. it got you flippin while it's slippin
The hippity hop, hit you, cause it get you
so god damn krunk, bang that wild shit; read:
god damn bump, ransom stylist, thick
Rich like 69 dollar shit
Crazy like the Spice Girls, finger lickin, kickin
Sa-vory, fla-vory expedition mission
Free the land Africa, Africa listen..

Listen..[Boots]
Hah.. bring it back nowChorus[Boots]
Can you feel it? I can feel it
..
Now if this party was a class I'd be a teacher
It's F.T.S. and The Coup, a double feature
Now if this party was a car I'd be the driver
I'm rappin third, the mic is smellin like saliva
The emperor, that motherfucker's .. ass naked
We'll take you higher than when you had yo' last dank hit
It's not surprisin that when folks start to uprisin
there's police on the horizon, they been there all along
they just good at they disguisin, the po-po's supposed to keep
the peace they gotta make the bosses money increase
You never seen the police break up a strike
by hittin the BOSS with his baton pipe
And you ain't never gon' see one
but when we take over it's gon' be poppin like Re-Run, huh
Boots from The Coup, lightin the dark like a toker
Much love to my folkers, all aces and jokersChorusF.T.S., The Coup
A-hah

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