We Are The Ones

The Coup

We, we are the ones

We'll seal your fate, tear down your state, go get yo' guns

We, we came to fight

It's yo' disgrace, smash up your place, that's just politeWe, we are the ones

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It's yo' disgrace, smash up your place, that's just politeOnce upon a time when crack was gold

And hip-hop was not yet platinum sold

I scoured the streets for stacks to fold

My mood like my hair was relaxed and blowedI hated police and my teachers were beasts

My heat in the trunk of the classic Caprice

The one university, I knew the deal

So I cooked it, bagged it, put it on saleNow philosophically you'd be opposed

To one inhaling coke via mouth or the nose

But economically I would propose

That you go eat a dick as employment frozeAnd I felt like an abandoned child

Left to fend for myself in the wild

While every courtroom, judge and gavel

Were there to bury me under the gravelOr at the bottom of the finest malt ale

Observe, you'll find without fail

That in every neighborhood and penitentiary

There exists many others who are similar to me and We, we are the ones

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It's yo' disgrace, smash up your place, that's just politeIn later years I lost some peers

Who mixed burners with Belvedere

And took shots from gung-ho cashiers

The world was cold yet hell was nearSo I seek for a kilo

And my stack got a little bit taller like Skee-Lo

A street C.E.O.

There was all of this hell well and not one heroThe intensity was fortified

As I clenched five digits on the forty-five

Barely down at the retail store, I would detail more

But I don't wish this action to be glorifiedThere was a plan I was eager to listen

To not sleep in the park in the fetal position

Having to wipe off canine fecal emission

Otherwise I'd survive without legal permissionIt's an equal division and then we go to prison

Which is a little decision

All I wanted was a Regal to glisten

And my kids would have meat in the kitchen And complete ammunition

It's a given once the people are driven thatWe, we are the ones

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Get your work up, get your work upWe are born from the mildew, the rust, the heathenous lust

The dreams in the dust, the evidence flushed

The grieving is just, they're thieving from us

Insulted and cussed, this evening we bustAppears unstable and under the table

We like free speech but we love free cable

We're taught from the cradle, the Bill Gates fable

Which leads to high speeds in Buick LeSablesWe have no excuses just great alibis

And poker faces you can't analyze

Our politicians sell our soul and our cries

With blood on their hands, they can't sanitizeWe're the have-nots but we're also the gon'-gets

Not just talkin' 'bout the Lex with the chrome kits

You can get that by yourself with the four-fifth

Let's all own shit then toast with Patron hitsWe, we are the ones

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