

Fat Cats Bigga Fish

The Coup

Well now haha what have we here?

chorus

see-see-see-come with it

get down get down get down 2ce

repeat

It's almost ten o'clock see i got a ball of lifted property

so i slid my beanie 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 pass

just 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 bmw

which reflects off the fact that i am broke

now what the fuck is new

i need loot 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 want to 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 reaction
damn 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 low
chorus

My footsteps echo in the darkness
my teeth clenched tight like a fist in the cold sharp mist
i look down and i hear my somach 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 hamburger
(girl)"well 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.
(girl)thats cool you want some ice
yeah and some fries will be hella nice
(girl) damn my managers coming play it off okay have a nice day
I'm up outta here anyway
i use peoples before they use me

'cause you could get got by an uzi over an oz
that's what an og told me
gots 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 its all good
walked in found a car hopped itself up on a hood
ate 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 lamborghini
it was rollses ferraris and jags by the dozen
a building door opened
damn it was my cousin
getting offa work dressed up no lie
tux cummerband and a blackbow 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
lets take a short break
while i get into this tux

grunt zipp

alright i'm ready

chorus

Fresh 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 stoagies from havana

what no place where a brother might been

snobby ole ladies drinking champagne with rich white men

allrite then lets 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 everbody else jacking it throttlng

found 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
harassing 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 sum
that'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.