

The Coup

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B: Hello

D: Yes, I would like to speak to Boots from the rap group The Coop.

B: It's The Coup, and this is Boots. Speak

D: Well my name is Dick Doolittle and I'm a reporter from Grime magazine

and we would like to comment on the tragic riots--

B: Not a riot, it's a rebellion

D: Well the tragic rebellion?

B: Man, tragic for who?

D: Well there's havoc in the streets, the police have lost control over the

people, criminals are running free from jail, and people are actually taking property from big businesses, it's full of complete chaos

B: That's not chaos, that's progress

D: Mm-hmm, OK, is that your comment?

B: No, this is it

[Boots]

Check it out, it's the motherfucking see-O-you

To the P now you're fucking with the real dudes

Who will meet you with a fleet of brothers in the street

Getting drunk off liberation fuck the Hennessey

Cause you calmly kept us down for far too long

Now you're going up in smoke like Cheech and Chong

And the song "I Ain't the Nigga" is the Constitution

Niggers die but Africans make revolution

So what happens when a people do not get their dues

Well it's tried there's a riot so flip on the news

And let's go reach the 98th here in Oaktown

But let's just say for story's sake that it's in your town

A hundred brothers taking factories, Warren's law is gutters
And now they're handing out free chicken and free peanut butter
Free food to the people, how it should be
But now let's go a few blocks over to 7-3
Channel 2 says at the mall twelve cops got shot
Cause there's eight hundred sisters taking over Eastmont
With nines and AK's doing the right think like Spike Lee
And now their babies got free Pampers and free Nikes
Up at the schoolhouse they said motherfuck a hall pass
Until you teach the truth, check it we ain't going to class
You're teaching lies, we got wise, now we realize
There's no end to this road, you disguised the prize
So peep game for real mental penetration
Our education's liberation
Things ain't gon' never be the same x2
At 6-9 there's a rally and it's swinging
Through the crowd with a thousand voices singing
Once upon a time in the projects, yo
Motherfuckers took over, and now we running the show
We don't give a damn about section eight though
For what we really need we're gonna have to take mo'
The same thing was heard in the A courts
In Kendall Village, across the bay in Fillmore
And in the hills where all the rich folks live
They're in shock we're not failing to vote and build
Instead of brothers on stage singing "Do me"
A black man has a gauge singing "Do this, see?"
All of a sudden everybody is out of jail
But it's funny cause no one is out on bail
And somebody shoved some police against the wall
I guess today they should've worn their clean drawers

Cause an ambulance came, that's the reality
There's now a new meaning to police brutality
All we need is satisfaction
We don't want just a fraction
And we've come to
A conclusion
Revolution is the solution
Check it
Now the uzi's that were once used to kill each other
Are now used to serve and protect the brothers
And the sisters cause they're packing .45's and nines
We're down for revolution not just down for their behinds
Cause the word is heard across the bay and in L.A.
In New York, NY, Chicago, and Atlanta, G-A
We gives a fuck if you've got money and the millions
Cause motherfucker we've got posse in the billions
So break yourself Bush, it's collection day
Break yourself Trump, it's collection day
Break yourself DuPont, it's collection day
You stole the shit from my great granddaddy anyway
The liquor stores around, but they're not selling beer or ale
Motherfuckers selling Molotov cocktails
To the crew, so light up a brew
And this is what is meant by a god damned coup
DJ O on the cut y'all
Ah yes, K-Mack's on the strings y'all