

Veruca Salt

"Foul Play"

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Brothers on the block making bankroll
The billion dollar dream is the dream for the cash flow
Little do they know they're a little or a big hoe
But they have a car they can side at the sideshow
I'm the type of brother that'll tell another "Hell no"
To the seller struck hiking rocks in a hellhole
Whether you can slide you can glide in your hoo-ride
But you're gonna drown in the high tide of genocide
Brothers give my five but it's live jive
Can't understand with their hands in a beehive
I'mma take a risk on the dis take a big dive
Just to make it rhyme on time I'll say "Overdrive"
Missed 'em I'm not with them but they're victims
Cause they're just a part not the start of the system
No hocus pocus that's the focus of the song
Hope that you can learn this and one day sing along
A clearly cut case co-opted by The Coup
An exposé of foul play against me and you
Sing it

It's funky, it's funky, it's funky, it's a funky situation (x4)
(Still don't nothing move but the money)
(Man Boots what you talking about?)

Explicit and implicit are the exploits
I'm speaking of the society that's living off me
No jumps and coast to coasting in a Detroit
No I am a factor that they don't need
Cause labels are stable in this big world
Talking 'bout sex, you're a boy or a girl
Talking 'bout a kind you're a jerk or the jerker
Talking economics you're the boss or the worker
Right about now I'm gonna change the flow
Going straight up like my new wave afro
I say it and they play it
Do you hear me though you're guessing there's a
lesson
But teach me, I want to know
Conjunction junction what's my function?
Connected with the genocidal pace of a race reduction
Funny there's no money for my people's production

The Coup is not through cause we've got some
gumption
A victim in a system about cold cash
If you don't make it then they treat you like trash
Dispose of you tonight if not in the morning
This is not a prophecy, this is just a warning
A clearly cut case co-opted by The Coup
An exposé of foul play against me and you
Sing it

It's funky, it's funky, it's funky, it's a funky situation (x4)
Hey hold up we're about to let the DJ scratch here
(Well let him scratch then)

...

At times I find my mind can think fast
Like when a pig has a trigger saying nigger that's your
ass
Thoughts of a slave master rise from the past
The past is the present cause I still feel the lash
It's against the law just to be black
Cause the war on drugs is just thugs on the attack
The C is not the source of course so just get back
Why try a lot, I doubt it's just about crack
Brothers on the block making bankroll
Maybe could the dream be the dream of an overthrow?
If so no mo' we'll play the big toe
In a shoe that's cramped so break a brother's sole
Slip and stuck slowly to the same game
Several hundred years we have been in a chain gang
Let our shackles only add on to a migraine
Old fame, thoughts of pain slowly drive me insane
But then I started rapping for The Coup
A lot of rappers out there just looking for the pay-off
Listen to the message that the Boots brings to you
The Coup is just a group to bring order out of chaos
People pick problems out and isolate
Misguiding many to think it's a mistake
Well I'm the Boots and I'm here to set 'em straight
My information leads me to think there's foul play
A clearly cut case co-opted by The Coup
An exposé of foul play against me and you
Sing it

It's funky, it's funky, it's funky, it's a funky situation (x3)

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