

## The Coup f/ Black Thought, Talib Kweli

### "My Favorite Mutiny"

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[Black Thought]

Move, if you got the nerve  
Lash out for your just desserts  
It's not just the worth  
Some of y'all heads up in the clouds  
I'ma bring y'all back to earth  
It's black back to birth  
Bullshit y'all talkin' 'bout  
Out ya mouth, I'm not concerned  
Cause y'all got the nerve  
It's y'all turn like Detroit red  
When he said he had an ultra perm  
The long walk to burn your bare heels  
So they worn your boots  
The game camouflage like army suits  
But I can see it more clear cause I came with the coup  
in here  
Ring the alarm and form the troops  
Send 'em out into the world, go to war in a fluke  
Eye to eye with the enemy you sworn to shoot  
Now comin' at ya neck sick ya hand, something wrong  
with me  
Motherfucker somethin's wrong with you  
When you cheat just way to smart to question  
The enemy the brothers of a dark complexion  
The governments of the world is shark infested  
They heavy on weaponry like Charelton Heston  
Man yeah it gets low here uh, real low  
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?

[Chorus]

I ain't rockin' with you, so what what you goin do? (it's  
my favorite mutiny)  
I ain't rockin' with you, you're logic does not compute  
(it's my favorite mutiny)

[Boots]

Death to the pigs is my basic statement  
I spit street stories 'til I taste the pavement  
Tryin' to stay out the pen while we face enslavement  
Had a foolproof hustle 'til they traced the payments

I was grippin' my palm around some shitty rum  
Tryin' to find psalm number 151  
To forget what I'm owed, as I clutch the commode  
Alright, put down the bottle and come get the guns  
I get off the chain like Kunta Kinte with a MAC-10  
They want us gone like a dollar in a crack den  
Said at least a track then, seeds & stems  
Mind cloudy through the wheeze and phlegm  
I'm get my brain off of that and the Jesus hymns  
If we waiting for the time to fight, these is them  
Tellin' us to relax while they ease it in. We gettin  
greased again  
The truth I write is so cold, It'd freeze my pen  
I'm Boots Riley it's a pleasure to meet you  
Never let they punk ass ever defeat you  
They got us on the corner wearin pleather and see thru  
All y'all's gold mines they wanna deplete you  
I ain't just fin to rap on the track, I fin to clap on the  
back  
And it's been stackin' to that  
Been a hundred years before iceberg ever lean back in  
the 'lac  
Before they told Rosa black in the back  
Before the CIA told Ricky Ross to put crack in the sack  
And Gil-Scott tradin' rappin for smack  
This beat alone should get platinum plaques  
I'd rather see a million of us ecstatic to scrack  
'Cause if we bappin' 'em back we automatically stack

[Chorus]

[Talib Kweli]

This the guy like Truman C[e1]  
Riq, Boots and me  
Activate in the community  
Up in the bay like Huey P  
It's like a free, it remind me of the B Kder's love for me  
But beats got it twisted, I'll untangle it  
Black mind is entwined like the ropes they used to  
hang us with  
This is my favorite shit, I came in the game with any  
way to spit  
Ya got a questionnaire, who you bangin' with?  
Take it back to M hotel  
Throw a step deeper like a poor righteous teacher with  
holy intellect  
Killer flow form a real niggaz laughin'  
and forni fairly at a jigabou at a penitent (???)  
Once again you can feel hip-hop  
Underground, still about McGruff  
Gangsta like, fuck the cops

Talib Kweli revolutionary mc, and that ain't about stuff

[Chorus]

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