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Coup "Busterismology"

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[Boots]

I'm risin like the vapors from the dank Fuck the mirror in my pocket, had to break it for a shank

What you thank? Walk the plank, is my motherfuckin attitude

Right hand on the wheel, elbow out the window, leanin To the latitude, actin rude can get you blown up, to'n up But these teeny-boppers ain't gon' live to be a grown up My motherfucker done got hisself into a spot I got this nine, but it jam on every fifth shot If we gon' do this, we could this, but I'm trippin off The factor that these bastards put me through this Nuttin ass tricks, gangin up on my homie Now I gots to do some shit, to leave yo' kids lonely The level of my life should be higher Told E-Roc to jump in, and get up out the line of fire Made a three point turn, as the three joints burned Off they lips, actin hard wit they face held firm Calmly stated my acquaintance was no punk You got a gat, I got a gat - now is you requestin funk? They said no, E-Roc yelled, "Trick!!" When we start the revolution all they probably do is snitch

Chorus: Boots

When we start the revolution, all they probably do is snitch

When we start the revolution, all they probably do is snitch

When WE start the revolution, all they, probably do is SNITCH!

..

When we start the revolution, all they probably do is snitch

When we start the revolution, all they probably do is snitch

When WE start this revolution, all they, probably do is SNITCH!

[Boots]

I used to work at Mickey D's

And to my old buster-ass manager, licky DEEZ Had me workin on hands and knees, scrubbin grease And in the summer with the oven on, it's hundred-ten degrees

I would despise flippin fries, I guess his bitch-ass
Thought he was the shit, with his little red and gold tie
I asked him why I couldn't get mo' hours
He said it must be cause I lacked the mental powers
If I was smart then I would be in his position
I left his nose in a busted up condition
Only came back for my last check to pay me off
He told me then, that he wasn't gonna lay me off
Said I should quit and it would be to my enjoyment
I fell for it and couldn't get my unemployment
To ALL the managers, on ALL the shifts
When we start this revolution, all y'all probably do is
snitch!

Chorus

..

[Boots]

Now hella my folks got respect for you, killa Wit a raised black fist, and a pocket full of scrilla Cap peelers want your autograph, say you know the path

But I do the math, my game bursts, like a bubble in the bath

Punk asses like you is just here for confusion
Be abusin rhetoric, and it's slightly amusin
You be cruisin all the networks, Ebony and Jet works
'long witcha efforts, now what's yo' net worth?
If you ain't talkin bout endin exploitation
Then you just another Sambo in syndication
Always sayin words that's gon' bring about elation
Never doin shit, that's gon' bring us vindication
And while we gettin strangled by the slave-wage
grippers

You wanna do the same, and say we should put you in business?

So you'll be next to the rulin class, lyin in a ditch Cause when we start this revolution, all you probably do is snitch!

(snitch.. snitch.. snitch..)

Chorus

[ragga chat]
Busterismology, we don't want it no sir

Come and take a look, come and take a look a little closer
Busterismology, it dangerous like cancer
Busterismology, it only fi bustas (2X)

[Pam the Funkstress] Ye-ye-yeah-ye-ye-yeah This is the Pam the Funkstress Comin at you, on the microphone like thisss About to break it down and let you know What busterismology is all about A buster is a motherfucker who will sell you out For a glass of water when it's raining Busterism is what busters do And last but not least, busterismology Is the study of all these motherfuckers to learn If you do not know, now you know What busterismology is all about Nine-eight (nine-eight) The Coup (The Coup) Boots (Boots) and me Pam the Funkstress (Pam the Funkstress)

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