

# Coup "Get Up"

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(featuring Dead Prez)

Dead Prez, The Coup  
People Army, where the G's at?  
C'mon... Fuck the police  
Ay y'all ready for this shit for y'all trunk?  
Y'all ready to get this bitch crunk?

[Hook]  
You got to get up right now  
Turn the system upside down  
Your 'sposed to be fed up right now  
Turn the system upside down  
Get up!

[Stic.]  
Honestly, I'm against this government  
I ain't gotta cover it up, that's what I meant  
Sick of payin bills and I'm sick of payin rent  
Seem like I work all the time but don't know where the  
money went  
And the funny shit is we supposed to like this shit  
But all y'all politicians can bite this dick  
It's a war goin on, the ghetto is a cage  
They only give you two choices; be a rebel or a slave  
(So what you do?) So I rebel  
Like a ulser in the belly of the beast stayin true to it  
Since my home street days in the blue Buick  
Niggas been fightin so long seem like I'm used to it  
Now what y'all know 'bout how The Coup do it  
Truth fluid, Boots put the funk to it, ain't nothin to it  
This is for the G's all the way to the bay  
For 'Frisco to Oakland all over L.A., ya gotta get up

[Hook]

[Boots]  
Now uhh, this fella, spits yella, never been a snitch  
teller  
One pace up from my homies ditch dweller  
Yellin "Fuck 'em Rocafella" my shit bump in acapella  
My lyrical qoutes are nervous notes to bank tellers

When we call it off, we haulin off, Molotov's and bricks  
Mr. Bailiff you could put that in the transcripts  
Hope your motherfuckin petty workin band flips  
Some saw it off, I prefer hand-grips  
Qoute us, you know we're stronger than a 3-day no-tice  
Pay aquit, It's more of us than lies your mayor spit  
I'm on some "Ma hate the game but love the player"  
shit  
Is you a "have" or you a "have not"?  
When you run out of bullets grab rocks  
'cause the prison don't slam locks  
It don't open when your fam knocks, 'less you rich and  
have stocks  
Fight the power like a motherfuckin Zulu  
It's The Coup plus Kanume and Mutulu  
So raise your hands in the air like your born again  
But make a fist for the struggle we was born to win

[Hook]

[M1]

When I hear the woop-woop, I be duckin them hoes  
I can smell a pig comin, so I stay on my toes  
On the low from po-po, so fuck the Ho-lice  
'cause peace to me is loaded under my seat  
And I know power respect that, so 'serve and protect'  
that  
I'm young, black, and just don't give a fuck - try me  
Grillin you right back, you better drive by me  
We the People Army is known to get rowdy  
And even if you a friend of the blue  
You can get it too, snitchin is never forgettable  
This Hell we livin is never forgivable  
It come down to DP and The Coup  
Remember Huey, Bobby Hutton, George, Fred and  
them  
Fuck the po-po, local, state, fed and them  
You better choose your side, Crip - Blood - 415  
It's one team, get up and let's ride!

[Hook]

{music to fade}

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