

## **Coup "Not Yet Free"**

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Sample -- "Blacks are too fuckin broke to be  
republicans", Ice Cube  
(cut and scratched by DJ Pam the Funkstress)

### Verse One: Boots

In this land I can't stand or sit  
And not get shit thrown up in my face  
A brotha never gets his props  
I'm doin bellyflops at the department of waste  
And everyday I pulls a front so nobody pulls my card  
I got a mirror in my pocket and I practice lookin hard  
I'm lookin behind me beside me ahead of me  
There'll be no feet makin tracks here instead of me  
But I can't disregard just what the news says to me  
I'm twenty-one, so I've reached my life expectancy  
At any minute I could be in some shit that kills my  
skinny ass  
From motherfuckers doin the sellout strut or probably  
Oakland task  
My relationship with OPD has been like one big diss  
Long arm of the law, grips my dick so tight it's hard to  
even piss  
So I forgot ain't even got a pot to do it in  
Up at the church they're tellin me it's because I live in  
sin  
So I grin, but nevertheless my mind won't dwell  
I must be trippin cause I thought I was livin in hell  
Capitalism is like a spider, the web is getting tighter  
I'm struggling like a fighter, just to bust loose  
It's like a noose asyphyxiation sets in  
Just when I think I'm free it seems to me the spider  
steps in  
This web is made of money made of greed made of  
me  
Of what I have become in a parasite economy

### Verse Two: E Roc

In the winter there's a splinter with the smell of the rain  
And the scent of the street, but all I smell is the pain  
Of a brotha who's a hustler and he's stuck to the grind

Of a sista who's a hooker gotta sell her behind  
Desperation makes her brotha get a little more bold  
The circumstance gets deeper when it's damp and it's cold  
So I spend my time thinking bout the ultimate gank  
Can I get my Coup together pull a move on the bank?  
I be the picture perfect hustler for the piece of the pie  
But my daddy always taught me just to reach for the sky  
Now my dream and aspirations go from single to hoe  
As I realize there's a million motherfuckers in the cold  
No need to be told, cause when you got a million po' people  
Gettin ganked, by a few that are rich and evil  
But it's illegal, to wonder how they livin fat  
(One two three) everybody get a gat

### Verse Three: Boots

Ahhhhhh yeah!  
Niggaz, thugs, dope dealers and pimps  
Basketball players, rap stars, and simps  
That's what little black boys... are made of  
Sluts, hoes, and press the naps around your beck  
Broads pop that coochie, bitches stay in check  
That's what little black girls... are made of  
But if we're made of that who made us  
And what can we do to change us  
The oppressor tries to tame us  
Here's a FOOT for his anus!  
Well since the days when I was shittin in diapers  
It was evident the President didn't like us  
Assassination attempts I'd root for the snipers  
My teacher told me that I didn't know what right was  
Well she was wrong cause I knew what a right was  
And a left and an uppercut, too  
I had a hunch a sucker punch is what my people got  
That's why I was constantly red, black, and blue

### Outro: E Roc, Boots

[E] Boots, Boots, Boots, you wanna throw some shots out?  
[B] Ay man I ain't done with my lyrics yet, that's not cool  
[E] Ay, but ain't this a freestyle?  
[B] Naw, this is not yet freestyle cause we not yet free  
[E] Hey we gonna throw some shots out anyway  
\*guns are cocked\*  
[B] Awright fuckit, who y'all wanna throw some shots out to?

[E] Uhh whassup with that uhh Bill Clinton and Al Gore?

[B] Aight, they the new masters up in the White House and everything

Let's throw some shots out

[E] Yeah

\*blam, blam blam\*

[B] Awright, what about Bush? He on the way out and everything

but I think we need a goodbye for his ass

\*gun cocked\*

[E] Uh-huh

\*blam\*

[E] See-ya!

[B] Awright, what about Ross Perot and the good ol boys?

\*guns cocked\*

[E] The who?

[B] You know who they are, awright

\*blam blam, blam\*

[B] Ay what about Pete Wilson? (Whassup) That Pete Wilson motherfucker

[E] Yeah whassup wit him?

[B] Awright

\*blam\*

[E] Got him!

[B] Awright, ay, the L.A.P.D., \*guns cocking repeatedly throughout\*

The O.P.D., The Richmond P.D., Detroit P.D., ay

[E] Ay fuck it, fuck it, the whole, the whole motherfuckin P.D.

[B] Awright, load up

[E] Yeah, here's a loaded club for yo' ass

\*semi-automatic\*

[B] Awright, cool -- ay, what about these skinheads?

Ay check it out

[E] I can't stand dem fools

[B] Awright awright, load it up, load it up, awright, cool

\*semi-automatic\*

[E] Yeah, got em!

[B] Ay, what about these sellout motherfuckers!

[E] Who? \*gun cocks\*

[B] You know these sellout motherfuckers -- Ellay DuHarris

[E] Who else? \*gun cocks\*

[B] Tom Bradley

[E] Who else? \*gun cocks\*

[B] David Dinkins, ay, line em up

[E] Yeah be true to the game

\*blam blam blam blam\*

[B] Ay, we outta ammo, what we gon do?

[E] Let's get the fuck up outta here

[B] Aight cool, we out

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