

Coup "Swervin"

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Now another FBI monitor with no feedback
See me on the street, ask me where the weed at
Or the coke "I don't sell!", I yell, they don't believe that
Set me up for running, breathin' like a sleestak
Run into a car and almost bent my knee back
'S better than the sale where my lawyers fee stack
Run into a liquor store they ask what you do
Wearin' boo boo I'm with my man M'duku
The fact don't come through
I said merci beaucoup
If they ask you was I runnin', tell them bastards I flew
Made it to the hood, palace to catch a few flicks
Police did a raid, terrorizin' crew shit
Bustin' dope eatin' mommas while they makin' cool
whip
Face down, gettin' dirt on my back to school fit
My neighbor next to me got black and blue lips
When the fuse lit, you goin' see the view flip
Kick our boot up they ass, ask 'em if the shoe fit
'til then they wanna see us pushing up tu-lips
Press my nuts so much, shit, I think I'm sterile

Got up, brush the gravel off my appeal
This girl Sheryl got parole violation
Said she was high 'cause of pupil dilation
If you never been to jail, now, since infinity
You'll get searched livin' in this vicinity
Or harassed, beat the shit, I mean the living daylight
Wouldn't be no dope slangin' if McDonald's paid right
The ruling class ships dope to you and me
And don't get arrested; is this lunacy?
Or is it pimplomatic immunity?
Is it a war on drugs, or just my community?
Now who gets paper and who gets perved
Who gets slapped and who gets served
This type a shit get on my last nerve
I think about in the car and it starts to swerve
Who gets paper and who gets perved
Who gets slapped and who gets served
This type a shit get on my last nerve
I think about in the car and it starts to swerve
I got a communist plot to get the federalies out
So many cops'd run in flock it's been away, Tupac
You got a flake and two rocks, and two Gs in the
shoebox
'Cause was it after two knocks, you hurdled fences in
your socks
This is full a junta, keep it caliente
Let's send the presidente on a one-way trip to Kaiser

Permanente

Not a teacher, but a sensei

These rhymes are for battle, plus you gotta get the rent
paid

I bust a donut up in front of Winchell's, make this police
state officials

Cause they talk differential

Now it's essential

These rhymes ain't provincial

Coroners call our bodies white chalk stencils

Broke as fuck eatin' lentils with no utensil

That type a shit motivated my pencil

It ain't mental, it's material

Police are the fists of the imperial

I'm spittin' through your stereo

Babies need cereal

Folks need currency

My job got a crowd wavin' applications fervently

Some'd get accepted, most'd get rejected

Guess they goin' have to hustle 'til the new prison get
erected

And now they sully unemployment street

They be microchips for two dollars a week

And they'll be packin' us in there in droves and fleets

And channel two goin' call it cleanin' up the street

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