Coup
"The Coup"

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B: Hello
D: Yes, I would like to speak to Boots from the rap
group The Coop.
B: It's The Coup, and this is Boots. Speak
D: Well my name is Dick Doolittle and I'm a reporter
from Grime magazine
And we would like to comment on the tragic riots--
B: Not a riot, it's a rebellion
D: Well the tragic rebellion?
B: Man, tragic for who?
D: Well there's havoc in the streets, the police have lost
control over the
People, criminals are running free from jail, and people
are actually
Taking property from big businesses, it's full of
complete chaos
B: That's not chaos, that's progress
D: Mm-hmm, OK, is that your comment?
B: No, this is it
[Boots]
Check it out, it's the motherfucking C-O-U
To the P now you're fucking with the real dudes
Who will meet you with a fleet of brothers in the street
Getting drunk off liberation fuck the Hennessey
Cause you calmly kept us down for far too long
Now you're going up in smoke like Cheech and Chong
And the song "I Ain't the Nigga" is the Constitution
Niggers die but Africans make revolution
So what happens when a people do not get their dues
Well it's tried there's a riot so flip on the news
And let's go reach the 98th here in Oaktown
But let's just say for story's sake that it's in your town
A hundred brothers taking factories, Warren's law is
gutters
And now they're handing out free chicken and free
peanut butter
Free food to the people, how it should be
But now let's go a few blocks over to 7-3
Channel 2 says at the mall twelve cops got shot
Cause there's eight hundred sisters taking over
Eastmont
With nines and AK's doing the right think like Spike Lee

And now their babies got free Pampers and free Nikes
Up at the schoolhouse they said motherfuck a hall pass
Until you teach the truth, check it we ain't going to class
You're teaching lies, we got wise, now we realize
There's no end to this road, you disguised the prize
So peep game for real mental penetration
Our education's liberation

Things ain't gon' never be the same x2

At 6-9 there's a rally and it's swinging
Through the crowd with a thousand voices singing
Once upon a time in the projects, yo
Motherfuckers took over, and now we running the show
We don't give a damn about section eight though
For what we really need we're gonna have to take mo'
The same thing was heard in the A courts
In Kendall Village, across the bay in Fillmore
And in the hills where all the rich folks live
They're in shock we're not failing to vote and build
Instead of brothers on stage singing "Do me"
A black man has a gauge singing "Do this, see?"
All of a sudden everybody is out of jail
But it's funny cause no one is out on bail
And somebody shoved some police against the wall
I guess today they should've worn their clean drawers
Cause an ambulance came, that's the reality
There's now a new meaning to police brutality

All we need is satisfaction
We don't want just a fraction
And we've come to
A conclusion
Revolution is the solution

Check it
Now the uzi's that were once used to kill each other
Are now used to serve and protect the brothers
And the sisters cause they're packing .45's and nines
We're down for revolution not just down for their
behinds
Cause the word is heard across the bay and in L.A.
In New York, NY, Chicago, and Atlanta, G-A
We gives a fuck if you've got money and the millions
Cause motherfucker we've got posse in the billions
So break yourself Bush, it's collection day
Break yourself Trump, it's collection day
Break yourself DuPont, it's collection day
You stole the shit from my great granddaddy anyway
The liquor stores around, but they're not selling beer or
ale

Motherfuckers selling Molotov cocktails
To the crew, so light up a brew
And this is what is meant by a god damned coup

DJ O on the cut y'all

Ah yes, K-Mack's on the strings y'all