

Coup

"U. C. P. A. S."

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[Boots]

We don't make no damn Mickey Mouse music!

* Pam the Funkstress cuts "I shot the sherriff" *

F.T.S. with The Coup, whatchu wanna do?

F.T.S., Coup

Chorus: Boots, Clap, Vexx (repeat 2X)

Undas, Cops, Pigs and Shit

They be gettin on my nerves I'm bout to have a fit

I need land, a place where no money is spent

I'll kick back, and live life immaculate (you say)

[Vexx]

Exchange data, no contact, no matta

Eternally, you'll find, information to be, God sent

The soul, my body's bein spent like some dope shit

All the way from across the Atlantic Ocean

See I can't help but talk about the way my people been
raped

Right about now, I'm bout to set some shit straight

To all you late bloomers and early consumers, ignore
the rumors

Who has the made the whole nation backslide, to
homicide

Almost and damn near, genocide

We all need to check our soul inside

Have you ever seen a human body landslide?

How bout some tanks doin a driveby

Or a bomber droppin napalm from way high?

We long live, but sometimes we got ta die

The whole world's about to bow man, that ain't no lie

You betta find yo'self befo' yo'self takes all your time

[Boots]

One mo' gen now

Chorus

[Clap]

Bump you.. it got to be.. hot to me..
A cop to me.. could burn in hell
We re-bel.. we don't swell like the pressure
Tester.. even leave the best of shakin and
Shivering.. WHOOO.. icy cold.. delivery
Deliberately slippery when wet
You moist yet? You check out
The hop-hippin.. it got you flippin while it's slippin
The hippity hop, hit you, cause it get you
So god damn krunk, bang that wild shit; read:
God damn bump, ransom stylist, thick
Rich like 69 dollar shit
Crazy like the Spice Girls, finger lickin, kickin
Sa-vory, fla-vory expedition mission
Free the land Africa, Africa listen..
Listen..

[Boots]

Hah.. bring it back now

Chorus

[Boots]

Can you feel it? I can feel it

..

Now if this party was a class I'd be a teacher
It's F.T.S. and The Coup, a double feature
Now if this party was a car I'd be the driver
I'm rappin third, the mic is smellin like saliva
The emperor, that motherfucker's .. ass naked
We'll take you higher than when you had yo' last dank
hit
It's not surprisin that when folks start to uprisin
There's police on the horizon, they been there all along
They just good at they disguisin, the po-po's supposed
to keep
The peace they gotta make the bosses money increase
You never seen the police break up a strike
By hittin the BOSS with his baton pipe
And you ain't never gon' see one
But when we take over it's gon' be poppin like Re-Run,
huh
Boots from The Coup, lightin the dark like a toker
Much love to my folkers, all aces and jokers

Chorus

F.T.S., The Coup

A-hah

