

## The Coral

### "Tell Me Who Profits"

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A-Plus:

Hmmmmm

I could give a damn about you and your crew  
everybody's frontin'  
aint nobody bein' true to  
the things they say  
they say...

Tajai:

Man, I understand,

A-Plus: And,

Phesto:

I got a plan for improvement. . .

A-Plus:

But you gets the finger  
and I bring a  
attitude with me  
cause brothas that I know be acting shifty  
let me be me  
and I'll let you be you  
but why talk about me if it's not me that you're talkin' to  
lets make it clear  
you do not know, me  
so skip 'How ya livin', 'How ya feel, bro G'  
to me that's phony  
asking if my shit's dropping  
the kids stop when  
they start to get they lips popped, and  
they say I forgot 'em  
but I aint seen 'em in four years,

Tajai:

You always had my number,

A-Plus: So step with your poor tears  
and what about,

Opio: Plus is my man!

A0Plus: You need to stop it  
screw the doers  
of rumors  
cause you nerds never profit.

[CHORUS:]

"Tell me who profits? You got beat, cause you like to  
gossip."

Phesto:

In school I never used to raise my hand in class  
I always knew the teacher's hand  
a passing grade to me  
in the back, relax  
cause they wasn't kickin' facts  
in facts  
I never learned nuttin',

Opio:

I can fool with the school system  
they take facts and twist 'em  
into knots, right up the block's  
a spot  
to get a 40  
around the corner get craps,

Phesto:

Perhaps these is traps  
to keep us tapped  
saps, can buy gats  
with flat-tipped bullet caps  
in the locker room with no hassle  
and assholes sell cracks in sacks  
to class-foes & friends  
cause the mass goes with the trend.

Opio:

My friend  
the niggas makin' ends is livin' illegal  
that's the way to go  
I'm out to get dough.

Phesto:

Dough?

The education, to get you further  
than murder and drugs with thugs  
you're better off being a nerd.

Opio:

That's absurd  
life don't mean nuthin' without phat pockets  
that's the only way to get paid  
you tell me who profits.

[CHORUS:]

"O&P: Tell me who profits?  
O: I'll have G's,  
P: But you'll get shot, kid (dick)!"

Tajai:

Huh!  
ya gotta wonder  
why niggas plunder, kill  
have ya torn a sunder  
cuz I'ma build  
and fill  
a glass pipe full of crack  
and black men's pockets be phat  
a little  
lets whittle the way to the core now  
ya packin' a Glock  
mackin' the block  
fight with the cops  
well, who ya takin' the risk for?  
A kingpin swingin'  
with the president  
greasin' 'em up & givin' 'em papes  
for drugs in the States  
have ya dodgin' niggas and caps  
he's with George & Clarence  
digging golf balls out of sand traps  
he's never seen Frisco or Oakland  
he got a glimpse of New York  
when he went to see the opera ("ahhhhhh!"  
He's seventy-six, getting senile  
if we live past 2-4 we're due for a stay in the penile  
so see now, we polish our Berettas  
but there's no boats or caine fields nowhere in the  
ghetto  
Yo...

[CHORUS:]

"Tajai: Tell me who profits?  
DC got schemes, and we aint got spit...damn."

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