

The Coup

"20,000 Gun Salute"

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Whoa, uh he heh, he heh, uh he heh
That kicked ass
Yeah, yeah, heh, yeah
That was fly, that was fly

20,000 gun salute, get rowdy like you got a substitute
This slug's for Newt, shut your mouth, don't pollute
Army of down motherfuckers, shit we tryin' to recruit

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See now we're talkin' systematic, mack mechanics,
decomposin'
Chosen, representatives from the hoe's been known
To act wit pimp theatrics, a tactic necessary
In fact they wanna have us buyin' from the commissary

This commentary's for my folks under involuntary
servitude
'Cause bosses don't be servin' you your monetary
Pervin' you like rum 'n' dairy pulsing through your
capillaries
Some inherit green, the rest just get our folks to bury

I'm abolitionary, wishin' the judiciary
Say this year for merry merry, free the penitentiary
Peoples gon' rumble as long as stomachs grumble
And crack pipes tumble over asphalt that's crumbled

Hundreds come in bundles and, hop is mixed with
funnels
'Cause babies wit shoes too small gon' stumble
This composition is sedition, opposition to the rulin'
class
Wishin' they could detonate us hooked to the ignition

Keep my slacks creased to punch the clock for the
beast
As my rent don't cease, his pockets get obese
Can't have inner peace without havin' a piece

When the stepped on step up, we let the dragon
release

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Disaster, the filthy rich bastards wanna milk yo' ass
Faster, ask fuh, no salvation comin' from the damn
pastor
Old ladies play canasta, under roofs of cracker plaster
Little kids dive in the trash for discarded Dutchmasters

Dead potnahs on mural walls
Homeless kids takin' baths up in gas station urinals
Shit the system can't cure it all
If everybody had a job then stock value's sure to fall

Hundred million neck slashes, so these fascists
Can make sho' that they check cashes, let's get
massive
Wage struggle as direct classes, on just how we gonna
Overthrow they bitch asses, give whiplashes

From the force as we make it tight, and ignite
The flames of takin' over daily life, make it a right
To have food, threads and homestead
And Pac Bell won't ever cut your phone dead, we own it

But these business that love payin' minimum wage
Ain't gon' let you take they shit unless you showin' the
gauge
And if you do it by yourself they gon' put you in a cage
If you in a rage, please meet me on the same page,
with a

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