

## The Coup "Busterismology"

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I'm risin' like the vapors from the dank  
Fuck the mirror in my pocket, had to break it for a  
shank  
What you thank? Walk the plank  
Is my motherfuckin' attitude

Right hand on the wheel, elbow out the window, leanin'  
To the latitude, actin' rude can get you blown up, to'n  
up  
But these teeny-boppers ain't gon' live to be a grown up  
My motherfucker done got hisself into a spot  
I got this nine but it jam on every fifth shot

If we gon' do this, we could this but I'm trippin' off  
The factor that these bastards put me through this  
Nuttin' ass tricks, gangin' up on my homie  
Now I gots to do some shit to leave yo' kids lonely

The level of my life should be higher  
Told E-Roc to jump in and get up out the line of fire  
Made a three point turn as the three joints burned  
Off they lips, actin' hard wit they face held firm

Calmly stated my acquaintance was no punk  
You got a gat, I got a gat, now is you requestin' funk?  
They said no, E-Roc yelled, ?Trick?  
When we start the revolution, all they probably do is  
snitch

When we start the revolution, all they probably do is  
snitch  
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I used to work at Mickey D's  
And to my old buster-ass manager, Licky Deez  
Had me workin' on hands and knees, scrubbin' grease  
And in the summer with the oven on, it's hundred-ten  
degrees

I would despise flippin' fries  
I guess his bitch-ass thought he was the shit  
With his little red and gold tie  
I asked him why I couldn't get mo' hours  
He said it must be 'cause I lacked the mental powers

If I was smart then I would be in his position  
I left his nose in a busted up condition  
Only came back for my last check to pay me off  
He told me then that he wasn't gonna lay me off

Said I should quit and it would be to my enjoyment  
I fell for it and couldn't get my unemployment  
To all the managers on all the shifts  
When we start this revolution, all y'all probably do is  
snitch

When we start the revolution, all they probably do is  
snitch  
When we start the revolution, all they probably do is  
snitch  
When we start the revolution, all they probably do is  
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snitch

Now hella my folks got respect for you, killa  
With a raised black fist and a pocket full of scrilla  
Cap peelers want your autograph, say you know the  
path  
But I do the math, my game bursts like a bubble in the  
bath

Punk asses like you is just here for confusion  
Be abusin' rhetoric and it's slightly amusin'  
You be cruisin' all the networks, Ebony and Jet works  
'Long witcha efforts, now what's yo' net worth?

If you ain't talkin 'bout endin' exploitation

Then you just another Sambo in syndication  
Always sayin' words that's gon' bring about elation  
Never doin' shit' that's gon' bring us vindication

And while we gettin' strangled by the slave-wage  
grippers  
You wanna do the same and say we should put you in  
business?  
So you'll be next to the rulin' class lyin' in a ditch  
'Cause when we start this revolution, all you probably  
do is snitch  
(Snitch, snitch, snitch, snitch)

When we start the revolution, all they probably do is  
snitch  
When we start the revolution, all they probably do is  
snitch  
When we start the revolution, all they probably do is  
snitch

When we start the revolution, all they probably do is  
snitch  
When we start the revolution, all they probably do is  
snitch  
When we start the revolution, all they probably do is  
snitch

Busterismology, we don't want it, no sir  
Come and take a look, come and take a look a little  
closer  
Busterismology, it dangerous like cancer  
Busterismology, it only fi bustas  
Busterismology, it only fi bustas

Ye, ye, yeah, ye, ye, ye, yeah, this is the Pam the  
Funkstress  
Comin' at you on the microphone like this  
About to break it down and let you know  
What busterismology is all about  
A buster is a motherfucker who will sell you out

For a glass of water when it's rainin', busterism is what  
busters do  
And last but not least, busterismology is the study of all  
these motherfuckers  
To learn if you do not know, now you know what  
busterismology is all about

Nine-eight  
(Nine-eight)  
The Coup

(The Coup)

Boots

(Boots)

And me Pam the Funkstress

(Pam the Funkstress)

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