

## The Coup "Drug Warz"

Visit "[Drug Warz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

\* Pam the Funkstress scratches the phrase  
"We wanna get it on - cause we don't get along" \*

[Boots]

Now the FBI monitors with no feedback  
Saw me on the street, ask me where the weed at  
or the coke I don't sell and yet I don't believe that  
Set me up I'm runnin breathin like a Sleestak  
Ran into a car and almost bent my knee back  
It's better than a cell while my lawyer's fee stack  
Ducked into a liquor store they ask what you do  
Wearin FUBU it was my man N'Duku  
The bat and tote go through, I said, "Merci beaucoup  
If they ask who was I runnin tell the bastards I flew"  
Maybe to my block, plans to catch a few flicks  
Police did a sweep, terrorizin grue shit  
Bustin doors, beatin mammas while makin Cool Whip  
Face down, gettin dirt on my back to school fit  
My neighbor that was next to me got black and blue lips  
When the fuse lit, you don't see the few flip  
Kick our boot up they ass and ask em if the shoe fit  
Til then, they wanna see us pushin up tu-lips  
Frisk my nuts so much, shit I think I'm sterile  
Got up, brushed the gravel off my apparel  
This girl Cheryl got parole violation  
Said she was high cause of pupil dilation  
If you never got arrested now since infinity  
You get searched livin in this vicinity  
or harassed, beat the shit out - I mean, the livin  
daylights  
Wouldn't be no dope slangin if McDonald's paid right  
They target areas of black, Chinese and Mexican  
Mow you down men, or they'll find your next of kin  
Whites sell more cocaine and amphetamines  
but the justice sentence us, more than like to credit  
dem  
The ruling class shifts dope to you and me  
And don't get arrested, this is lunacy  
or is it pimp low magic in unity  
Is it a war on drugs, or just my community?  
  
Now who gets paper and who gets perved?

Who gets slapped and who gets served?  
Now this type of shit get on my last nerve  
I think about it in the car and I start to swerve  
Who gets paper and who gets perved?  
Who gets slapped and who gets served?  
Now this type of shit get on my last nerve  
I think about it in the car and I start to swerve

I got a commonest plot to get the federales hot  
So many cops around the block ?? Tupac  
You gotta flake and two rocks, and tissues in the  
shoebox  
Convincin after two knocks, who heard of fences in  
your socks?  
Now this is for la gente, keep it calliente  
Let's send the presidente on a one way trip to casa  
permanente  
Not a teacher but a sensei  
These rhymes are for battle plus you gotta get the rent  
paid  
I bust the donut up in front of Wenchel's  
Makin police state officials with fat bones  
that's made of gristle test they torque to differential  
Now it's essential, our problems ain't provincial  
'fore a nurse call our bodies white chalk stencils  
Broke as fuck, eatin lentils with no utensils  
That type of struggle motivated my pencil  
It ain't mental it's material  
Police are the fist of the imperial, I'm spittin through  
your stereo  
Babies need cereal, folks need currency  
My job got a crowd wavin applications fervently  
Some'll get accepted, most'll get rejected  
Guess they gon' til the new prison get elected  
and that'll solve they unemployment streak  
They'll be makin microchips for two dollars a week  
That's why they packin us in there in droves and fleets  
And Channel Two gon' call it cleanin up the streets

Now who gets paper and who gets perved?  
Who gets slapped and who gets served?  
Now this type of shit get on my last nerve  
I think about it in the car and I start to swerve  
Who gets paper and who gets perved?  
Who gets slapped and who gets served?  
Now this type of shit get on my last nerve  
I think about it in the car and I start to swerve

Visit [The Coup](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

