

## **The Coup**

### **"Fat Cats, Bigga Fish"**

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Well now haha what have we here?

chorus

c-c-c-come with it

get down get down get down 2ce

repeat

It's almost ten o'clock see i got a ball of lifted property  
so i slid my beanie hat on sloppily  
and promenade out to take up a collection  
i got game like i read the directions  
i 'm wishing that i had an automobile  
as i feel the cold wind rush past  
but let me state that i am a hustler for real  
so you know i got the stolen bus pass  
just as the bus pulls up and i step to the rear  
this ole lady look like she drank a forty of fear  
i see my ole school partner said his brother got popped  
pay my respects  
can you ring the bell we came to my stop  
the street light reflects off the piss on the ground  
which reflects off the hamburger sign as it turns round  
which reflects off the chrome of the bmw  
which reflects off the fact that i am broke  
now what the fuck is new  
i need loot i sweat the motherfucka  
in the tweed suit  
and i'm on his ass quicker than a kick from a grease  
boot  
eased up slow and discreet  
could tell he was suspicious by the way he slid his feet  
didn't wanna fuck up the come on  
so i smiled with my eyes said hey how it's hanging guy  
bumped into his shoulders but he passed with no  
reaction  
damn this motherfucka had a hella of andrew jacksons  
i'm a thief or pickpocket give a fuck what you call it  
used to call em fat cats.  
i just call them wallets getting federal aint just a klepto  
master card or visa i'd gladly accept those  
sneaky motherfucka with a scam know how to pull it  
got a mirror in my pocket but that wont stop no bullets

story just begun but you already know  
aint no need to get down shit i'm already low  
chorus

My footsteps echo in the darkness  
my teeth clenched tight like a fist in the cold sharp mist  
i look down and i hear my somach growling  
step to burger king to attack it like a shaolin  
i never pay for shit that i can get by doing dirt  
link up to the girl cashier and start to flirt  
all up in her face and her breath was like murder  
damn the shit i do for a free hamburger  
(girl )"well you got my number you gonna call me  
tonite"

it depends is them burgers attached to a price  
"sorry sorry"

im just kidding i'ma call you write you love letters  
"it's all good"

thanks for the burgers emm hook me up with a dr  
pepper.

(girl)thats cool you want some ice  
yeah and some fries will be hella nice

(girl) damn my managers coming play it off okay have  
a nice day

im up outta here anyway

i use peoples before they use me  
cos you could get got by an uzi over an oz  
thats what an og told me

gots to find someplace warm and cozy to eat the vittles  
that i just got

came to an underground parking lot  
this place is good as any fuck its all good  
walked in found a car hopped itself up on a hood  
ate my burger threw back my cola  
somebody said hey it was a rented pig i thought it was  
a roller

"want me to call the cops?"

i dont want them to see me

looked down and saw that i was sitting on a  
lamborghini

it was rollses ferraris and jags by the dozen  
a building door opened  
damn it was my cousin

getting offa work dressed up no lie  
tux cummerband and a blackbow tie

i was like hey

"who is it"

me

"oh whats up man i just quit this company  
they hella racist and the pay was too low "

i said arite what was up in there though

"a party with rich motherfuckas i dont know the

situation

i know they got cabbage owning corporations  
ibm chryslers and shit is what they seeing"  
just then a light bulb went off in my head  
they be thinking all black folks is resembling  
gimme your tux and i'll do some pocket swindling  
fit the change in the bathroom and i freeze off my nuts  
lets take a short break  
while i get into this tux  
grunt zipp  
alright i'm ready

chorus

Fresh dressed like a million bucks  
i be the flyiest muthafucka in an afro and a tux  
my arm is at a right angle up silver tray in my hand  
may i interest you in some caviar mam  
my eyes shoots round the room there and here  
noticing the diamonds in the chandelier  
background barry manilow copacobana  
and a strong ass scent of stoagies from havana  
what no place where a brother might be  
snobby ole ladies drinking champagne with rich white  
men

allrite then lets begin this  
nights like this is good for business  
five minutes in the mix noticed several diffrent cliques  
talking giggling and shit  
well one mother fucka gave me twits  
and everbody else jacking it throttling  
found out later you know coca cola bottling  
talking to a black man who he's confused  
we looking hella bourgie  
ass all tight and seditty  
recognized him as the mayor of my city  
who treats young black man like frank nitty  
mr coke said to mr mayor "you know we got a process  
like ice t's hair  
we put up the fund for your election campaign  
and oh um waiter can you bring the champagne"  
a real estate fronts as opportunities arousing  
to make some condos out of low income housing  
immediatly we need some media heat  
to say that gangs run the street and then we bring in  
the police fleet  
harrasing me everbody till they look inebriated  
when we bought the land motherfuckas will appreciate  
it  
dont worry about the urban league or jesse jackson  
my man that owns marlboros  
donated a fat sum  
thats when i step back some to contemplate what few

know  
sat down wrestle with my thoughts like a sumo  
aint no one player that could beat this lunacy  
aint no hustler on the street could do a whole  
community  
this is how deep shit can get  
it reads macaroni on my birth certificate  
poontang is my middle name but i cant hang  
i'm getting hustled  
only knowing half the game  
shit how the fuck do i get out of this place.

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