

# The Coup "Get Up"

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Dead Prez, The Coup  
People Army, where the G's at?  
C'mon, fuck the police  
Ay, y'all ready for this shit for y'all trunk?  
Y'all ready to get this bitch crunk?

You got to get up right now  
Turn the system upside down  
You're 'sposed to be fed up right now  
Turn the system upside down  
Get up

Honestly, I'm against this government  
I ain't gotta cover it up, that's what I meant  
Sick of payin' bills and I'm sick of payin' rent  
Seem like I work all the time, but, don't know where the  
money went

And the funny shit is we supposed to like this shit  
But all y'all politicians can bite this dick  
It's a war goin' on, the ghetto is a cage  
They only give you two choices be a rebel or a slave

(So what you do?)  
So, I rebel like a ulcer in the belly of the beast  
Stayin' true to it, since my home street days in the blue  
Buick  
Niggas been fightin' so long seem like I'm used to it

Now, what y'all know 'bout how The Coup do it?  
Truth fluid, boots put the funk to it, ain't nothin' to it  
This is for the G's all the way to the bay  
For 'Frisco to Oakland all over L.A., ya gotta get up

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Now uhh, this fella, spits yella, never been a snitch  
teller

One pace up from my homies ditch dweller  
Yellin', "Fuck 'em Rocafella", my shit bump in acapella  
My lyrical quotes are nervous notes to bank tellers

When we call it off, we haulin' off, Molotov's and bricks  
Mr. Bailiff you could put that in the transcripts  
Hope your motherfucking petty workin' band flips  
Some saw it off, I prefer hand-grips

Quote us, you know we're stronger than a 3 day no tice  
Pay a quit, it's more of us than lies your mayor spit  
I'm on some, "Ma hate the game but love the player",  
shit  
Is you a, "Have" or you a, "Have not"?

When you run out of bullets grab rocks  
'Cuz the prison don't slam locks  
It don't open when your fam knocks  
'Less you rich and have stocks

Fight the power like a motherfucking Zulu  
It's The Coup plus Kanume and Mutulu  
So, raise your hands in the air like your born again  
But make a fist for the struggle we was born to win

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When I hear the woop-woop, I be duckin' them hoes  
I can smell a pig comin', so, I stay on my toes  
On the low from po-po, so fuck the ho lice  
'Cuz peace to me is loaded under my seat

And I know power respect that so, 'Serve and Protect',  
that  
I'm young, black, and just don't give a fuck try me  
Grillin' you right back, you better drive by me  
We the People Army is known to get rowdy

And even if you a friend of the blue  
You can get it too, snitchin' is never forgettable  
This hell we livin' is never forgivable  
It come down to DP and The Coup

Remember Huey, Bobby Hutton, George, Fred and  
them  
Fuck the po-po, local, state, fed and them  
You better choose your side, Crip Blood 415

It's one team, get up and let's ride

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