

The Coup

"Ghetto Manifesto"

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[Unverified]

I write my lyrics on parking tickets and summons to the court
I scribbled this on an application for county support
I practice this like a sport, met Donald Trump and he froze up
Standing on his Bentley yelling, "Pimps down, hoes up"

Some tryin' to front off break her ass a clump off
We gon' stop the world and make y'all motherfuckers jump off
This is my resume slash resignation
A ransom note with proposed legislation

A fevered ultimatum you should take it verbatim
'Cause I got two bangin' pieces and you don't wanna date em'
Flyin' kites for my folks at home who takin' tokes alone
We payin' rent on shit they ain't even spoused to own

Narratin' through my verse, agitatin' when ya curse
It's a million motherfuckers just waitin' on the first
Anticipatin' on the worst, wanna weightin' up ya purse
Shook the jobby job down at noon and don't disperse

They wouldn't pay ya ass as far as they can throw you
They think you punkin' but they don't know you
Dissin' turf operata, play with twelve shot birettas
Buy the Burger King workers and we slappin' on ya lettuce

Wrote that in the back of those apartments
A coupon from agricultural departments
When we put down the X-O, we can let the threats go
And start shit, it's the ghetto manifesto

That's what I'm talking about
Make me scream and shout
East, West, North, and South
Gonna turn this party out
Hey, hey

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Call me bird 'cause of my legs but my ass don't sing
Got a house arrest anklet but it don't bling bling
The homie with a cell but that shit don't ring
But at lights out bars clang and souls get stang

Now it's the hustlin' sound, trick where they muscle
around blacks
Make ya thoughts heavy, drop a joint and make the
ground crack
Even renowned historians have found that
The people only bounce back when they pound back

So I take out a spray can and paste the pavement
Defacin' gravements of a sufferin' nation
The files are flagrant and that's the fragrance
I overheard them askin' vagrancy for patients

So check the liner notes, I steal my finer quotes
For d-boys tryin' to flow them Gucci's and designer
boats
And party liner jokes and all kinds of folks who all kind
of broke
But bought twenties cause they feel like a lot of smoke

The trees we got lifted by made our feet dangle
So when I say burn one I mean the Star-Spangled
Let's all get high from the income angle
Bump this at the party even if it ain't the single

Here's a slum serenade, on razor blades and grenades
By nannies and maids who be polishin' the suede
You could let the seas blow but let's make the sets
grow
Into brigades with the ghetto manifesto

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