

The Coup "Gunsmoke"

Visit "[Gunsmoke](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

come on let's go
put this under your belt

Chorus
Smell the gunsmoke
repeat

I be having homicide running through my mind
Don't know what's up with me
Shit fuck with me all the time
Eating at my spine
Motherfucka in my prime
How you gonna get yours
when you're too busy getting mine
Now look is this murderous criminal
coming through
if you think it's eroc then the subliminals
is working on you
there's thirty million of us buried in the fucking sludge
cant come straight from fudge
I got a bloody grudge
Dead bodies lying all around me
but the real murderers aint never got no bounty
count it coroners as we sitting as statistics
with this ass if you think this
blast is coming from my residential district
There's something that I think you should know
its the motherfucking Coup we from the eastside O
peep my flow creep by slow
see all my folks is broke
survival for the cautious and the low
get a whiff of my gunsmoke

chorus
Im getting white hairs
from the nightmares everynight
cos somebody's got a contract
on my life
im in a gang that's in an all out war
they jump me in when
they knife my umbilical cord
so it begins with a slap on the ass

now you in in the workin class, trick
you here so fast we already made your casket
while its got one buck
so the phrase gunshot
gets hella tide
cant take the only motherfuckas getting fried
skeletons deep down in the ocean
cos them slave ships had that three stop motion
coasting down fulton on the mississippi river
burning crosses and
motherfuckas saying die nigga die nigga
it all started when we start producing scratch
some of my homies got no legs attached
without no food up in the fridge
you aint go never have peace
cos with a trigger
you can finger fuck without no grease
chorus

Off to the war
repeat
I say fuck the whole judge and the jury
my mind got delirous
my eyes got blurry
had my uncle strapped to the chair
hands oxtied
breathing in gas
breathing out carbon monoxide
whole systems stacked like a loaded bowel
cos aint no billionaires on the murder trial
make the ghetto concentration camps every mile
so march your ass through the gas chambers single
file
whos the biggest problem that they show on the tv?
my peoples die of starvation and TB
see me with an angry face and a beanie
cos my relationship with uncle sam is steamy
its what ive been through
im like sinecue
what i got you got to get it put it in you
the ruling class was cut throat since we fresh off the
boat
show em we aint no joke
let them choke off the gunsmoke

chorus

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