

The Coup

"I Know You"

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E, look man look
Yeah, wassup man?
It's that cop man
The one that sent my potna to the hospital

Hey pull over, come on
Coup, let's with this ham hock motherfucker
There we go
Hey pig, yeah, remember me?

I know you motherfucker, know where you live
You're the cop that knocked in my partner Greg
Wiggins' ribs
And it wasn't in a trip 'cause he's not a dealer or a pimp
But now he walks with a permanent limp

And pig, you make my gut crimp 'cause my whole
family got knocked
Walcy Hawkins and her son's up in double-rock
And it don't stop to the funky beat
Till my people get together and kick you pigs off the
street

I grit my teeth, why can't I be like Rodney with a
camcorder?
Seems we need one every time you get a court order
Or pull me over in order to check identification
I'm in the back of your car with a bruise or laceration

You're in the hood and it's one more disaster
We know you're here to protect and serve the master
Next time you roll through push the gas a little faster
I'll turn your blue suit purple, bastard 'cause

I know you motherfucker
(Everywhere I turn)
I know you motherfucker
(Everywhere I turn)
I know you motherfucker
(Everywhere I turn I'm assuming the position)

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I know you motherfucker, footprints in my door
On my back, on my head, through my house and once
more
You called my mother a hoe, you threw my brother in a
headlock
You did this to about six thousands on the block

Say you try to stop the rock so it makes me perspire
But you work with a supplier
So I inquire what's your role in my elimination?
Ain't got a choir so it sure ain't one of salvation

But if I sung you a song it'd be of damnation
'Cause all they do is let me sing in this damn nation
Hey hey hey, hey hey hey, how many kids have you
killed today?
Pig, now I realize our relation
Your occupation is to keep me in occupation

How many brothers have you left in a cast?
How many graves have you made in the past?
Useless, not my task to even ask
But you'd better cease before I put a cap in your ass
'Cause I know you

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Now let me tell y'all this little little story
This little piggy once came to Oak town
See, 'cause this little piggy had a gun
This little piggy's gun was smoking
'Cause this little piggy shot my son
This little piggy went wee, wee, wee all the way to hell

'Cause we stomped a mud hole in his ass

I know you motherfucker, my face prints in your
knuckles
Hit my head back to the rear and I can hear my knees
buckle
And you chuckle as the blow blurred my vision
You make a game trying to tame me for colonialism

The stars and bars are all you need to make a perfect
prison
No chains or fences here so you can make me think I've
risen
I'm given rations on the first and fifteenth
Just so I won't be out organizing in the street

And so I'm beaten in the court with charges trumped
See my eyes is swollen and my nose looks like
Humpty's
But I'm not laughing 'cause I'll take a bath in this one
The judge is looking at me like he wants to have me
hung
I never swung, I got the dung kicked out my ass
Like O.P.D. was using me for Beat, The Nigger class

Step one, put the handcuffs on
Step two, say something like "Nigger you'll never
learn"
Step three, throw 'em on the ground
Step four, kick 'em of course

But there's an error in your reign of terror and the end
is near
We ain't non-violent no more so get your riot gear
Stand in fear and guard your rear as we gather round
And fuck you up so much, they'll have to fuck you down

Assuming the position that you'll have to wear a bullet-
proof vest
On your vest, I suggest you change your address
'Cause we know you

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