

The Coup

"I Love Boosters!"

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[Chorus - 2X]

I love them boosters
They love them boosters
You should love them too
Even if they don't know ya
They'll get it for ya
Like a whole outfit or shoe

[Boots Riley]

A booster is a person who jacks from the retail
And sells it in the hood for dirt-cheap resale
In these hard times, and press on like Lee Nails
In all of my experience, sex has been a female
Back in elementary, my shoes used to rap
Every time my soles would hit the street they would flap
Then in high school Langston Anderson would cap
'Cause my jacket didn't have a brand name on the back
Years later this lady took me to her apartment
It looked like the Macy's sportswear department
Clothes on the chairs, on the couch, and the carpet
A twenty had me icy like leasing in the arctic
If it wasn't for the hard work of a booster
Most couldn't go to the clubs that we're used to
If you won't get the dress cold they'll boot ya
Like people who did dress up won't shoot ya
For some of y'all folks, this stuff might phase ya
This ain't the way the society raised ya
But most of it was made by children in Asia
The stores make money off of very low wages
The next time you see two women running out the Gap
With arms full of clothes still strapped to the rack
Once they jump in the car, hit the gas and scat
If you have to say something, just stand and clap

[Chorus]

[Boots Riley]

This goes to all them hard working women
Who risk jail-time just to make them a living
We know there'd probably be no one in prison
If rights to food, clothes, and shelter were given

Plus they be giving me dress so fresh
Even when my wallet yells, "S.O.S."
In a cheaper Sunday suit, you feel a little more blessed
So until the revolution that I profess
My shirt is from Stacey, my pants are from Rhonda
My shoes came out the trunk of a baby blue Honda
My wardrobe's in luck if something falls off a truck
If you're looking for some leather, then go see Yolanda
I'm on the red carpet and they ask who designed this
I'm gonna give a shout-out to Bay Area's finest
All on our own, we survive this with slyness
But when we come together, all our fashion is flyness

[Chorus]

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