

## The Coup

### "Ijuswannalayaroundalldayinbedwithyou"

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[Boots]

Monday rush, I'm 'sposed to skip  
But I just found Sunday in yo' hips  
Magic in the fingertips, and lips  
Electric touch, solar kiss  
Thoughts wrangled up, legs tangled up  
Baby do this feel good angled up?  
Cain't be expressed by a sangle fuck  
Wanna gently caress it and bang it up  
And yo' smile just seems so comfortable  
Sho' wish this clock wasn't functional  
'Sposed to be punctual and not keep the boss waitin  
But the sheet's sweatin and the ceiling's pulsatin  
Music from the birds and cars with beat  
Stop pause repeat, the stars release  
Y'know most of my time belongs to the boss  
Baby hold on tight, this is ours at least

[Chorus]

I just wanna lay around all day in bed wit'chu { \*4X\* }  
Givin head to you  
"What time is it?" { \*4X\* }

[Boots]

Every sober mornin wit'chu is like we drunk at the Super  
8  
With laughin and plannin in between while we  
recuperate  
We communicate with mouths fingers and hands  
Cell phones with clocks, a thousand free minute plans  
Lose me in your details, break my codes  
'Til all the good breakfast spots is closed  
Them rich folks gots to knows, it's 'bout controllin these  
minutes  
They can party cause we work 'til our lower back goes  
The world outside feels claustrophobic  
Undercover of you is where my thoughts exploded  
Now back to our ancient lost aerobics  
And the study of how bodies maybe tossed and folded

{ \*clapping interlude\* }

[Boots]

'Sposed to get up for work and ride on through  
But last week he paid me with a IOU  
I got to work at 9, if he don't pay me by 5  
I'ma burn the place down by 5:02  
Cause when we give 'em all of our ticks on the clock  
They stack chips on the knot, we get pissed on a lot  
We need a twist on the plot, but before we head to work  
Scoot a little to the left, let me kiss on the spot

[Chorus]

{\*long instrumental breakdown\*}

[Outro]

"When we come together, what time is it?"  
"When we respect each other, what time is it?"  
"When we got our self-confidence, what time is it?"  
"What time is it?"

(Babe we gotta go)

I know baby, but you know it's hard to pull away from  
you  
cause we go together like grits and cornbread  
(You silly)  
You know we stick together like peanut butter and jelly  
(Let's go!)  
We all over each other like white on rice  
(Corny)  
We be in bed together like Bush and Hussein  
(WHAT?!)  
I SAID, we be in bed together like George W. Bush and  
Saddam Hussein!

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