

## **The Coup**

### **"Piss On Your Grave"**

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(Chorus)

Uhhhh!!

I wanna piss on your grave!

make me feel alright!

Yaa Yaa Yaa!!

(Repeat)

While you was eatin'

T-bone steaks

in palatial estates,

ornate with gates that automate

so those you hate could only spectate,

I was kissing my mate

through iron grates

while the guards wait,

50 cent rate for making license plates.

My papermate pen shakes

vibrates from 808 quakes

over breaks

dug outta crates

that sag from weight

of the vinyl plates...

girls work till they back ache

and their breasts can't lactate

you're laughin' to the bank

smilin', showin' all your plaque flakes

contesting, contesting 1,2,3

never shoulda been put in the penitentiary

Boots from The Coup would like to say

I'll shove these foodstamps down your throat

just to block your airway

and that's the fair way 'cause everyday

you're on a moola mission

military killin' millions 'til you low on ammunition

bodies beyond recognition

twisted complex positions

then their kids work in your factories

and die of malnutrition

see your net profit stats

hold some murderous facts

but if you listen to the news you mighta

heard it was blacks

you got us herded in shacks  
I got the pertinent tax  
how 'bout the one for when I bust my ass  
and you relax  
I'll hit your head wit an axe  
play soccer wit' your brain  
to make it official  
slice your jugular vein  
still writin' songs that my momma could sang  
and if you feel some yellow drips on your skull  
it ain't rain.

(Chorus)

That bitch ass on the front of a buck  
never gave a fuck  
he forced his black women slaves  
to give him dick sucks  
and when he bust a nut  
he'd laugh and cackle  
let the leather whip crackle  
send 'em back to pick tobacco  
shackled  
wouldn't give 'em nil  
so his homies stacked bills  
fought on flatland and hill  
to keep the british out the till, scill  
kept Washington dumpin' 'em in ditches  
so slave owning son of a bitches  
could keep their riches  
which is how the war got funded  
with two centuries of juice  
from Black slaves bodies  
and the profits they produced  
you could deduce  
that these men might win  
fit right in  
and make rights then  
just for rich white men  
so they quit fightin'  
and wrote up a declaration  
protective decoration  
for their business operations  
a gorilla pimpin' nation, no freedom - just savage  
now the whole world's ravaged  
from their hunger for the cabbage  
Your fifth period history teacher  
tellin' lies like a tweaker  
bump this song through the speaker  
watch they face get weaker  
'less they righteous and they kickin' the facts  
they gon' smile 'cause this shit is on wax

one thing I gots to ask  
George Washington down in hell can you see me?  
I'm standin' on your grave  
and I'm finsta take a pee-pee!

Tour guide: Excuse me sir, did you say you have to  
pee?

Boots: Nah, I said I love it here in D.C.

Tour guide: Well, anyway folks, continuing on with the  
tour.

We're here at the Arlington National Cemetary.

Behind all of you, right where the gentleman with the  
afro is standing,

is the grave of of America's first and greatest hero, our  
first president --

Pants unzipping

George Washington

Piss hitting the ground

Ohh, uh-uhhhh.

Cameras click

(Chorus)

Knock knock muthafucka, yes once again

I'll make you pay for your sins

in the trunk o' your Benz

see youse an always fitted

always acquitted

parasitic leech

cain't be burned off my back

wit' no fiery speech

your hands is soft as a peach

'cause you ain't never did work

been rich ever since

your daddy's dick went squirt

have you ever hurt from your back?

ducked from rat-a-tat-tats?

seen your mama on crack?

lived in a pontiac?

drank baby similac

so you could have protein?

(just for enough energy

to hustle up some mo' green?)

I could paint some mo' scenes

vergin' on the obscene

but I'd rather show up at your palace

with a mob scene

I spoke to my accountant

who spoke to my attorney

who counseled my financial advisor

on a gurney

it's about fifty dollars

and that's almost like a sale  
'cause it costs too damn much  
to let your rich ass inhale  
true liberation ain't no word in the head  
I'm yellin' murder 'em dead  
for some fish, steak and bread  
you pay me 10 g's a year,  
I pay you fifteen million hun'ed???  
Sorry, you just ain't in the budget...

(Chorus)

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