

## **The Coup "Pork And Beef"**

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Coup, yeah  
It's all good man, we off in the Oakland Hills  
Dodging em' one time, check it out

If you got beef with C-O-P's  
Throw a Molotov at the P-I-G's  
Cause they be harassing you and me  
Ya gotta understand we still not free

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Don't trust the police, no justice no peace  
They got me face down, in the middle of the street  
Pistol whip me with the heat, chicken shits sizzling  
Trying to serve me the all-you-can eat murder beef  
I'm a young, black, heterosexual male  
Don't drink no drank, don't smoke, don't sale  
That's the real reason that they want me up in jail  
They want me to fail, I resist and rebel  
See I give a fuck about the C-O-P's  
P-I-G's I wonder if I can shake em' like a P-I-T  
Cause they wanna see me D-I-E  
Got me cash under mob, I'm a pre-O.G  
Dark Sobe associates, vicious, venomous vocalist  
Chrome 4-4 toting, holding it down for Oakland  
Folks do be smoking and shit we do what we holding  
Some just don't notice they get demoted  
Throw em' all the time music

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This is for them ladies with them empty plates  
For that raise ripped that you didn't calculate  
If you ever in your life been awarded to state  
On the corner with cake  
If they send an undercover and you tip the bag, huh  
Next time I see em' with no hesitation  
I'm peeling off like stolen registration  
And leave a lot of smoke  
See I'm that sort of folk  
That been pig hunting since my mama's fucking water  
broke  
Cause they the henchmen nah they the lenchmen  
Between the rich and puffs of weed known to trench  
them  
Cause they dispense with the dollars and cents  
So when you stand go get candles, flowers, and  
incense  
Behind steel gates is fifty percent of our bill rates  
A pre-kin making microchips for Bill Gates  
Pelican Bay, t-shirts for the workout  
Police station where the slave catchers lurk out  
Listen to the thunder, I'm no more taking under routes  
We'll synchronize and give em' shit to wonder bout  
The DEA is filthy, yell not guilty  
We need control of the cash and the realty  
And get rid of all the motherfucking parasites  
More than weed burn at 420 Fahrenheit  
Shaking in they boots when we start to bust  
They ain't scared of rap music, they scared of us

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