

The Coup "Underdog"

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This is for my folkers who got bills overdue
This is for my folkers, um, check, one, two
This is for my folkers who never lived like a hog
Me and you, toe to toe, I got love for the underdog

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I raise this glass for the ones who die meaninglessly
And the newborns who get fed intravenously
Somebody's mom caught a job and a welfare fraud
case
When she breathe, she swear it feels like plastic wrap
around her face

Lights turned off and it's the third month, the rent is
late
Thoughts of being homeless, crying till you
hyperventilate
Despair permeates the air then sets in your ear
The kids play with that one toy they learned how to
share

Coming home don't never seem to be a celebration
Bills, they piled up on the coffee table like they're
decorations
Big ol' spoons of peanut butter, big ass glass of water
Makes the hunger subside, save the real food for your
daughter

You feel like swingin' haymakers at a moving truck
You feel like laughing so it seems like you don't give a
fuck
You feel like getting so high, you smoke a whole damn
crop
You feel like crying but you think that you might never
stop

Homes with no heat stiffen your joints like arthritis
If this was fiction, it'd be easier to write this

Some folks try to front like they so above you
They'd tear this motherfucker up if they really loved
you

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There's certain tricks of the trade to try and halt your
defeat
Like taking tupperware to an all you can eat
Returning used shit for new saying you lost your receipt
And writing four figure checks when your accounts
deplete

Then all your problems pile up about a mile up
Thinkin' about a partner you can dial up to help you out
this foul stuff
Whole family sleepin' on a futon while you're clippin'
coupons
Eatin' salad tryin' to get full off the croutons

'Crosstown, the situation is identical
Somebody's getting strangled by the system and its
tentacles
Misconceptions raise questions to be solved
A lot of b-boys are broke, a lot of homeless got jobs

You can make 8 bones an hour till you pass out and still
be assed out
Most pyramid schemes don't let you cash out
They say this generation makes the harmony pray
But crime rises consistent with the povety rate

You take the workers and jobs, you're gonna have
murders and mobs
A gang of preachers screamin' sermons over murmurs
and sobs
Saying pray for a change from the Lord above you
They'd tear this motherfucker up if they really loved
you

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You like this song 'cause it relates, it's you in this
rhyme
We go to stores that only let us in two at a time

We live in places where it costs to get your check
cashed
Arguments about money usually drown out the tec
blasts

Work six days a week, can't sleep Saturdays though
Muscles tremblin' like a pager when the battery's low
And you just don't know where the years went
Although every long shift feels like a year spent

And you can write your resume but it wouldn't even
mention
All the life lessons learned doing six years of detention
Or how you learned the police was just some
handicappers
On the ground next to broken glass and candy
wrappers

Now don't accept my collects on the phone
Just hit me at the house so I know I ain't alone
And we can chop it up about this messed up system
Homies that's been killed, how we always gonna miss
them?

It's almost impossible survivin' on this fraction
Sip a 40 to the brain for the chemical reaction
You gotta hustle 'cause they're tryin' to push and shove
you
I'll tear this motherfucker up since I really love you

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