

The Coup

"Underdogs"

Visit "[Underdogs](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(chorus)

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
repeat chorus

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 its 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

chorus

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

Alot of b-boys are broke, alot 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 poverty 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

chorus

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

Arguements 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

chorus

Visit [The Coup](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.