

# The Coup

## "We Are The Ones"

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We, we are the ones  
We'll seal your fate, tear down your state, go get yo'  
guns  
We, we came to fight  
It's yo' disgrace, smash up your place, that's just polite

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Once upon a time when crack was gold  
And hip-hop was not yet platinum sold  
I scoured the streets for stacks to fold  
My mood like my hair was relaxed and blowed

I hated police and my teachers were beasts  
My heat in the trunk of the classic Caprice  
The one university, I knew the deal  
So I cooked it, bagged it, put it on sale

Now philosophically you'd be opposed  
To one inhaling coke via mouth or the nose  
But economically I would propose  
That you go eat a dick as employment froze

And I felt like an abandoned child  
Left to fend for myself in the wild  
While every courtroom, judge and gavel  
Were there to bury me under the gravel

Or at the bottom of the finest malt ale  
Observe, you'll find without fail  
That in every neighborhood and penitentiary  
There exists many others who are similar to me and

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In later years I lost some peers  
Who mixed burners with Belvedere  
And took shots from gung-ho cashiers  
The world was cold yet hell was near

So I seek for a kilo  
And my stack got a little bit taller like Skee-Lo  
A street C.E.O.  
There was all of this hell well and not one hero

The intensity was fortified  
As I clenched five digits on the forty-five  
Barely down at the retail store, I would detail more  
But I don't wish this action to be glorified

There was a plan I was eager to listen  
To not sleep in the park in the fetal position  
Having to wipe off canine fecal emission  
Otherwise I'd survive without legal permission

It's an equal division and then we go to prison  
Which is a little decision  
All I wanted was a Regal to glisten  
And my kids would have meat in the kitchen  
And complete ammunition  
It's a given once the people are driven that

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We are born from the mildew, the rust, the heathenous  
lust  
The dreams in the dust, the evidence flushed  
The grieving is just, they're thieving from us  
Insulted and cussed, this evening we bust

Appears unstable and under the table

We like free speech but we love free cable  
We're taught from the cradle, the Bill Gates fable  
Which leads to high speeds in Buick LeSables

We have no excuses just great alibis  
And poker faces you can't analyze  
Our politicians sell our soul and our cries  
With blood on their hands, they can't sanitize

We're the have-nots but we're also the gon'-gets  
Not just talkin' 'bout the Lex with the chrome kits  
You can get that by yourself with the four-fifth  
Let's all own shit then toast with Patron hits

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