

Coup, The "20,000 Gun Salute"

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* Beavis and Butthead sample *

[Butthead] Whoa! Uh-heheh-heheh, uh-heheh

That kicked ASS!

[Beavis] Yeah yeah heh yeah

That was fly

* DJ Pam the Funkstress starts cuttin up "That was fly" *

Chorus: Boots (repeat 2X)

20,000 gun salute, get rowdy like you got a substitute

This slug's for Newt - shut your mouth, don't pollute

Army of down motherfuckers, shit we tryin to recruit!

[Boots]

See now we're talkin systematic, mack mechanics,
decomposin

Chosen, representatives, from the ho's been known to
act wit

pimp theatrics, a tactic necessary

In fact they wanna have us buyin from the commissary

This commentary's for my folks under involuntary
servitude

Cause bosses don't be servin you your monetary

Pervin you like rum'n'dairy pulsing through your
capillaries

Some inherit green, the rest just get our folks to bury

I'm abolitionary, wishin the judiciary

say this year for merry merry, free the penitentiary!

Peoples gon' rumble as long as stomachs grumble

and crack pipes tumble over asphalt that's crumbled

Hundreds come in bundles and, hop is mixed with
funnels

Cause babies wit shoes too small gon' stumble

This composition is sedition, opposition to the rulin
class

Wishin they could detonate us hooked to the ignition

Keep my slacks creased to punch the clock for the
beast

As my rent don't cease, his pockets get obese

Can't have inner peace without havin a piece

When the stepped on step up, we let the dragon
release

Chorus

[Boots]

Disaster! The filthy rich bastards wanna milk yo' ass
faster, ask fuh, no salvation comin from the damn
pastor

Old ladies play canasta, under roofs of cracker plaster
Little kids dive in the trash for discarded Dutchmasters
Dead potnahs on mural walls

Homeless kids takin baths up in gas station urinals
Shit the system can't cure it all

If everybody had a job then stock value's sure to fall
Hundred million neck slashes, so these facists
can make sho' that they check cashes, let's get
massive

Wage struggle as direct classes, on just how we gonna
overthrow they bitch asses, give whiplashes
from the force as we make it tight, and ignite
the flames of takin over daily life, make it a right
to have food, threads and homestead
and Pac Bell won't ever cut your phone dead -- we own
it!

But these business that love payin minimum wage
ain't gon' let you take they shit unless you showin the
gauge

And if you do it by yourself they gon' put you in a cage
If you in a rage, please meet me on the same page,
with a

Chorus

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