

Coup, The "Get Up"

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Dead Prez, The Coup

People Army, where the G's at?

C'mon... Fuck the police

Ay y'all ready for this shit for y'all trunk?

Y'all ready to get this bitch crunk?

[Hook]

You got to get up right now

Turn the system upside down

Your 'sposed to be fed up right now

Turn the system upside down

Get up!

[Stic.]

Honestly, I'm against this government

I ain't gotta cover it up, that's what I meant

Sick of payin bills and I'm sick of payin rent

Seem like I work all the time but don't know where the
money went

And the funny shit is we supposed to like this shit

But all y'all politicians can bite this dick

It's a war goin on, the ghetto is a cage

They only give you two choices; be a rebel or a slave

(So what you do?) So I rebel

Like a ulser in the belly of the beast stayin true to it

Since my home street days in the blue Buick

Niggas been fightin so long seem like I'm used to it

Now what y'all know 'bout how The Coup do it

Truth fluid, Boots put the funk to it, ain't nothin to it

This is for the G's all the way to the bay

For 'Frisco to Oakland all over L.A., ya gotta get up

[Hook]

[Boots]

Now uhh, this fella, spits yella, never been a snitch
teller

One pace up from my homies ditch dweller

Yellin "Fuck 'em Rocafella" my shit bump in acapella

My lyrical qoutes are nervous notes to bank tellers

When we call it off, we haulin off, Molotov's and bricks

Mr. Bailiff you could put that in the transcripts

Hope your motherfuckin petty workin band flips

Some saw it off, I prefer hand-grips

Qoute us, you know we're stronger than a 3-day no-tice

Pay aquit, It's more of us than lies your mayor spit

I'm on some "Ma hate the game but love the player"
shit

Is you a "have" or you a "have not"?

When you run out of bullets grab rocks

Cuz the prison don't slam locks

It don't open when your fam knocks, 'less you rich and

have stocks

Fight the power like a motherfuckin Zulu

It's The Coup plus Kanume and Mutulu

So raise your hands in the air like your born again

But make a fist for the struggle we was born to win

[Hook]

[M1]

When I hear the woop-woop, I be duckin them hoes

I can smell a pig comin, so I stay on my toes

On the low from po-po, so fuck the Ho-lice

Cuz peace to me is loaded under my seat

And I know power respect that, so 'serve and protect'
that

I'm young, black, and just don't give a fuck - try me

Grillin you right back, you better drive by me

We the People Army is known to get rowdy

And even if you a friend of the blue

You can get it too, snitchin is never forgettable

This Hell we livin is never forgivable

It come down to DP and The Coup

Remember Huey, Bobby Hutton, George, Fred and
them

Fuck the po-po, local, state, fed and them

You better choose your side, Crip - Blood - 415

It's one team, get up and let's ride!

[Hook]

{music to fade}

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