

## Coup, The "I Know You"

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[Boots] E, look man look  
[E-Roc] Yeah wassup man  
[B] It's that cop man, the one that sent my potna to the hospital  
Hey pull over, come on  
[E] Coup let's with this hamhock motherfucker, there we go  
[B] Hey pig, yeah, remember me?

### Verse One: Boots

I know you motherfucker, know where you live  
You're the cop that knocked in my partner Greg  
Wiggins' ribs  
And it wasn't in a trip cause he's not a dealer or a pimp  
But now he walks with a permanent limp  
And pig you make my gut crimp cause my whole family got knocked  
Walcy Hawkins and her son's up in double-rock  
And it don't stop to the funky beat  
Till my people get together and kick you pigs off the street  
I grit my teeth why can't I be like Rodney with a camcorder?  
Seems we need one every time you get a court order  
Or pull me over in order to check identification  
I'm in the back of your car with a bruise or laceration  
You're in the hood and it's one more disaster  
We know you're here to protect and serve the master  
Next time you roll through push the gas a little faster  
I'll turn your blue suit purple, bastard  
Cause

### Chorus x2

I know you motherfucker  
(Everywhere I turn)  
I know you motherfucker  
(Everywhere I turn)  
I know you motherfucker  
(Everywhere I turn I'm assuming the position)

## Verse Two: E-Roc

I know you motherfucker, footprints in my door  
On my back, on my head, through my house and once  
more  
You called my mother a hoe, you threw my brother in a  
headlock  
You did this to about six thousands on the block  
Say you try to stop the rock so it makes me perspire  
Hmm...but you work with a supplier  
So I inquire what's your role in my elimination?  
Ain't got a choir so it sure ain't one of salvation  
But if I sung you a song it'd be of damnation  
Cause all they do is let me sing in this damn nation  
Hey hey hey, hey hey hey, how many kids have you  
killed today?  
Pig, now I realize our relation  
Your occupation is to keep me in occupation  
How many brothers have you left in a cast?  
How many graves have you made in the past?  
Useless! Not my task to even ask  
But you'd better cease before I put a cap in your ass  
Cause I know you

## Chorus x2

(Now let me tell ya'll this little little story  
This little piggy once came to Oaktown  
See, cause this little piggy had a gun  
This little piggy's gun was smoking  
Cause this little piggy shot my son  
This little piggy went wee wee wee all the way to hell!  
Cause we stomped a mudhole in his ass, ha ha ha

## Verse Three: Boots

I know you motherfucker, my face prints in your  
knuckles  
Hit my head back to the rear and I can hear my knees  
buckle  
And you chuckle...as the blow blurred my vision  
You make a game trying to tame me for colonialism  
The stars and bars are all you need to make a perfect  
prison  
No chains or fences here so you can make me think I've  
risen  
I'm given rations on the first and fifteenth  
Just so I won't be out organizing in the street  
And so I'm beaten in the court with charges trumped,  
see  
My eyes is swollen and my nose looks like Humpty's

But I'm not laughing cause I'll take a bath in this one  
The judge is looking at me like he wants to have me  
hung  
I never swung, I got the dung kicked out my ass  
Like O.P.D. was using me for Beat The Nigger class

(Step one, put the handcuffs on  
Step two, say something like "Nigger you'll never  
learn"  
Step three, throw 'em on the ground  
Step four, kick 'em of course)

But there's an error in your reign of terror and the end  
is near  
We ain't non-violent no more so get your riot gear  
Stand in fear and guard your rear as we gather round  
And fuck you up so much, they'll have to fuck you down  
Assuming the position that you'll have to wear a bullet-  
proof vest  
On your vest, I suggest you change your address  
Cause we know you

(x2)

We know you motherfucker  
(Everywhere I turn)  
We know you motherfucker  
(Everywhere I turn)  
We know you motherfucker  
(Everywhere I turn I'm assuming the position)

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