

## Coup, The "Mindfuck"

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They're givin' us a mindfuck, they ain't got to put our hands in cuffs
They can tell us, stay put, and that's enough
We bust, they feel the earth vibratin'
It ain't an earthquake, we just need a new equation

Mindfuck, they ain't got to put our hands in cuffs They can tell us, stay put, and that's enough We bust, they feel the earth vibratin' It ain't an earthquake, we just need a new equation

The fog rolls in like the thickest cream
Nightfall comes and the crickets scream
Deafened by the latest lotto ticket schemes
Cement lies and white picket dreams

The pain on his face is glistening No one's eyes are listening Till his 44 starts whistling Hairs on the necks, bristling

You can holla so loud till the silence comes Ask that hustler with the Midas tongue He was born after you but not quite as young Waitin' for the day when the fighters come

She said, "Seem like traffic light's always red"
"Your application's on file", is all they said
She wish the great leaders weren't always dead
She could resurrect 'em inside of her instead

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Mindfuck, they ain't got to put our hands in cuffs They can tell us, stay put, and that's enough We bust, they feel the earth vibratin' It ain't an earthquake, we just need a new equation He was killed in the end by quiet persuasion Not the FBI home invasions Nor the cross on his lawn, emblazoned The predictable fights didn't phase him

Bullhorns off, holidays given House notes, nine to five prison He yells at the news, sayin', "There'd be a movement If the new generation was a little more driven"

One mind, two hands, four walls She says Babylon's gon' fall She'll tell you the signs since everybody's dumb She'll be home waitin' for the Messiah's phone call

There was pride in the fact that the blunt was massive Tight like the ships in the middle passage They escaped through the flames Then wondered if the flame in their soul, if the smoke had smashed it

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Day breaks in like a fiend with a ladder Suicidal dew drops splatter Teeth on, shirtless bodies chatter A blowjob short of a breakfast platter

Crowded rooms of lonely souls At work before the whistle blows They've never known their strength in numbers So power seems so mystical

They're waiting for that perfect day When they've paid all their bills Their kids are grown, they graduate And guerrillas come out the hills

And for her, it gets too much Till she won't accept my touch She'll fix it by herself She's fallen into their mindfuck

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