

Coup, The "The Shipment"

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Chorus: Boots (repeat 2X)

It ain't Indonesia, China White

Purple-Haired Thai, Big H Delight

Take my shit we gon' have to fight

I'm always rollin' dirty so be actin' right

[Boots]

I'm bombing uppercut swipes as my knuckles ignire

More strikes than a teachin' staff's fight for pay hikes

Like cleats wit' spikes I clings to my turf tight

Get, low like a Smurf might earth is my birthright

You salivate at the sound of the bell

I come sick and make your lymph nodes swekk

Nickel-plated teeth and tongue as well so you can tell

when I'm shootin' off my mouth the politicians start to

bail

When I shoot, Fuhrman scoot I'm yellin', "Gimme all the
loot!"

Bourgeoise pimpin' me now my digits don't compute

Chillin' in a house of ill repute

But is you wearin' canvasols or purple-pinstripe suits?

Fact of earth and comets: macroeconomics

Yak until you vomit, or come up on a lick

Sweat oozin' my skin just to get another fin'

Changed my name to Valerie so I can get WIC

Savage Storm Troopers be less than seductive

Jailtime producin', silly Lilliputians!

This Gulliver, come equipped with a fo'-fo'

and twelve comrades in a box Chev' fo' do'

Skirtin' down the strip with a mission to render

And we don't give a fuck if we missin a fender

Mix it in a blender, you ain't home return to sender

Can't be saved by cokenders or a public defender

This ain't no macrobiotic chemical colonic

This politicalsymphoniclyricalnarcotic

Somethin' much mo' potent that we plotted

Come and get some, if you ain't got it

Chorus

[Boots]

Ex-ex-ex-ex-ex-exhilarating!

I accuse you of NIGGA-hating!

And exploiting for PROFIT making.. don't cop a plea

cause I'm B-double-O-T, from the C-O-U the P
I feel my eperdermis at it's firmest just befo' a skirmish
If you want green like Kermit keep it heated like a
Thermos
Aspired to be famous, puttin fire in their anus
Made the rulin' class hate us more than child sup-port
payments
to Rosemary's Baby, shick-a-shick-shady!!
Pissin' in your gumbo and they tell you, "It's all gravy!"
See you can't trust a big grip and a smile
And I slang rocks - but Palestinian style
Now there's a rumble in the jungle never mumble
though I humble
Couple rappers took a tumble but my folks still want to
rumble
Who's pimpin', your bundle? I'm _Fly_ like, Seth Brundle
If you're snitchin' to Columbo we gon' drop you like a
fumble
Now what you make is point-oh-one percent of what the
boss make
And what the boss take is keepin' us from livin' great
If this ain't straight you think you wanna sit down and
negotiate
You better have a crew to help you shutdown his estate
Don't get frustrated, discombobulated
Don't stand and debate it, get a mob and take it!
Til then it's food stamps, vouchers, mildew-smellin'
couches
Overturned garbage cans wit' no Oscar the Grouches
Makin' money sellin plastic pouches
As Mystikal would say, "My flo' is covered wit'
roaches!"
Absotively, posolutely, can't do without it
The Shipment is delivered, come and get it if you bout
it!
Chorus
[Bridge]
Systematic playa-hation
Green paper complications
Got my ass an education
Can I get an application??
[Boots]
Pam the Funkstress
* Pam cuts n scratches Prince: "Thank you for a funky
time.." *
[Boots]
It's kinda funky..
Mat Machine-Gun Kelly

