

## Coup, The "Underdog"

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This is for my folkers who got bills overdue  
This is for my folkers, um, check, one, two  
This is for my folkers who never lived like a hog  
Me and you, toe to toe, I got love for the underdog

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I raise this glass for the ones who die meaninglessly  
And the newborns who get fed intravenously  
Somebody's mom caught a job and a welfare fraud  
case  
When she breathe, she swear it feels like plastic wrap  
around her face

Lights turned off and it's the third month, the rent is  
late  
Thoughts of being homeless, crying till you  
hyperventilate  
Despair permeates the air then sets in your ear  
The kids play with that one toy they learned how to  
share

Coming home don't never seem to be a celebration  
Bills, they piled up on the coffee table like they're  
decorations  
Big ol' spoons of peanut butter, big ass glass of water  
Makes the hunger subside, save the real food for your  
daughter

You feel like swingin' haymakers at a moving truck  
You feel like laughing so it seems like you don't give a  
fuck  
You feel like getting so high, you smoke a whole damn  
crop  
You feel like crying but you think that you might never  
stop

Homes with no heat stiffen your joints like arthritis

If this was fiction, it'd be easier to write this  
Some folks try to front like they so above you  
They'd tear this motherfucker up if they really loved  
you

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There's certain tricks of the trade to try and halt your  
defeat  
Like taking tupperware to an all you can eat  
Returning used shit for new saying you lost your receipt  
And writing four figure checks when your accounts  
deplete

Then all your problems pile up about a mile up  
Thinkin' about a partner you can dial up to help you out  
this foul stuff  
Whole family sleepin' on a futon while you're clippin'  
coupons  
Eatin' salad tryin' to get full off the croutons

'Crosstown, the situation is identical  
Somebody's getting strangled by the system and its  
tentacles  
Misconceptions raise questions to be solved  
A lot of b-boys are broke, a lot of homeless got jobs

You can make 8 bones an hour till you pass out and still  
be assed out  
Most pyramid schemes don't let you cash out  
They say this generation makes the harmony pray  
But crime rises consistent with the povety rate

You take the workers and jobs, you're gonna have  
murders and mobs  
A gang of preachers screamin' sermons over murmurs  
and sobs  
Saying pray for a change from the Lord above you  
They'd tear this motherfucker up if they really loved  
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You like this song 'cause it relates, it's you in this  
rhyme

We go to stores that only let us in two at a time  
We live in places where it costs to get your check  
cashed  
Arguments about money usually drown out the tec  
blasts

Work six days a week, can't sleep Saturdays though  
Muscles tremblin' like a pager when the battery's low  
And you just don't know where the years went  
Although every long shift feels like a year spent

And you can write your resume but it wouldn't even  
mention  
All the life lessons learned doing six years of detention  
Or how you learned the police was just some  
handicappers  
On the ground next to broken glass and candy  
wrappers

Now don't accept my collects on the phone  
Just hit me at the house so I know I ain't alone  
And we can chop it up about this messed up system  
Homies that's been killed, how we always gonna miss  
them?

It's almost impossible survivin' on this fraction  
Sip a 40 to the brain for the chemical reaction  
You gotta hustle 'cause they're tryin' to push and shove  
you  
I'll tear this motherfucker up since I really love you

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