

Coup, The "We Are The Ones"

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We, we are the ones
We'll seal your fate, tear down your state, go get yo'
guns
We, we came to fight
It's yo' disgrace, smash up your place, that's just polite

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Once upon a time when crack was gold
And hip-hop was not yet platinum sold
I scoured the streets for stacks to fold
My mood like my hair was relaxed and blowed

I hated police and my teachers were beasts
My heat in the trunk of the classic Caprice
The one university, I knew the deal
So I cooked it, bagged it, put it on sale

Now philosophically you'd be opposed
To one inhaling coke via mouth or the nose
But economically I would propose
That you go eat a dick as employment froze

And I felt like an abandoned child
Left to fend for myself in the wild
While every courtroom, judge and gavel
Were there to bury me under the gravel

Or at the bottom of the finest malt ale
Observe, you'll find without fail
That in every neighborhood and penitentiary
There exists many others who are similar to me and

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In later years I lost some peers
Who mixed burners with Belvedere
And took shots from gung-ho cashiers
The world was cold yet hell was near

So I seek for a kilo
And my stack got a little bit taller like Skee-Lo
A street C.E.O.
There was all of this hell well and not one hero

The intensity was fortified
As I clenched five digits on the forty-five
Barely down at the retail store, I would detail more
But I don't wish this action to be glorified

There was a plan I was eager to listen
To not sleep in the park in the fetal position
Having to wipe off canine fecal emission
Otherwise I'd survive without legal permission

It's an equal division and then we go to prison
Which is a little decision
All I wanted was a Regal to glisten
And my kids would have meat in the kitchen
And complete ammunition
It's a given once the people are driven that

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We are born from the mildew, the rust, the heathenous
lust
The dreams in the dust, the evidence flushed
The grieving is just, they're thieving from us
Insulted and cussed, this evening we bust

Appears unstable and under the table
We like free speech but we love free cable
We're taught from the cradle, the Bill Gates fable
Which leads to high speeds in Buick LeSables

We have no excuses just great alibis
And poker faces you can't analyze
Our politicians sell our soul and our cries
With blood on their hands, they can't sanitize

We're the have-nots but we're also the gon'-gets
Not just talkin' 'bout the Lex with the chrome kits
You can get that by yourself with the four-fifth
Let's all own shit then toast with Patron hits

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