

5 Million Ways To Kill A C.E.O.

The Coup

Help me out
Yo, yo, yo, yo
Help me out
Yo, yo, yo, yo
We've got 5 million ways to kill a CEO
Slap him up and shake him up and then you know
Let him off the flo' then bait him with the dough
You can do it funk or do it disco, why'know how this go
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)
We've got 5 million ways to kill a CEO
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You can do it funk or do it disco, why'know how this go
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)
Well, I hope you testify that it was worth your waitin'
On the turf debatin' how to get it percolatin'
He workin' you while we happy just to work a day
But I'ma slap him 'til my blood starts circulatin'
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)
Do you checks have elasticity?
Did they cut off yo' 'lectricity?
Did you scream and yell explicitly?
Force the boss into complicity
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)
I'm a white chalk stencil but I push a pencil
Rollin dope fiend rentals through your residential
Broke as fuck, eatin' lentils with no utensil
Fina teach pimp class with a hoe credential
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)
They own sweats shops, pet cops and fields of cola
Murder babies with they molars on the areola
Control the Pope, Dali Lama, Holy Rollers, and the Ayatollah
Bump this rollin' in your bucket or your new Corolla
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)
Well, you might catch me on the scenic route, with my penis out
Yellin', "Twamps for the executives with the meanest mouth"
Wanna know what this demeanor's bout? City tried to clean us out
Green is clout, shut 'em down they ain't never seen a drought
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)
You interviewed but they ain't callin' you back
And for the record I ain't called it a gat
But tuck this in the small of your back
Wait in the bathroom stall 'til I tap
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)
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You can do it funk or do it disco, why'know how this go
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)
'Cept this game ain't slow, it's the creeper
If you a janitor, get a street sweeper
Ugly is even skin deeper
If you can't get the Pres, get the VeePer
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)
They made the murder scene before there was a coroner
I might a been born here but I'm a foreigner
Spillin' swigs for victims of pigs and Afeni's kid

Flip off the lid, who you pourin' fo'?

(Yo, yo, yo, yo)

You too could be a corporate green killer, bean spiller, uh
"Gangster of Love", just like Steve Miller
They wear skivvies that's made of chinchilla
Factory in Mexico, bought a spring villa
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)

I'm from the land where the Panthers grew
You know the city and the avenue
If you the boss we'll be smabbin' through and we'll be grabbin' you
To say, "Whassup with the ra-venue?"
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)

And if you feel it we can even try to seal it with the
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(Yo, yo, yo, yo)

Tell him it's a boom in child prostitution
When he show up at the stroll give him lead restitution
You could throw a twenty in a vat 'o hot oil
When he jump in after it watch him boil
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)

Toss a dollar in the river and when he jump in
If you can find he can swim
Put lead boots on him and do it again, you and a friend
Videotape and the party don't end
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)

Tell that boogers be sellin' like crack
He gon' put the little baggies in his nose and suffocate like that
Put a fifty in the barrel of a gun
When he try to suck it out, a-ha, well you know this one
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)

Make sure you ain't got no priors
Don't tell 'em that we conspired
We could let him try to change a flat tire
Or we could all at once retire
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)

There are just a few of the
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(Yo, yo, yo, yo)

Bay Area, get ready to brawl
Bay Area, are you ready to brawl?
L.A., get ready to brawl
L.A. are you ready to brawl?
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)

Chi-town, get ready to brawl
Chi-Town, are you ready to brawl?
Detroit, get ready to brawl
Detroit, are you ready to brawl?
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)

Atlanta, get ready to brawl
Atlanta, are you ready to brawl?
Houston, get ready to brawl
Houston, are you ready to brawl?
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)

New York, get ready to brawl
New York, are you ready to brawl?
London, get ready to brawl
London, are you ready to brawl?

(Yo, yo, yo, yo)
Cape Town, get ready to brawl
Cape Town, are you ready to brawl?
Tokyo, get ready to brawl
Tokyo, are you ready to brawl?
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)
Yeah, The Coup
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)
Boots Riley
Pam the Funk stress
It's really goin' down
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)
Yeah, ya know
In case you didn't know, gats are comin'
The Coup, you know, sum'n, sum'n
(Yo, yo, yo, yo)