I used to kick it with a brother named, Moe Moe used to kick it with a brother named, Joe Joe used to kick it with his girlfriend Lateisha Whose brother Elmo, looked like me Elmo used to elbow lots of brothers in the nose Kick em when they down and he'd steal they shoes and clothes Elmo would develop lots of beef as a tweaker And all of them was mostly come lookin for me Imagine that, fat motherfuckers with bats tryin To rat pack, hmm, time to get a gat So I'm strapped cause I'm trapped like brother Thomas in his fat Momma's lap, what's happenin here's a rap Saturday twelve o'clock, told E-Roc, the whole block And what not, about, how men are spottin he said "This little homey gets bread like flossin You ain't Steve Austin, Elmo got paws in Boots Maybe you should move to Boston" But you get lost when you play like a punk Pile on the Right Guard I got SERIOUS funk "I'm trying, not to lose..." "I'm trying, not to lose my head..."

"I plan to tell you what it is later"

Bet George and Bootsy, never had funk like this Catch twenty-two, twist no fist can dismiss this Rip that I'ma go through, maybe I can flow through This whole ordeal and not pull out the black steel And my friends make suggestions... That I should squeal to the cops but that's out of the question If I die by the trigger of a misled brother Could he be judged by the system that is scared of me and others? I believe no, so I don't go, with the flow Even though I'm bout to roll with no paddle Up a creek called shit, light is lit on the situation Cause me and him is gonna decrease the population Now we wonder why our revolution never grow Killin motherfuckers just for steppin on our toe If we had as much funk for our oppressors as we did For ourselves, the blood would never flow again And then, the uzis that were once used to kill each other Could be used, to serve and protect the brothers And the sisters and the cousins or whatever others But the funk keeps growing like a fungus... "I'm trying, not to lose..." "I'm trying, not to lose my head..."

"That's Elmo, get that fool" "Yeah get that fool"
"Ay, I'm Boots, I ain't Elmo -- I'm Boots from The Coup!!"

Four years til I'm twenty-five, now I got a forty-five Caliber don't take no jive, just pull to fix Don't want to be eighty-sixed, three six and six ain't in my mix Don't flap your lips about me takin no, trips You won't be takin no sips from a milk carton Seein my face with a caption, askin "Have you seen Boots, he's missing in action"

This shit is more Off the Wall than Michael Jackson
Cause brothers who be doin brothers who be doin others
Screwin brothers but The Coup be doin more than shoo-be-doin
On the corner, talkin revolution from Victoria to Florida
It's why it don't make sense that they want me a goner
On a, run cause some brothers in a ratpack think I'm
Poppin junk cause they don't see for centuries
The genocidal funk so I'm a punk if I don't blast they ass
But I gots more funk for the rulin class
Will it ever end, will we ever win, drinkin juice and gin
Five-oh gets again, gets off with a grin
National Guard sent in for when we got beef
You want to pop the trunk we got serious funk
"I'm trying, not to lose..."
"I'm trying, not to lose my head..."

Aight, back it up

I want to say whassup to the brothers and sisters that really got my back  $\mbox{\ensuremath{\mathtt{When}}}$  the funk be on

Of course it goes without saying, that E-Roc and DJO from The Coup Got my back at all times and at all costs

Same goes for D-Force and Sneaker, Point Blank

J-Post and Stone of the Outcasts

Osajih Po from the Tenth Planets

Chuck Da Pharaoh got my back

Evo got my back, Rose got my back

Niko and the whole Mau Mau Rhythm Collective

Got my back cause I got theirs

The funk is on, and African Identity is there

The funk is on and Midnight Voices is there

The funk is on and  $T ext{-More}$  and  $T ext{win}$  from Elements of Change are there

And I'm there for Cindy, I'm there for 3rd Rail

I'm there for Aztlan Nation

I got your back Leftside Sim

I got your back Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy cause you got mine

All y'all got my back, Neckbone got my back with the sax

Problem Child got my back with the piano

Aiy y'all let's fade out, but before we fade

I want to say rest in peace to Plan B, we out