The Guillotine

The Coup

Hey you! We got your war We're at the gates We're at your door

We got the guillotine We got the guillotine, you better run

We want to thank you for flying with us We know you coulda stayed home, just cried and cussed May all your guns go off if it's time to bust May all they tanks have time to rust They got the armies turning bullets into gold They got the hookers turning tricks in the cold And every time the police kicks in a door An angel gas break dips in the O And even if a d-boy flips him a O It ain't enough to buy shit anymore Sleep in the doorway, piss on the floor Look in the sky, wait for missiles to show It's finna blow cause They got the TV, we got the truth They own the judges and we got the proof We got hella people, they got helicopters They got the bombs and we got the, we got the

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Don't talk about it It won't show Be about it It's 'bout to blow

I just spit the dope lines, I don't snort 'em Tell the boss to call police to escort him You don't write all them lines, you just quote 'em Get offline, plug in to this modem No, you can't out-vote 'em The rules is still golden Only jewels we holding is if we guarding our scrotum If you press your ear to the turf that is stolen You can hear the sound of limitations exploding Please sir, may we have another portion? We're children of the beast that dodged the abortion Neck placed firm 'tween the floor and the Florsheim We'll shut your shit down, don't call it extortion Caution -- we're coming for your head So call the Feds and get files to shred Every textbook read said bring you the bread But guess what we got you instead?

We got the guillotine We got the guillotine, you better run

Let's keep it banging like a shotgun We in a war before we fought one Now if you're tired of working from day to day A common enemy, we got one Now keep it banging like a shotgun We in a war before we fought one Now if you're tired of working from day to day A common enemy, we got one

Don't talk about it It won't show Be about it It's 'bout to blow