

## The Name Game

## The Coup

Now, motherfuckers done made a name for theyself  
But a name don't mean wealth, let me up you on the shit  
If we was up in this, just to get up out the ghetto  
Let me tell you right now, we damn near done quit  
I spit game on a regular basis; now everybody  
Lookin at my hand like I'm holdin all the aces  
Cool that they know our faces, from different places  
But you can't catch-up/ketchup if you don't know what the pace/Pace is  
Everywhere we go you know especially in the O we hear  
"Coup, Coup, you know we got love fo' sho"  
But even mo' when they see us on be -E-and-T and  
M-T-and-V but me and E can't pay the P-G-and-E  
Power come from the barrel of a buckler  
I use the mic so that we aim at the same motherfucker  
'Cause your shit could go gold, and the only cash you got  
Is the silver kind that don't fold  
I'm gettin dope when they ask about the road that I passed  
My peoples really be thinkin they gon' come up fast  
And then come rap and shake they ass  
You ain't the first, motherfucker who done spent his game  
Then plan to scam, up out the ghetto let me break this down  
From kids to gramms, fuck the videos with the Benzes  
And the cellular phones, spendin hundreds like quarters  
The Benz is they partner's, the money's on loan, and umm..  
"The cellular number you have reached is out of order"

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I mocked Rockbox wearin socks in my basement, told my pops  
I fin' to have as much mail as they got not  
I still got to keep my cash clot flowin'  
My mind is bent on the rent I'm barely makin' it micraphone  
It's true, it's a few gettin' fund expansions  
It ain't like Acorn Projects gon' move into mansions  
Straight authenticized shit, over synthesized hits  
With this misty eyed mental make your teeth grit  
And I'm not tryin' to diss like it's a bandwagon trim  
They sellin' six-packs of them waves out the ghetto again  
In the 20's it was rocks, in the 50's doo-wop  
It's nineteen-ninety-fo' and everybody's store hoppin'  
And ain't nobody really tryin' to hear me speak  
They too busy watchin' loot, gettin' interviewed by Robin Leach  
So if you're modest and don't higher/hire economics  
Just kick it with The Coup, smoke this dub sack of funk!

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I'm gon' die before I lie to my peoples on the block  
It's like front and you gon' shoot when you ain't got no glock  
You bet' not (that's a punk trick) this is how we run shit  
I'm fin' to pitch a fit cause I'm tired of hearin gums hit  
Why do motherfuckers get up out and go for single  
When the real high rollers grab the army to protect they Pringles?

Confusion, just a system based on prostitution  
They done ganked you, don't be no stank fool with they solution  
Unless you got about a million semi-automatics  
You gon' think you strivin doin them wholesale acrobatics

No I don't have it like that, Planet Planet ain't got it  
Keep my whole life savings stuffed in my back pocket, flock it  
I'm scrapin fronts off like plaque, no slack  
I'm come Realistic like Radio Shack  
Intact and fat motherfuckers finally get they shit right  
Ain't no fight, they scared shitless, all they do is grab the mic  
Ain't no organizin real shit on the street, it's a fleet  
Of revolutionaries, in the studio makin beats  
So fuck the fame, fuck the game, fuck the riches fool  
I ain't got shit unless all my folks gon' have it too!

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