

## U.c.p.a.s.

## The Coup

We don't make no damn Mickey Mouse music!

F.T.S. with The Coup, whatchu want to do?  
F.T.S., Coup

Undas, Cops, Pigs and Shit  
They be gettin on my nerves I'm bout to have a fit  
I need land, a place where no money is spent  
I'll kick back, and live life immaculate (you say)

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Exchange data, no contact, no matta  
Eternally, you'll find, information to be, God sent  
The soul, my body's bein spent like some dope shit  
All the way from across the Atlantic Ocean  
See I can't help but talk about the way my people been raped  
Right about now, I'm bout to set some shit straight  
To all you late bloomers and early consumers, ignore the rumors  
Who has the made the whole nation backslide, to homicide  
Almost and damn near, genocide  
We all need to check our soul inside  
Have you ever seen a human body landslide?  
How bout some tanks doin a driveby  
Or a bomber droppin napalm from way high?  
We long live, but sometimes we got ta die  
The whole world's about to bow man, that ain't no lie  
You betta find yo'self befo' yo'self takes all your time

One mo' gen now

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Bump you.. it got to be.. hot to me..  
A cop to me.. could burn in hell  
We re-bel.. we don't swell like the pressure  
Tester.. even leave the best of shakin and  
Shivering.. WHOOO.. icy cold.. delivery  
Deliberately slippery when wet  
You moist yet? You check out  
The hop-hippin.. it got you flippin while it's slippin  
The hippity hop, hit you, cause it get you  
So god damn krunk, bang that wild shit; read:  
God damn bump, ransom stylist, thick  
Rich like 69 dollar shit  
Crazy like the Spice Girls, finger lickin, kickin

Sa-vory, fla-vory expedition mission  
Free the land Africa, Africa listen..  
Listen..

Hah.. bring it back now  
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Can you feel it? I can feel it

Now if this party was a class I'd be a teacher  
It's F.T.S. and The Coup, a double feature  
Now if this party was a car I'd be the driver  
I'm rappin third, the mic is smellin like saliva  
The emperor, that motherfucker's .. ass naked  
We'll take you higher than when you had yo' last dank hit  
It's not surprisin that when folks start to uprisin  
There's police on the horizon, they been there all along  
They just good at they disguisin, the po-po's supposed to keep  
The peace they gotta make the bosses money increase  
You never seen the police break up a strike  
By hittin the BOSS with his baton pipe  
And you ain't never gon' see one  
But when we take over it's gon' be poppin like Re-Run, huh  
Boots from The Coup, lightin the dark like a toker  
Much love to my folkers, all aces and jokers

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A-hah