

## Funk

## The Coup

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  
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-More and Twin 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