

Get Up

The Coup

Dead Prez, The Coup
People Army, where the G's at?
C'mon... Fuck the police
Ay why'all ready for this shit for why'all trunk?
Why'all ready to get this bitch crunk?

[Hook]
You got to get up right now
Turn the system upside down
Your 'sposed to be fed up right now
Turn the system upside down
Get up!

[Stic.]
Honestly, I'm against this government
I ain't gotta cover it up, that's what I meant
Sick of payin bills and I'm sick of payin rent
Seem like I work all the time but don't know where the money went
And the funny shit is we supposed to like this shit
But all why'all politicians can bite this dick
It's a war goin on, the ghetto is a cage
They only give you two choices; be a rebel or a slave
(So what you do?) So I rebel
Like a ulser in the belly of the beast stayin true to it
Since my home street days in the blue Buick
Niggas been fightin so long seem like I'm used to it
Now what why'all know 'bout how The Coup do it
Truth fluid, Boots put the funk to it, ain't nothin to it
This is for the G's all the way to the bay
For 'Frisco to Oakland all over L.A., ya gotta get up

[Hook]

[Boots]
Now uhh, this fella, spits yella, never been a snitch teller
One pace up from my homies ditch dweller
Yellin "Fuck 'em Rocafella" my shit bump in acapella
My lyrical qoutes are nervous notes to bank tellers
When we call it off, we haulin off, Molotov's and bricks
Mr. Bailiff you could put that in the transcripts
Hope your motherfuckin petty workin band flips
Some saw it off, I prefer hand-grips
Qoute us, you know we're stronger than a 3-day no-tice
Pay aquit, It's more of us than lies your mayor spit
I'm on some "Ma hate the game but love the player" shit
Is you a "have" or you a "have not"?
When you run out of bullets grab rocks
'cause the prison don't slam locks
It don't open when your fam knocks, 'less you rich and have stocks
Fight the power like a motherfuckin Zulu
It's The Coup plus Kanume and Mutulu
So raise your hands in the air like your born again
But make a fist for the struggle we was born to win

[Hook]

[M1]

When I hear the woop-woop, I be duckin them hoes
I can smell a pig comin, so I stay on my toes
On the low from po-po, so fuck the Ho-lice
'cause peace to me is loaded under my seat
And I know power respect that, so 'serve and protect' that
I'm young, black, and just don't give a fuck - try me
Grillin you right back, you better drive by me
We the People Army is known to get rowdy
And even if you a friend of the blue
You can get it too, snitchin is never forgettable
This Hell we livin is never forgivable
It come down to DP and The Coup
Remember Huey, Bobby Hutton, George, Fred and them
Fuck the po-po, local, state, fed and them
You better choose your side, Crip - Blood - 415
It's one team, get up and let's ride!

[Hook]

{music to fade}