

Gunsmoke

The Coup

come on let's go

put this under your belt

Chorus

Smell the gunsmoke

repeat

I be having homicide running through my mind

Don't know what's up with me

Shit fuck with me all the time

Eating at my spine

Motherfucka in my prime

How you gonna get yours

when you're too busy getting mine

Now look is this murderous criminal

coming through

if you think it's eroc then the subliminals

is working on you

there's thirty million of us buried in the fucking sludge

can't come straight from fudge

I got a bloody grudge

Dead bodies lying all around me

but the real murderers ain't never got no bounty

count it coroners as we sitting as statistics

with this ass if you think this

blast is coming from my residential district

There's something that I think you should know

is the motherfucking g.. from the eastside ho

peep my flow creep by slow

see all my folks is broke

survival for the cautious and the low

get a whiff of my gunsmoke

chorus

I'm getting white hairs

from the nightmares everynight

'cause somebody's got a contract

on my life

I'm in a gang that's in an all out war

they join me in when

they knife my umbilical cord

so it begins with a slap on the ass

now you in into white people's ass tricks

you here so fast we already made your casket

while its got one buck

so the phrase gunshot

gets hella tide

can't take the only motherfuckas getting fried

skeletons deep down in the ocean

'cause them slave ships had that three stop motion

coasting down fulton on the mississippi river

all across this end

motherfuckas saying down nigga down nigga

it all started when we start producing scratch

some of my homies got no legs attached

without no food up in the fridge

you ain't go never have peace

'cause with a trigger

you can finger fuck without no grease

chorus

Up to the moon

repeat

I say fuck the whole judge and the jury

my mind got delirious
my eyes got blurry
had my uncle strapped to the chair
hands oxtied
breathing in gas
breathing out carbon monoxide
whole systems stacked like a loaded bowel
'cause ain't no billionaires on the murder trial
make the ghetto concentration camps every mile
so march your ass through the gas chambers single file
who's the biggest problem that they show on the tv?
more peoples die starvation and tv
see me with an angry face and a beanie
'cause my relationship with uncle sam is steamy
its what I've been through
I'm like sinecua
what i got you got to get it put it in you
the ruling class was cut throat since we fresh off the boat
show em we ain't no joke
let them choke off the gunsmoke
chorus