

# Kill My Landlord

## The Coup

[Featuring Elements Of Change]

(Hey, how are you guys fixing to pay?)

Verse One: (?)

Now check it, the topic of discussion

Is more than a financial profit

United Snakes won't stop it

Blow for blow, the flow with the commentary gets

Seventy-six septillion tons a-spinnin'

[Steady steppin into a new phase

New thoughts representing our slavery days]

The seeds of weeds and crops is much more than you figure

Yo if he's a black man he must be a nigger

They make a gimmick I wouldn't doubt

[A sucker selling out for the sake of a scream and shout]

Elements don't grow with nonsense

Rather kick a little bit of science

[Science about controlling actions of another

America was built on the sweat of black sisters and brothers]

Never allowed to breathe but allowed to bleed and breed

[Stripped of our creed and religion surviving on intuition]

And what the master said give 'em

[And besides the black man is the original lord of the land]

So I'm clenching my right hand

[Brothers and sisters we must fight this slumlord]

Overlord of the concrete jungle but I'm humble

As I witness my opponent crumble

Like the shack that I live in the house that I rent from him

[Roach infested I'm sure that the rats are nesting

The heat doesn't work he still hasn't checked it

Disrespected me for the last time

I loaded up the nine stepping double time

Bullseye]

Another point scored

Right between the eyes of my landlord

Verse Two: Defrost

They tell me to hold my peace but I just can't

But I'm Defrost of the rap group of Point Blank

So me I'm chilling at the table with my family

Hypothetically trying hard to keep my mind off the economy

Yeah I know the reason I find it hard to pass the test

Call me a victim cause I'm another brother jobless

Every day it seems like I'm moving closer to the streets

PG&E repo'ed the lights and my fucking heat

The situation's getting hard for me to handle

Had to trade my Nike's to the store to buy some candles

Last to first and I'm a-hunted and a hoe I know

The man is going to come and throw me in the cold

Tears in my eye as I'm thinking of place to stay

While I'm staring at the freebie cheese up in my plate

I heard a bang bang bang knocking at my door

I looked up it was my motherfucking landlord, let him in quick

Followed by the sheriff deputy trying to come in

Every po on my property, staring me down

Mugging hard up in my family's face

While they're sitting at the table trying to say grace

But before I make this one my last meal

Any moves, yeah I'm looking for the damn kill

I said it twice in case he didn't hear me though

Sucker made a move evidently when he hit the floor

So now I'm in cuffs for the crimes I've committed

Maybe I'll go to jail, heh, or maybe I'll get acquitted  
But the fact still stands I killed my landlord dead  
Now I've got three meals and a roof over my head  
Verse Three: Boots  
Cash is made in lump sums as street bums eat crumbs  
So I defeat scum as I beat drums  
Rum-tiddy-tum like the little drummer boy song  
Here comes the landlord at the door, ding dong  
Is it wrong that my momma sticks a fat-ass thong  
Up his anal cavity cause he causes gravity to my family  
Says we gotta pay a fee so we can stay and eat  
In a house with light and heat  
The bastard could get beat, stole the land from Chief Littlefeet  
House is built on deceit, got no rent receipt  
So I'm living in the street and I'm down now  
Don't you know to not fuck with the Mau Mau?  
Notice of eviction, four knuckle dental affliction  
Friction, oh did I mention  
You'll be finger licking as I handicap your diction  
And you say you're not a criminal like Tricky Dick Nixon?  
While we're fixing to impose rent control  
We didn't vote on it, this land wasn't bought or sold  
It was stole by your great granddaddy's ganking  
Osagyefo said they call it primitive accumulation  
Plantations, TV stations wealth is very stationary  
I learned the game and I became a revolutionary  
Scaring the corporate asses cause the masses are a loaded gun  
Killing the world banking and international monetary fund  
I'm done, we're done with what you've done  
For twenty-five score we've got a battle cry  
Kill my, kill my, kill my, kill my  
Kill my, kill my, kill my, kill my landlord

Verse Four: E-Roc

I need six hundred dollars by the end of the week

My body is cold, dirty socks on my feet

Not a black sheep, but who's the creep

Trying to put me on the street while I'm trying to sleep?

I want to kill my landlord, murder in the first degree

If there's something wrong he wants to blame me

Wants to be a threat so he carries a gun

Well I pack a mag cause I can't trust 911

Son of a gun, I'm the one who cuts the grass

Wash the windows and he still wants me to kiss his ass

But I laugh cause America's not my home

My landlord took me away from where I belong

But it's a sad song so I face reality now

Pick up the phone and now here comes the Mau Mau

To the rescue, down with The Coup

Yo landlord, I've got a little message for you

I'm going cuckoo, fuck a machete or sword

E-Roc is on a mission to kill my landlord