

## Not Yet Free

## The Coup

"Blacks are too fuckin broke to be republicans"

In this land I can't stand or sit  
and not get shit thrown up in my face  
A brotha never gets his props  
I'm doin bellyflops at the department of waste  
And everyday I pulls a front so nobody pulls my card  
I got a mirror in my pocket and I practice lookin hard  
I'm lookin behind me beside me ahead of me  
There'll be no feet makin tracks here instead of me  
But I can't disregard just what the news says to me  
I'm twenty-one, so I've reached my life expectancy  
At any minute I could be in some shit that kills my skinny ass  
From motherfuckers doin the sellout strut or probably Oakland task  
My relationship with OPD has been like one big diss  
Long arm of the law, grips my dick so tight it's hard to even piss  
So I forgot ain't even got a pot to do it in  
Up at the church they're tellin me it's because I live in sin  
So I grin, but nevertheless my mind won't dwell  
I must be trippin cause I thought I was livin in hell  
Capitalism is like a spider, the web is getting tighter  
I'm struggling like a fighter, just to bust loose  
It's like a noose asphyxiation sets in  
Just when I think I'm free it seems to me the spider steps in  
This web is made of money made of greed made of me  
Of what I have become in a parasite economy

In the winter there's a splinter with the smell of the rain  
And the scent of the street, but all I smell is the pain  
Of a brotha who's a hustler and he's stuck to the grind  
Of a sista who's a hooker gotta sell her behind  
Desperation makes her brotha get a little more bold  
The circumstance gets deeper when it's damp and it's cold  
So I spend my time thinking bout the ultimate gank  
Can I get my Coup together pull a move on the bank?  
I be the picture perfect hustler for the piece of the pie  
But my daddy always taught me just to reach for the sky  
Now my dream and aspirations go from single to hoe  
As I realize there's a million motherfuckers in the cold  
No need to be told, cause when you got a million po' people  
Gettin ganked, by a few that are rich and evil  
But it's illegal, to wonder how they livin fat  
(One two three) everybody get a gat

Ahhhhhhh yeah!

Niggaz, thugs, dope dealers and pimps  
Basketball players, rap stars, and simps  
That's what little black boys... are made of  
Sluts, hoes, and press the naps around your beck  
Broads pop that coochie, bitches stay in check  
That's what little black girls... are made of  
But if we're made of that who made us  
and what can we do to change us  
The oppressor tries to tame us  
here's a FOOT for his anus!  
Well since the days when I was shittin in diapers  
It was evident the President didn't like us

Assassination attempts I'd root for the snipers  
My teacher told me that I didn't know what right was  
Well she was wrong cause I knew what a right was  
And a left and an uppercut, too  
I had a hunch a sucker punch is what my people got  
That's why I was constantly red, black, and blue

Boots, Boots, Boots, you want to throw some shots out?  
Ay man I ain't done with my lyrics yet, that's not cool  
Ay, but ain't this a freestyle?  
Naw, this is not yet freestyle cause we not yet free  
Hey we gonna throw some shots out anyway

Awright fuckit, who y'all want to throw some shots out to?  
Uhh whassup with that uhh Bill Clinton and Al Gore?  
Aight, they the new masters up in the White House and everything  
Let's throw some shots out  
Yeah

Awright, what about Bush? He on the way out and everything  
but I think we need a goodbye for his ass

Uh-huh  
See-ya!  
Awright, what about Ross Perot and the good ol boys?

The who?  
You know who they are, awright

Ay what about Pete Wilson? (Whassup) That Pete Wilson motherfucker  
Yeah whassup wit him?  
Awright

Got him!  
Awright, ay, the L.A.P.D.,  
The O.P.D., The Richmond P.D., Detroit P.D., ay  
Ay fuck it, fuck it, the whole, the whole motherfuckin P.D.  
Awright, load up  
Yeah, here's a loaded club for yo' ass  
Awright, cool -- ay, what about these skinheads?  
Ay check it out  
I can't stand dem fools  
Awright awright, load it up, load it up, awright, cool

Yeah, got em!  
Ay, what about these sellout motherfuckers!  
Who?  
You know these sellout motherfuckers -- Ellay DuHarris  
Who else?  
Tom Bradley  
Who else?  
David Dinkins, ay, line em up  
Yeah be true to the game

Ay, we outta ammo, what we gon do?  
Let's get the fuck up outta here  
Aight cool, we out