

The Name Game

The Coup

Now, motherfuckers done made a name for theyself
But a name don't mean wealth, let me up you on the shit
If we was up in this, just to get up out the ghetto
Let me tell you right now, we damn near done quit
I spit game on a regular basis; now everybody
Lookin at my hand like I'm holdin all the aces
Cool that they know our faces, from different places
But you can't catch-up/ketchup if you don't know what the pace/Pace is
Everywhere we go you know especially in the O we hear
"Coup, Coup, you know we got love fo' sho"
But even mo' when they see us on be -E-and-T and
M-T-and-V but me and E can't pay the P-G-and-E
Power come from the barrel of a buckler
I use the mic so that we aim at the same motherfucker
'Cause your shit could go gold, and the only cash you got
Is the silver kind that don't fold
I'm gettin dope when they ask about the road that I passed
My peoples really be thinkin they gon' come up fast
And then come rap and shake they ass
You ain't the first, motherfucker who done spent his game
Then plan to scram, up out the ghetto let me break this down
From kids to gramms, fuck the videos with the Benzes
And the cellular phones, spendin hundreds like quarters
The Benz is they partner's, the money's on loan, and umm..
"The cellular number you have reached is out of order"

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I mocked Rockbox wearin socks in my basement, told my pops
I fin' to have as much mail as they got not
I still got to keep my cash clot flowin'
My mind is bent on the rent I'm barely makin' it micraphone
It's true, it's a few gettin' fund expansions
It ain't like Acorn Projects gon' move into mansions
Straight authenticized shit, over synthesized hits
With this misty eyed mental make your teeth grit
And I'm not tryin' to diss like it's a bandwagon trim
They sellin' six-packs of them waves out the ghetto again
In the 20's it was rocks, in the 50's doo-wop
It's nineteen-ninety-fo' and everybody's store hoppin'
And ain't nobody really tryin' to hear me speak
They too busy watchin' loot, gettin' interviewed by Robin Leach
So if you're modest and don't higher/hire economics
Just kick it with The Coup, smoke this dub sack of funk!

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I'm gon' die before I lie to my peoples on the block
It's like front and you gon' shoot when you ain't got no glock
You bet' not (that's a punk trick) this is how we run shit
I'm fin' to pitch a fit cause I'm tired of hearin gums hit
Why do motherfuckers get up out and go for single
When the real high rollers grab the army to protect they Pringles?

Confusion, just a system based on prostitution
They done ganked you, don't be no stank fool with they solution
Unless you got about a million semi-automatics
You gon' think you strivin doin them wholesale acrobatics

No I don't have it like that, Planet Planet ain't got it
Keep my whole life savings stuffed in my back pocket, flock it
I'm scrapin fronts off like plaque, no slack
I'm come Realistic like Radio Shack
Intact and fat motherfuckers finally get they shit right
Ain't no fight, they scared shitless, all they do is grab the mic
Ain't no organizin real shit on the street, it's a fleet
Of revolutionaries, in the studio makin beats
So fuck the fame, fuck the game, fuck the riches fool
I ain't got shit unless all my folks gon' have it too!

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