

U.C.P.A.S. (feat. F.T.S.) [Skit]

The Coup

[boots]

We don't make no damn mickey mouse music!* pam the funkstress cuts "i shot the sherriff"

*F.t.s. with the coup, whatchu wanna do?

F.t.s., coupChorus: boots, clap, vexx (repeat 2x)Undas, cops, pigs and shit

They be gettin on my nerves i'm bout to have a fit

I need land, a place where no money is spent

I'll kick back, and live life immaculate (you say)

[vexx]

Exchange data, no contact, no matta

Eternally, you'll find, information to be, god sent

The soul, my body's bein spent like some dope shit

All the way from across the atlantic ocean

See i can't help but talk about the way my people been raped

Right about now, i'm bout to set some shit straight

To all you late bloomers and early consumers, ignore the rumors

Who has the made the whole nation backslide, to homicide

Almost and damn near, genocide

We all need to check our soul inside

Have you ever seen a human body landslide?

How bout some tanks doin a driveby

Or a bomber droppin napalm from way high?

We long live, but sometimes we got ta die

The whole world's about to bow man, that ain't no lie

You betta find yo'self befo' yo'self takes all your time

[boots]

One mo' gen nowChorus[clap]

Bump you. it got to be. hot to me.

A cop to me. could burn in hell

We re-bel. we don't swell like the pressure

Tester. even leave the best of shakin and

Shivering. whooo. icy cold. delivery

Deliberately slippery when wet

You moist yet? you check out

The hop-hippin. it got you flippin while it's slippin

The hippity hop, hit you, cause it get you

So god damn krunk, bang that wild shit; read:

God damn bump, ransom stylist, thick

Rich like 69 dollar shit

Crazy like the spice girls, finger lickin, kickin

Sa-vory, fla-vory expedition mission

Free the land africa, africa listen.

Listen.[boots]

Hah. bring it back now Chorus[boots]
Can you feel it? i can feel it

Now if this party was a class i'd be a teacher
It's f.t.s. and the coup, a double feature
Now if this party was a car i'd be the driver
I'm rappin third, the mic is smellin like saliva
The emperor, that motherfucker's . ass naked
We'll take you higher than when you had yo' last dank hit
It's not surprisin that when folks start to uprisin
There's police on the horizon, they been there all along
They just good at they disguisin, the po-po's supposed to keep
The peace they gotta make the bosses money increase
You never seen the police break up a strike
By hittin the boss with his baton pipe
And you ain't never gon' see one
But when we take over it's gon' be poppin like re-run, huh
Boots from the coup, lightin the dark like a toker
Much love to my folkers, all aces and jokers Chorus F.t.s., the coup
A-hah

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>