

5 Million Ways to Kill a C.E.O.

The Coup

{*scratched: "Help me out"*}
 {^1: "Yo, yo, yo, yo!"}
 {*scratched: "Help me out"*}

{^1: "Yo, yo, yo, yo!"} We've got 5 million ways to kill a CEO
 Slap him up and shake him up and then you know
 Let him off the flo' then bait him with the dough
You can do it funk or do it disco, y'know how this go We've got 5 million ways to kill a CEO
 Slap him up and shake him up and then you know
 Let him off the flo' then bait him with the dough
You can do it funk or do it disco, y'know how this go
 (Boots)

Well I hope you testify that it was worth your waitin
 On the turf debatin how to get it percolatin
 He workin you while we happy just to work a day
 But I'ma slap him 'til my blood starts circulatin {^1}
 Do you checks have elasticity?
 Did they cut off yo' 'lectricity?
 Did you scream and yell explicitly?
 Force the boss into complicity {^1}

I'm a white chalk stencil but I push a pencil
 Rollin dope fiend rentals through your residential
 Broke as fuck, eatin lentils with no utensil
 Finna teach pimp class with a hoe credential {^1}
 They own sweats shops, pet cops and fields of cola
 Murder babies with they molars on the areola
 Control the Pope, Dali Lama, Holy Rollers, and the Ayatollah
 Bump this rollin {^1} in your bucket or your new Corolla
 Well you might catch me on the scenic route, with my penis out
 Yellin, "Twamps for the executives with the meanest mouth!"
 Wanna know what this demeanor's bout? City tried to clean us out
 Green is clout, shut 'em down {^1} they ain't never seen a drought
 You interviewed but they ain't callin you back
 And for the record I ain't called it a gat
 But tuck this in the small of your back
 Wait in the bathroom stall 'til I tap {^1}

(Chorus)(Boots)

'Cept this game ain't slow, it's the creeper
 If you a janitor, get a street sweeper
 Ugly is even skin deeper
 If you can't get the Pres, get the VeePer {^1}

They made the murder scene before there was a coroner
 I mighta been born here but I'm a foreigner

Spillin swigs for victims of pigs and Afeni's kid
Flip off the lid, who you {^1} pourin fo'
You too could be a corporate green killer, bean spiller, uhh
"Gangster of Love" just like Steve Miller
They wear skivvies that's made of chinchilla
Factory in Mexico, bought {^1} a spring villa
I'm from the land where the Panthers grew
You know the city and the avenue
If you the boss we'll be smabbin through, and we'll be grabbin you
To say, "Whassup with the ra-venue?" {^1}
And if you feel it we can even try to seal it with the
We've got 5 million ways to kill a CEO
Slap him up and shake him up and then you know
Let him off the flo' then bait him with the dough
You can do it funk or do it disco, y'know how this go
We've got 5 million ways to kill a CEO
Slap him up and shake him up and then you know
Let him off the flo' then bait him with the dough
You can do it funk or do it disco, y'know how this go
(Boots)
Tell him it's a boom in child prostitution
When he show up at the stroll give him lead restitution
You could throw a twenty in a vat 'o hot oil
When he jump in after it watch him boil {^1}
Toss a dollar in the river and when he jump in
If you can find he can swim
put lead boots on him and do it again! You and a friend
Videotape and the party don't end {^1}
Tell that boogers be sellin like crack
He gon' put the little baggies in his nose, and suffocate like that
Put a fifty in the barrel of a gun
When he try to suck it out, a-ha, well you know this one
Make sure you ain't got no priors
Don't tell 'em that we conspired
We could let him try to change a flat tire
Or we could all at once retire
There are just a few of the
We've got 5 million ways to kill a CEO
Slap him up and shake him up and then you know
Let him off the flow then bait him with the dough
You can do it funk or do it disco, y'know how this go
We've got 5 million ways to kill a CEO
Slap him up and shake him up and then you know
Let him off the flow then bait him with the dough
You can do it funk or do it disco, y'know how this go
Bay Area, get ready to brawl, Bay Area,
are you ready to brawl?
L.A., get ready to brawl, L.A., are you ready to brawl?
Chi-town, get ready to brawl, Chi-Town, are you ready to brawl?
Detroit, get ready to brawl, Detroit, are you ready to brawl?
Atlanta, get ready to brawl, Atlanta, are you ready to brawl?
Houston, get ready to brawl, Houston, are you ready to brawl?
New York, get ready to brawl, New York, are you ready to brawl?
London, get ready to brawl, London, are you ready to brawl?
Capetown, get ready to brawl, Capetown, are you ready to brawl?

Tokyo, get ready to brawl, Tokyo, are you ready to brawl?Yeah
The Coup
Boots Riley
Pam the Funkstress
It's really goin' down
Yeah, ya know, in case you didn't know, gats are comin'
The Coup
You know, sum'n, sum'n

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