

Fat Cats, Bigga Fish

The Coup

Well now, haha, what have we here? C-c-c-come with it
Get down, get down, get down
Get down, get down, get down
C-c-c-come with it
Get down, get down, get down
Get down, get down, get down
C-c-c-come with it It's almost ten o'clock see i got a ball of lifted property
So i slid my beanie on sloppily
And promenade out to take up a collection
I got game like i read the directions
I'm wishing that i had an automobile
As i feel the cold wind rush past
But let me state that i am a hustler for real
So you know i got the stolen bus pass
Just as the bus pulls up and I step to the rear
This ole lady look like she drank a forty of fear
I see my ole school partner said his brother got popped
Pay my respects, can you ring the bell we came to my stop
The street light reflects off the piss on the ground
Which reflects off the hamburger sign, it turns round
Which reflects off the chrome of the BMW
Which reflects off the fact that I'm broke, now what the fuck is new
I need loot I sweat the motherfucka in the tweed suit
I'm in his ass quicker than a kick from a grease boot
Eased up slow and discreet
Could tell he was suspicious by the way he slid his feet
Didn't wanna fuck up the come up so I
Smile with my eyes say, hey, how it's hanging, guy
Bumped into his shoulders but he passed with no reaction
Damn this motherfucka had hell of Andrew Jacksons
I'm a thief or pickpocket give a fuck what you call it
Used to call em fat cats.
I just call them wallets getting federal, ain't just a klepto
Master card or visa i'd gladly accept those
Sneaky motherfucka with a scam know how to pull it
Got a mirror in my pocket, but that won't stop no bullets
Story just begun, but you already know
Ain't no need to get down, shit, i'm already low
C-c-c-come with it
Get down, get down, get down
Get down, get down, get down
C-c-c-come with it

Get down, get down, get down
Get down, get down, get down
C-c-c-come with it My footsteps echo in the darkness
My teeth clenched tight like a fist in the cold sharp mist
I look down and I hear my stomach growling
Step to burger king to attack it like a shaolin
I never pay for shit that I can get by doin' dirt
Linger to the girl cashier and start to flirt
All up in her face and her breath was like murder
Damn the shit I do for a free hamburger
[girl] "Well, you got my number you gon' call me tonite?"
It depends, is them burgers attached to a price
"sorry sorry" I'm just kidding, I'ma call you, even write you love letters
"it's all good" Thanks for the burgers, emm, hook me up with a Dr. Pepper
"Thats cool you want some ice?"
Yeah, and some fries will be hella nice
(girl) "Damn, my manager is coming play it off okay
have a nice day!" I'm up outta here, anyway
I use peoples before they use me
Cause you can get got by an uzi
Over an oz, thats what an og told me
Gots to find some place warm and cozy
To eat the vittles that I just got
Came to an underground parking lot
This place is good as any, fuck it is all good
Walked in, found a car, hopped itself up on a hood
Ate my burger, threw back my cola
Somebody said "Hey", it was a rented pig, I thought it was a roller
"Want me to call the cops?" I dont want them to see me
Looked down and saw that I was sitting on a lamborghini
It was rollses, Ferraris and Jags by the dozen
A building door opened, damn it was my cousin
Getting offa work, dressed up no lie
Tux, cummerbund and a blackbow tie
I was like Hey - "Who is it" - me -
"Oh whats up man I just quit this company
They hella racist and the pay was too low"
I said arite, what was up in there though
"A party with rich motherfuckas I dont know the situation
I know they got cabbage owning corporations
IBM, Chryslers and shit is what they said"
Just then a light bulb went off in my head
They be thinking all black folks is resembling
Gimme your tux and I'll do some pocket swindling
Fit the change in the bathroom and I freeze off my nuts
lets take a short break while i get into this tux
Alright, I'm ready Get down, get down, get down
Get down, get down, get down
C-c-c-come with it

Get down, get down, get down
Get down, get down, get down
C-c-c-come with it Fresh dressed like a million bucks
I be the flyiest muthafucka in an afro and a tux
My arm is at a right angle up, silver tray in my hand
May I interest you in some caviar, ma'am?
My eyes shoots round the room there and here
Noticing the diamonds in the chandelier
Background Barry Manilow Copacabana
And a strong ass scent of stogies from Havana
What no place where a brother might been
Snobby ole ladies drinking champagne with rich white men
Alright then, let's begin this
Nights like this is good for business
Five minutes in the mix
Noticed several different cliques, talking, giggling and shit
Well, one motherfucka gave me twits and everybody else jacking it, throttling
Found out later he own coca cola bottling
Talking to a black man
Who's he confused we looking hella bourgie
Ass all tight and seditty recognized him as the mayor of my city
Who treats young black man like Frank Nitty
Mr. Coke said to Mr. Mayor
"You know we got a process like Ice T's hair
We put up the funds for your election campaign
And, oh, um, waiter, can you bring the champagne
A real estate fronts as opportunities arousing
To make some condos out of low income housing
Immediately we need some media heat
To say that gangs run the street and then we bring in the police fleet
Harass and beat everbody till they look inebriated
When we bought the land motherfuckas will appreciate it
Don't worry about the Urban League or Jesse Jackson
My man that owns Marlboro donated a fat sum"
That's when I stepped back some to contemplate what few know
Sat down, wrestled with my thoughts like a sumo
Ain't no one player that could beat this lunacy
Ain't no hustler on the street could do a whole community
This is how deep shit can get
It reads macaroni on my birth certificate
Poontang is my middle name but I can't hang
I'm getting hustled only knowing half the game Shit, how the fuck I get up out this place

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