

Busterismology

The Coup

(Boots)

I'm risin like the vapors from the dank
Fuck the mirror in my pocket, had to break it for a shank
What you thank? Walk the plank, is my motherfuckin attitude
Right hand on the wheel, elbow out the window, leanin
to the latitude, actin rude can get you blown up, to'n up
But these teeny-boppers ain't gon' live to be a grown up
My motherfucker done got hisself into a spot
I got this nine, but it jam on every fifth shot
If we gon' do this, we could this, but I'm trippin off
the factor that these bastards put me through this
Nuttin ass tricks, gangin up on my homie
Now I gots to do some shit, to leave yo' kids lonely
The level of my life should be higher
Told E-Roc to jump in, and get up out the line of fire
Made a three point turn, as the three joints burned
off they lips, actin hard wit they face held firm
Calmly stated my acquaintance was no punk
You got a gat, I got a gat - now is you requestin funk?
They said no, E-Roc yelled, "Trick!"

When we start the revolution all they probably do is snitchChorus: Boots

When we start the revolution, all they probably do is snitch

When we start the revolution, all they probably do is snitch

When WE start the revolution, all they, probably do is SNITCH!

When we start the revolution, all they probably do is snitch

When we start the revolution, all they probably do is snitch

When WE start this revolution, all they, probably do is SNITCH!(Boots)

I used to work at Mickey D's

And to my old buster-ass manager, licky DEEZ

Had me workin on hands and knees, scrubbin grease

And in the summer with the oven on, it's hundred-ten degrees

I would despise flippin fries, I guess his bitch-ass
thought he was the shit, with his little red and gold tie

I asked him why I couldn't get mo' hours

He said it must be cause I lacked the mental powers

If I was smart then I would be in his position

I left his nose in a busted up condition

Only came back for my last check to pay me off

He told me then, that he wasn't gonna lay me off

Said I should quit and it would be to my enjoyment

I fell for it and couldn't get my unemployment

To ALL the managers, on ALL the shifts
When we start this revolution, all y'all probably do is snitch!
Chorus.(Boots)

Now hella my folks got respect for you, killa
Wit a raised black fist, and a pocket full of scrilla
Cap peelers want your autograph, say you know the path
But I do the math, my game bursts, like a bubble in the bath
Punk asses like you is just here for confusion
Be abusin rhetoric, and it's slightly amusin
You be cruisin all the networks, Ebony and Jet works
'long witcha efforts, now what's yo' net worth?
If you ain't talkin bout endin exploitation
Then you just another Sambo in syndication
Always sayin words that's gon' bring about elation
Never doin shit, that's gon' bring us vindication
And while we gettin strangled by the slave-wage grippers
You wanna do the same, and say we should put you in business?
So you'll be next to the rulin class, lyin in a ditch
Cause when we start this revolution, all you probably do is snitch!
(snitch. snitch. snitch. snitch.)Chorus(ragga chat)

Busterismology, we don't want it no sir
Come and take a look, come and take a look a little closer
Busterismology, it dangerous like cancer
Busterismology, it only fi bustas (2X)(Pam the Funkstress)
Ye-ye-yeah-ye-ye-ye-yeah
This is the Pam the Funkstress
comin at you, on the microphone like thisss
About to break it down and let you know
what busterismology is all about
A buster is a motherfucker who will sell you out
for a glass of water when it's raining
Busterism is what busters do
And last but not least, busterismology
is the study of all these motherfuckers to learn
If you do not know, now you know
what busterismology is all about
Nine-eight (nine-eight) The Coup (The Coup)
Boots (Boots) and me Pam the Funkstress
(Pam the Funkstress)

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