

Ghetto Manifesto

The Coup

I write my lyrics on parking tickets and summons to the court
I scribbled this on an application for county support
I practice this like a sport
Met Donald Trump and he froze up
Standing on his Bentley yelling "Pimps down, hoes up" Some tryin' to front off
Break her ass a clump off
We gon' stop the world and make y'all motherfuckers jump off
This is my resume slash resignation
A ransom note with proposed legislation A fevered ultimatum you should take it verbatim
Cause I got two bangin' pieces and you don't wanna date em'
Flyin' kites for my folks at home
Who takin' tokes alone
We payin' rent on shit they ain't even sposed to own
Narratin' through my, agitatin' when ya curse
It's a million motherfuckers just waitin' on the first
Anticipatin' on the worst, wanna weightin' up ya purse
Shut the jobby job down at noon and don't disperse They wouldn't pay ya ass as far as they can
throw you
They think you punkin' but they don't know you
Dissin' turf operata, play with twelve shot berettas
Buy the Burger King workers who be slappin' on ya lettuce Wrote that in the back of those
apartments
A coupon from agricultural departments
When we put down the X-O, we can let the threats go
And start shit, it's the ghetto manifesto That's what I'm talking about
Make me scream and shout
East, West, North, and South
Gonna turn this party out, hey
That's what I'm talking about
Make me scream and shout
East, West, North, and South
Gonna turn this party out, hey (* People talking *) Call me bird, 'cause of my legs but my ass
don't sing
Got a house arrest anklet but it don't bling bling
Got a homie with a cell but that shit don't ring
But at lights out bars clang and souls get stang Now it's the hustlin' sound, trick where they
muscle around blacks
Make ya thoughts heavy, drop a joint and make the ground crack
Even renowned hack-historians have found that
The people only bound back when they pound back So I take out a spray can and paste the
pavement
Defacin' gravements of a sufferin' nascent

The files are flagrant and that's the fragrance
I overheard them askin' vagrance for patients
So check the liner notes, I steal my finer quotes
From people trying to throw the Bougies in designer bolts
And party liner jokes and all kinds of folks
Who all kind of broke
But bought twenties cause they feel like a lot of smoke
The trees we got lifted by made our feet
dangle
So when I say "Burn One" I mean the Star-Spangled
Let's all get high from the income angle
Bump this at the party even if it ain't the single
Here's a slum serenade, on razor blades and
grenades
By nannies and maids who be polishin' the suede
You could let the sess blow but let's make the sets grow
Into brigades with the ghetto manifesto
That's what I'm talking about
Make me scream and shout
East, West, North, and South
Gonna turn this party out, hey
That's what I'm talking about
Make me scream and shout
East, West, North, and South
Gonna turn this party out, hey(* People talking *)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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