

Hip 2 tha Skeme

The Coup

i get it done
make it one make it two make it three
right before it happens
make it four make it five make it 6, 7, 8, 9, ten
come on motherfucka we can do it again
repeatSee i aint never had shit
but my strife and my game and my life
and all them is just hand downs from my granddaddy lidvens
for them whose black folks ever came to here
to steal and hustling food stamps for that nine to 4 caddy
how many days can i stretch this box of grits
shit never quits im a brother
pitching fits or pitching shit
i use my mouth or a leg muscle anything to make the rent,
yo give up the hustle.
I know the us economy and i could run it
im about to make these four dollars into 4 hundred
aint nothing happening but this serious game
while they got billions in the bank
we just got money on the deck
and when we got fresh rims we on top,
on top of what when the kitchen's table's on hock
gun uncocked but we seen it on the past
make a fast dash for the cash be gangsta leaning on your ass
twentys and tens its all about making ends
no need to sin to uplift a california living
but i'd rear cos err i remember as a tot mr ogs
skank you motherfuckars with the glocks
and now the rocks is in my pockets
and my spots hot like the haiwaiian tropics
a taskforce topic cos this one's a cya
even though the yay is brought in by the cia
see im a motherfuckas thats done some dirt for my meal ticket
but i learned quit you gots to deal with it
well i dealed for twentytwofucking years
you damn straight my homies been laid when we all shed a tears
and its clear to my ear i had to learn that knowledge
cos after 12th grade i had to say fuck collegeand the knowledge no longer will i waste my time
the chrome was stuck in my ear
but im stuck to the ground
im steady mobbingback to the police station,
they checking me but its inflation thats doing this taking

no hesitating cant be waiting let me do my thing
i was hooked like a fiend but now im hip to tha skemechorusi heard recognized game when its
in your face
im spitting the game so close to you
you could feel the wet trace
if everybody in the hood had a phd
you'd say that dr flip that burger hell it good for me
200thousand brothers watching one mind one place to go
aint no revolution they just walking to the liquor store
here take a swigger so its quicker round the niggerroe
just wanna get rich the rigamole i been here beforea typical ho aint really no different
except that she would know that can't no prostitute
can become a pimp up in this system
it'd be more drama than a soap opera daytime spot
but aint no twist up in this cemetery plotsince nineteen fiftyfour
i's been hustling for that dough
my girl been putting out cross that wick like she's a specialized pro
this shit is getting steep
im getting ill ready to kill
the only thing i can inherit is an overdue billnow its six in the morning
i stride to the ride
as i glide down the street
i cant get to park cos my gas is kissing heat
im not yet free
but you dont hear me though
unless you creeping soap as my drive through window now if you wondering bout my fucked
up fickle frown
is cos im thinking bout how the wealth dont trickle down
listen to that beat nickle pound is my homies in the back
pass the nickle bag around and im looking at the streetthrough the fogged up windows knowing
if i was walking
id be smelling stench or piss or stale pussy in your window
i ask when those stores get closed down
a system that eats itself got it looking like a ghost townno proof of purchase hear my essence
purchase proof
analyze how they fucked us like if i was dr ruth
im on proof with the truth they started with nothing
robbed and ganked and killed
aint no po folks getting rich
less some caps is getting pickedeexcept for a couple of motherfuckas who done live their
token seen lifestyles of the rich and famous
front page of the magazine but that's a known
trick tell them suck their own dick
im hip to the skeme
my fist will bring up the whole cliquechorus
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