

Pork and Beef

The Coup

Coup, yeah
It's all good man, we off in the Oakland Hills
Dodging 'em one time, check it out If you got beef with C-O-P's
Throw a Molotov at the P-I-G's
Cause they be harassing you and me
Ya gotta understand how we still not free If you got beef with C-O-P's
Throw a Molotov at the P-I-G's
Cause they be harassing you and me
Ya gotta understand how we still not free Don't trust the police, no justice no peace
They got me face down, in the middle of the street
Pistol whip me with the heat, chicken shits sizzling
Trying to serve me the all-you-can eat murder beef
I'm a young, black, heterosexual male
Don't drink no drank, don't smoke, don't sell
That's the real reason that they want me up in jail
They want me to fail, I resist and rebel See I give a fuck about the C-O-P's
P-I-G's I wonder if I can shake em' like a P-I-T
Cause they wanna see me D-I-E
Got me cash under mob, I'm a pre-O.G. Dark Sobe associates, vicious, venomous vocalist
Chrome 4-4 toting, holding it down for Oakland
Folks do be smoking and shit we do what we holding
Some just don't notice they get demoted
Throw em' all the time music If you got beef with C-O-P's
Throw a Molotov at the P-I-G's
Cause they be harassing you and me
Ya gotta understand how we still not free
If you got beef with C-O-P's
Throw a Molotov at the P-I-G's
Cause they be harassing you and me
Ya gotta understand how we still not free This is for them babies with them empty plates
For that raise ripped that you didn't calculate
If you ever in your life been a ward of the state
On the corner with cake
If they send an undercover and you took the bait, huh Next time I see em' with no hesitation
I'm peeling off like stolen registration
And leave a lot of smoke
See I'm that sort of folk
That been pig hunting since my mama's fucking water broke 'Cause they the henchmen nah they
the lynchmen
Between the rich and puffs of weed known to trench them
'Cause they dispense with the dollars and cents
So when you stand go get candles, flowers, and incense Behind steel gates is fifty percent of our

bill rates
A pre-kin making microchips for Bill Gates
Pelican Bay, t-shirts for the workout
Police station where the slave catchers lurk out Listen to the thunder, I'm no more taking under
routes
We'll synchronize and give em' shit to wonder 'bout
The DEA is filthy, yell not guilty
We need control of the cash and the realty And get rid of all the motherfucking parasites
More than weed burn at 420 Fahrenheit
Shaking in they boots when we start to bust
They ain't scared of rap music, they scared of us If you got beef with C-O-P's
Throw a Molotov at the P-I-G's
Cause they be harassing you and me
Ya gotta understand how we still not free If you got beef with C-O-P's
Throw a Molotov at the P-I-G's
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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