

# 5 Million Ways to Kill a C.E.O.

## The Coup

{\*scratched: "Help me out"}  
    {^1: "Yo, yo, yo, yo!"}  
    {\*scratched: "Help me out"}  
    {^1: "Yo, yo, yo, yo!"} We've got 5 million ways to kill a CEO  
        Slap him up and shake him up and then you know  
            Let him off the flo' then bait him with the dough  
You can do it funk or do it disco, y'know how this go We've got 5 million ways to kill a CEO  
        Slap him up and shake him up and then you know  
            Let him off the flo' then bait him with the dough  
You can do it funk or do it disco, y'know how this go  
            (Boots)  
Well I hope you testify that it was worth your waitin  
        On the turf debatin how to get it percolatin  
            He workin you while we happy just to work a day  
But I'ma slap him 'til my blood starts circulatin {^1}  
        Do you checks have elasticity?  
            Did they cut off yo' 'lectricity?  
        Did you scream and yell explicitly?  
            Force the boss into complicity {^1}  
        I'm a white chalk stencil but I push a pencil  
        Rollin dope fiend rentals through your residential  
            Broke as fuck, eatin lentils with no utensil  
            Finna teach pimp class with a hoe credential {^1}  
        They own sweats shops, pet cops and fields of cola  
            Murder babies with they molars on the areola  
Control the Pope, Dali Lama, Holy Rollers, and the Ayatollah  
        Bump this rollin {^1} in your bucket or your new Corolla  
        Well you might catch me on the scenic route, with my penis out  
            Yellin, "Twamps for the executives with the meanest mouth!"  
Wanna know what this demeanor's bout? City tried to clean us out  
        Green is clout, shut 'em down {^1} they ain't never seen a drought  
        You interviewed but they ain't callin you back  
            And for the record I ain't called it a gat  
            But tuck this in the small of your back  
            Wait in the bathroom stall 'til I tap {^1}  
            (Chorus)(Boots)  
'Cept this game ain't slow, it's the creeper  
        If you a janitor, get a street sweeper  
            Ugly is even skin deeper  
        If you can't get the Pres, get the VeePer {^1}  
They made the murder scene before there was a coroner  
        I mighta been born here but I'm a foreigner

Spillin swigs for victims of pigs and Afeni's kid  
Flip off the lid, who you {^1} pourin fo'?

You too could be a corporate green killer, bean spiller, uhh  
"Gangster of Love" just like Steve Miller  
They wear skivvies that's made of chinchilla  
Factory in Mexico, bought {^1} a spring villa  
I'm from the land where the Panthers grew  
You know the city and the avenue

If you the boss we'll be smabbin through, and we'll be grabbin you  
To say, "Whassup with the ra-venue?" {^1}

And if you feel it we can even try to seal it with theWe've got 5 million ways to kill a CEO  
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You can do it funk or do it disco, y'know how this go(Boots)  
Tell him it's a boom in child prostitution  
When he show up at the stroll give him lead restitution  
You could throw a twenty in a vat 'o hot oil  
When he jump in after it watch him boil {^1}  
Toss a dollar in the river and when he jump in  
If you can find he can swim  
put lead boots on him and do it again! You and a friend  
Videotape and the party don't end {^1}  
Tell that boogers be sellin like crack

He gon' put the little baggies in his nose, and suffocate like that  
Put a fifty in the barrel of a gun  
When he try to suck it out, a-ha, well you know this one  
Make sure you ain't got no priors  
Don't tell 'em that we conspired  
We could let him try to change a flat tire  
Or we could all at once retire

There are just a few of theWe've got 5 million ways to kill a CEO  
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You can do it funk or do it disco, y'know how this goBay Area, get ready to brawl, Bay Area,  
are you ready to brawl?  
L.A., get ready to brawl, L.A., are you ready to brawl?  
Chi-town, get ready to brawl, Chi-Town, are you ready to brawl?  
Detroit, get ready to brawl, Detroit, are you ready to brawl?  
Atlanta, get ready to brawl, Atlanta, are you ready to brawl?  
Houston, get ready to brawl, Houston, are you ready to brawl?  
New York, get ready to brawl, New York, are you ready to brawl?  
London, get ready to brawl, London, are you ready to brawl?  
Capetown, get ready to brawl, Capetown, are you ready to brawl?

Tokyo, get ready to brawl, Tokyo, are you ready to brawl?Yeah  
The Coup  
Boots Riley  
Pam the Funkstress  
It's really goin' down  
Yeah, ya know, in case you didn't know, gats are comin'  
The Coup  
You know, sum'n, sum'n

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>