

Tanya Tucker F/ Willie Nelson**"Now Watch 'Em Drop"**

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Crooked cops
Crooked cops
See how they drop
See how they drop
They pull me over to check my ride
I pull out my nine, and three of em died
I promised to never let one slide
The crooked cops
Bitches

Kill a crooked cop
Mi say mi killin a crooked cop
Mi killin a crooked cop
Now watch em drop
Now watch em drop (2x)

Yeah
'93, peace to the streets
The cops will soon be deceased

I'm havin thoughts of Rodney King, so I gotta click on a
crooked cop
Decisions have been made, they ass gotta drop
Get your glock, no warnin shot, if you punks try to block
Hollow points to they hand's joint, they turn into flesh
lop
Yeah, them muthafuckas think a psycho is jokin
Crooked cops on the loose, fuck a truce, bust they
head open
Check it, in '93 they gotta raise out the hood
Or feel a million .380s blazin like firewood
Once upon a time on the M.L.K.-strip
Five-o started harassin, brought that shit upon Ganksta
NIP
That nigga was full of weed. and ready to blast
H.K., 50 rounds, two cops down from the near crash
Rolled up, they tried to make a psycho fold up
But hold up (*shots*) the Tec had shit sowed up
Yo, jetted fast after the blast with the mask
66 of em died, trick didn't even have to ask

Now buck em down
Mi say mi killin a crooked cop
Mi killin a crooked cop
Now watch em drop
Now watch em drop

Mi want to kill a crooked cop, cause they beat me down
Real niggas gather up and run they ass out of town
They have no muthafuckin business rollin in our hood
The next time you see a cop, fuck the punk peckerwood
Pop-pop with the glock, the Tec-9 sounds
Keep on fillin up the clip until they fall to the ground
And when he fall to the ground, take two steps back
Then take your knife, chop his head with a axe

Fuck em, they ain't shit, they got nines, we got nines
They have a few good men, we have black, strong
hood-long lines
Of gangsta-ass murderers, ex-cons
Three-time-losers, pull out your fire arms
Field niggas hyped up, and ready to win
Clear the streets with the Uzis, break our o.g.'s out the
pen
Round em up, now we think on the same level
Let's put our minds together, now let's click on the
fuckin devil

Now buck em down
Mi say mi killin a crooked cop
Mi killin a crooked cop
Now watch em drop
Now watch em drop
Now watch em drop
Now watch em drop
Mi killin a crooked cop
Now watch em drop
Now watch em drop

S.P.C.

We got to make these cops raise they ass out of South
Park
It's getting worser every day by day, so they kill us
after dark
But if we get our minds together we can overcome
So every nigga old enough, go out and buy a gun
Muthafucka

Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot to kill
All those crooked cops
Load up your x-can and spray, spray, spray

And we'll make they bitch-ass drop
Muthafucka
They aren't really know if we click that they ass cannot
win
(*shots*) ...with the Tec, and you'll never have to worry
about em again

Mi killin a crooked cop
Mi say mi killin a crooked cop
Mi say mi killin a crooked cop
Now watch em drop
Now watch em drop (2x)

Now watch them hoes drop

S.P.C.

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