

## Backstreet Boys

### "Outsmart the Po-Po's"

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(yawn)(burp)  
It's 9 AM (fuck)time for a poisima,  
life at incent, sit on the toiletsump  
The Rossi got me smellin like I'm dead inside (sniff)  
I'm stankin up the bathroom wit nuttin' to hide  
I gotta go, flush the cumode, k ,  
threw on the same damn clothes I wore yesterday  
Me got some niggaz come down from outta town see  
They want to meet me half way at the Nut Tree  
But I'm starvin' so I'm Chargin'  
15-5 for the Margerine, A-1 Yola tightly packed,  
17-5 for the coochierack  
Strike to the spot ride witta, my nine milameter bereta  
The broad that be holdin' my D she love me,  
long as I keep dickin her down properly  
Sittin low in my cut not like a failure,  
in front of baby's house  
straight talkin on a cellular  
Bring me out a unit, a birdie, a cake,  
with the gypsiness before it's too late  
Penitenty time drastic, here she come with a Kilo in a  
baby basket  
Gotta play your cards right, game tight,  
can't be slippin in the 90's, damn right

Chorus -  
Outsmart the Po Po,  
known to the marks as the don't knows,  
you gotta

I wear street clothes  
pants be saggin', I'm not bootsee  
and I don't drive a dope wagon  
Huh, Got a grip and I don't be braggin,  
can't be laggin', gotta keep stackin' (yeah)  
I keeps me a strap in case ah, I gots to shoot a simp in  
his face ah,  
It's better to be got with then without,  
Jealous muthafuckas would love it if they heard that I  
was tweakin' out  
Seniors in the summertime, ralleys in the winter (yeah)

Ridin' with a light skinned big booty tender  
Harass them muthafuckas on gold shoes,  
tryin' to put a stop on my revenues  
The Po Po I dislike em (hate em)  
Crooked ass cops will make you vital  
But you know that I know the Po Po  
would love for a nigga to even attempt to act black

That's why you gotta-

Chorus

(B-Legit)

It's Saturday night and to the night club  
I got the Tanqueray, juice, and the Green Bud  
Tacked on the freeway doin' fifty ya'll,  
a brand new thang lookin nifty ya'll  
I open the juice and then I take some swallows (yeah)  
And the muthafuckin Gin to the same bottle (that's  
right)  
Roll me a splift and put the ounce in the back (then  
what)  
I keep it the trunk right next to the Gat (what they do  
doe)  
Po Po jacked but can't fuck with me (what you got?)  
an open juice bottle and a little ol' doobie (what they  
got to kiss?)  
Cops better kiss my ass for a nigga like Legitament to  
blast

Chorus

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