

E-40

"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 gypsyess before it's too late
Penitentry 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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