

E40

"Outsmart The Po Po's"

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It's 9 a.m, fuck time for a poisima, life at incent, sit on
the toilet sump
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
comode, 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 Margarine
A-1, yola tightly packed, 17-5 for the coochierack

Strike to the spot ride witta, my nine milimeterbereta
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, penitentiary
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

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, got a grip and I don't
be braggin',
Can't be laggin', gotta keep stackin', yeah, I keeps me
a strap in case
I gots to shoot a simp in his face, 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

Outsmart the Po Po, known to the marks
As the don't knows, you gotta

It's Saturday night and to the night club, I got the
Tanqueray, juice
And the Green Bud, tacked on the freeway doin' fifty
y'all
A brand new thang lookin' nifty y'all, 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

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