

Gloria Estefan

"Cops and Robbers"

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* first two verses are off B.G.'s "Niggaz 'N Trouble"

Yeah, spinning been on these niggas.
It's World War.
Yeah, I send this out to my nigga.
Wherever you are.
We still ain't nothin but some niggas in trouble, ya
heard me?
Feel it, uh, yeah.
It's World War nigga.
It's like a deadly game.
And me and my niggas in it to win it, ya heard me?
World War nigga.
Check it.

Feel the wrath of a soulja, the Crescent City Jesus
I pack a tre deuce, got a army bout the size of Babe
Ruth
To hit em, rugged even if it's unplugged for thug lifers
We be the niggas leavin' slugs in ya crime cipher
We got the town locked
with underground stock around clock workers to serve
us
Responsible for many murders
We left your town with all the gold pieces
Shoot the Sheriff to assure my family's convict releases
Pay the witnesses to hold they breath,
Non cooperation is only death, and no this ain't a phony
Tec
I'm in a limo full of blow niggas
But I'm never high cause a leader gotta be up on his
toes nigga
A trail of cops is followin' we start to swallowin' the
evidentials
Keep supplier's name confidential
The crooked cops started buckin' at us
I made a turn to a dead end, but froze cuz the cops
had us
I grab the Tec and started buckin' back
Cuz I'd rather take half the force out before they pump
a slug in Mac

The head shot took me under
I fell on my back, the last scene is his pale face and
badge number

It's like a deadly game of cops and robbers
The niggas who unload first be the survivors
The rest is dead on arrival, keep your heaters off
safety
I never let you crook cops erase me, cops and robbers
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T-Shirts and white caprices, my Daddy used to call him
Johnny
I never thought them snake muthafuckas would be
behind me
They took a shot nearly blind me
My eyes rolled like a zombie, my life started seemin'
timely
I can't believe it, Officer Friendly, he put a slug in lil'
McKinley
I'll be a memory, shit I ain't havin' it
Fightin' for my life, the reapers grabbin' it
Just enough strength to pull the trigga once more
I hit his cabbage and he dropped like the Value Jet
I heard a nigga say he wasn't dead yet, they should
have never said that
My life came back, like some supernatural shit
I stood up, and took the bullets they was hittin' me with
Grab the dead cocked glock out the holster
Pointed at the rest of them and said muthafuckers I'm
a soulja
You can't kill me, they said we'll see
I said nigga feel me, and hit em with the nine milli, ya
heard me
I took my vest off, and threw it on the pavement
You never see the Mac's assassination

You motherfuckers.
And that's how it is in 99.
It's just World War against these motherfucking cops.
Feel it.

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It's the year twenty hundred, the devil's still running
Money is done with, we only sold get your gun shit
You either ballin or you starvin, tombstones in the
mystic coffin
On top of that we living in New Orleans
Yet I'm trying to make something shake
The only thing between me and my cake is Fake Jake
But it get trifer
If I escape then its cool but if not,
looking at a lifer, that's hard to cipher
Cause I ain't trying to hear put no chip in my wrist
I'd rather drink shit and eat piss, it's that serious
So get the phone, call my nigga Joe
Pray for me fore I go, running up in the store
Should I die following my big collection of dough
Tell my niggas that I didn't die poor you know
Old sucka John ass copper, trailing me in the helicopter
I cocked back, went to busting at the chopper
It must have been my niggas blessing, cause I got
away without requesting
But thugs never learn their lesson
I'm strictly into banks, fuck blacks, they ain't got shit
I'm running with an ex cop and an ex locksmith nigga

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Y'all know.

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