

Jennifer Lopez

"Cobra Status"

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[Verse One]

My drug/rap competitors, they come in flocks
I can't sleep 'cause when I do I think the game gon'
stop
So I'm awake like an owl at a quarter to three
I hit your window with a nickel, "What's up baby, it's
me"
Where I'm from we hate cops like we were bred to do it
Believe in Nike signs and gettin' high, so bitch just do it
Right or wrong over right, we'll disobey
Smokin' weed, plottin' greed, listenin' to Sade
Man I hustle all day, eatin' cat fish and (?)
Battle everything from gat clappers to rappers
Try'na have paper from the bottom to the tip
Two words I can't resist; Motherfucker or Bitch
I lost a few nickels but I never drop dimes
Huh, Pisces is the rap sign
Cobra Status!
Swimmin' like the man from Atlantis
A hold like Houdini, but like Houdini I will vanish
Baby was nineteen with a big ol' ass
Shit, damn near gave a nigga whiplash
Don't ask me for money because I'm not gonna share it
Smokin' weed from Bob Marley because he ...(?) the
sheriff
You best hope this wax don't cut you
Hope one time don't bust you
This style will finger fuck you
And patna I just can't trust you
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[Verse Two]

Recognize game when it's on yo' mind
You and that bitch playin' Andre rhymes
(?) situations like an SP-12
Go to hell, I made bail, Nigga fresh outta jail
With the look of the replican, shit gets deep
Already blunted up, and man I'm bumpin' the beat
Real pimp shit all in your bra
Thought it was me, but it's my little cousin Bobby Shaw
Cobra Status!

Nigga I'm the lost pimp of Gladis
Colder than a (?) heart, that's shaken like a habit
Nigga I'm a hawk, you a forest bunny rabbit
My crew stay true but we can also get savage
Cobra Status!

[Verse Three]

Bitch don't call me unless the party is packed
And gangsta shit is bumpin' on every track
Nigga them dice ain't got no love
Shakin' like a nigga scared behind his gun
Cause see, I tick like time and man I time like tick
Man niggas don't forgive and we sure don't forget
It's the receive, the six feet and ova, ...(?) ice creama
Rollin' cheeba in a beama
With a poetic passion, in a functional fashion
A full tank of gas, and man I'm mashin'
Speed like a Z-28 tinted crowd
Look if you want, your reflection will show
Cobra Status!

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