

## Kardinal Offishall

### "Officer Down 2"

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(feat. 50 Cent)

[Intro: 50 Cent]

Eeny meany miny moe...

Let 'em go!

Mm mmm mmm with the law!

Haha!

Put it back, I got it... One more time, one more time!

YEAH! [beat starts]

[Chorus: 50 Cent (Kardinal Offishall)]

Eeny meany miny moe!

.38, .44, .50-cali shotgun,

I tear up yo block, son.

Eeny meany miny moe!

Catch a piggy by the toe,

Click-clack, POW! - Officer down! (We still scream:

"Fuck The Police! ")

Eeny meany miny moe!

He may holla let 'em go,

But nigga if you let 'em go, you get hung by the law.

Eeny meany miny moe!

Eeny meany miny moe,

Nigga you confused (CH'EAH!) - let me choose!

[Kardinal Offishall:]

AYO! - One "Licka Officer" walked the earned stripes,  
(BOOO!)

Two Licka pigs gon' get shot another night. (BOOO!)

Homicide would love for me to take a ride,

But I ain't touch pork unless it's dead on the side.

With a fork in it, police can suck my third leg! ('ey!)

Lock my niggas up beca' dem look like the dread. (oh,  
why?)

In the photo that was pointed out by one of your  
snitches,

That worked at mr.Chows in the back doing dishes,

That was upset with seein' all them niggas gettin'  
money

Coming inside the spot, treat the white folks funny.

Flashin' all that paper, 30 deep up in the spot,  
That's why IRS come through to bum that club. (eeee-  
eeeeeah!)

We ain't waitin' for the boss man to come with no pig,  
Cause the crew that you deal with spray, (50: YEAH!)  
they don't say it. Nigga!

[Chorus: 50 Cent (Kardinal Offishall)]

Eeny meany miny moe!  
.38, .44, .50-cali shotgun, (YEAH!)  
I tear up - yo' block, son. (hehe!)  
Eeny meany miny moe!  
Catch a piggy by the toe,  
Click-clack, POW! (YEEAH!) - Officer down! (BLAT!)

Eeny meany miny moe!  
He may holla let 'em go,  
But nigga if you let 'em go, you get hung by the law.  
(EH!)  
Eeny meany miny moe!  
Eeny meany miny moe! (KARDINAL!)  
Nigga you confused - let me choose! (EEEEAA!)

[Kardinal Offishall:]

Hey yo, you took one of ours, now we even in the score.  
We ain't playin that civil rights thing no more!  
No more homies holding hands, we are armin' up for  
action,  
The revolution is to the guys like Mike Jackson.  
No more shootin' niggas 41 times. (NOOOOO!)  
No more blastin' us after you sniff lines! (NOOOOO!)  
No more sellin' coke to me! Cause when I distribute to  
you,  
I get my rights read, pig, FUCK YOU!  
WITH A BROOMSTICK! - Who this pig think he is?  
Bastard only mean to get spit on by our kids. (CH'EAH,  
KIDS!)  
In the area, cause none of us respect the games,  
And we already know what provoked all the raids.  
You sold them guns, now they blastin' you sell the  
bullets,  
They shoppin' real heavy like a plane propellor. (blat!  
blat! blat! blat! blat! blat! blat! blat!)  
I ain't sayin' kill nobody B's in blue,  
Keep it up and you get a park named after you!

[Chorus: 50 Cent (Kardinal Offishall)]

Eeny meany miny moe!  
.38, .44, (BLOW!) .50-cali shotgun,  
I tear up - yo' block, son. {YEAH! }  
Eeny meany miny moe!

Catch a piggy by the toe,  
Click-clack, POW! (BLA000WWW!) - Officer down!  
{haha! } (BLAT!)

Eeny meany miny moe!  
He may holla let 'em go,  
But nigga if you let 'em go, you get hung by the law.  
(CH'EAH!)  
Eeny meany miny moe!  
Eeny meany miny moe!  
Nigga you confused - let me choose!

[Outro: Kardinal Offishal]

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