

Puppetmastaz

"Hip Hop Police"

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[intro]:malock: yo yo yo mr. Malockin hip hop police so shockin off the back, off the back, I need no nothing yeah mr malockin talk about stockings this was my last chance, now I be comin with da flim-flam trypot, big nose, what crazy long sit strong sit , right sit not the wrong sit Chorus: Super fagga tronic puppet action Makin you embarassed to be part of a rap fraction pit: superpower unit oh lord, lady shake dat booty, I know it sounds fady, but change da gears lady, you gotta try hard to see light inside 'o my soul ,baby, hip-hop-police's showin light but da picture I saw's too greyney,I can't see nothing, on yo knees, I want figures like you explicitly to say please, when I step on figures be putting da clap on, they be throwin dat serious shit to be itchin' me like flees, I tease you with da hard erected, yes frogs got dicks, what did you expect shit, gotta lick dem shot, gotta lick dem tits, 'cause your task is da coocomanka cause me rhymes is hot from da pit ahaha evergreen spot. SNUGGLES Figgas what would you rap about Without wack mcs youd feel the drought Give it up
one two three for me Dont need a shield cos im liquid g
Liquidise before eyes Cant see through cant see me
Bunnys bounce to fast to flee Beat the bounds im
breakin free Your hip hops in uniform Why dont you
blow Your puny horn Watch me rap like a unicorn Sun
goes up, its newly born Break it down fo
r the break of dawn Shake the shore with the beam i
shone Signalise tapdancin morse Hip hop police better
change the laws Hip hop police we derange your laws
chorus [sample] MALOKE Stop Freeze Hip Hop Cops Y
ou have the right to remain in the creature shop Or you
can chill in a c old chillin cell oh well, dont ask dont tell
Don't rock the boat for petes sake no room for mistakes
in this hip hop police state search warrants for overpaid
informants Puppet Mastaz always a performance
Swattin like SWAT teams that swat flies We on the rise
cause we got wise To the boys downtown they took us
and book us Shook us down to the tuckus for causin a
ruckus We broke the law, law daw de daw I ain"t sure
what I saw but it looked like a claw Tapped me on the

shoulder Tap Tap And said Mr Maloke "Do you have a
permit to rap" I said: no cause I give a hoot For
wannabe brutes in Tim Boots and matching tracksuits
Now they got me on the lam with a fake passport
Slipping through security at the airport Croucho picked
me up in the helicopter The fuzz killing the buzz of Mr
Malock Ah You look the same you sound the same you
act the same Y'all should hang your headphones in
shame

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