

## Slightly Stoopid

### "Cops"

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The sun's goin down I keep it to myself  
and if this life is my it, then why we go through hell?  
and if there's nothin at all, then only time will tell  
So I gotta make money wit them drugs that I sell  
They try to put me in jail, and 45 me  
Can smoke two ounces alot, cuz you know I gotta be  
free  
You know the drinking and drive, you get that DUI  
So I try to stay sober when im drivin this side

Thinkin about cops and they wont pass us by  
Dont mean I got some fuckin psychic mind  
Picked up a whole lot, before they pass us by  
And when the time comes, I will be ready to die  
And no one loves it once more than when they try to kill  
you  
Think you know shit, you know they can not refuse  
and I dont mind if I live its to inscribe me  
See how easy, you are lazy mothafuckin, mothafuckin  
and dont you know that I will never find  
Goes on my street and like the ones in my mind  
I'm always eatin my bud cuz this could be true  
and I like a girl who can bust it too

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