

## Münchener Freiheit

### "Local 580"

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Chorus: {Ms. Tee}

Fuck tha police, they took so long to come

So nigga's grab yo gun, fuck the police

So where they at where they at

So nigga's bring yo gat

{2x}

{B.G.}

I'm runnin' from the police they after me

I ain't goin' down try'na fix me with a case

Try'na strap me in that underground

Runnin' and shakin' it I'm movin' like the runnin' man

Tec's in my chest and Amide in my fuckin' hand

B.G. on a run peepin' out a fuckin' alias

Busters got me covered there's some gangsters out  
that tenth

I caught two-o seven two fourteen and two await

I'm gettin' blunted out with them niggas in the fuckin'  
gate

I got on my all black steady walkin' up Inferred

Under my black there's a fuckin' tec

Bitches talkin' shit runnin' off at the mouth

Some hoe just snitched on my honeycoon hideout

Now I got to travel long police still rollin' free

Criminal at fourteen I'm thinkin' what the fuck to do

Boo-koo on the ramps I don't care if I die

When I was setup say good-bye to the good guys

I think it's time for war they increased violence fuck the  
peace

Comin' out the alley with my gear bustin' at the police

I'm try'na hit 'em I'm try'na leave they brains on the  
floor

They try'na play me like a hoe from the Local 5-8-0

But ain't no days like that where I'm from

If they want some bests believe them bitches got's to  
come get some

A nigga gettin' busy in the computer my name is lifted

Fuck them blue terr wears and the fuckin' second  
mission

On my dick try'na take me down underground

Try'na blame me, try'na frame me they try'na get me

They won't quit they just won't quick  
They try'na stick me with some shit that I didn't commit  
Fuck tha police

{Mr. Ivan}

Ain't this a bitch they try'na make a nigga jump up  
Shoulder slug blast and kill a fuckin' cop up  
Bout to hop in some hot shit that Ticker Ticker!  
Catch me, catch my black ass, but they wanna try to  
strap my ass  
The surveillance, from the he say she say shit  
Fuck what'cha said cuz ya wind up a dead bitch  
He pulled out the Luger cuz he crooked and wanna do  
me  
But let's see a real player, keep up on what they doin'  
to me  
Pushin' the chronic, that shit to make yo pocket's fat  
and  
If you right plan to use yo gat, then we plan to run mud  
on them  
Lil' piggy's, that mean I'm comin' out dead or alive  
comin' get me  
Bitch don't tell me shit, ya need to wear yo fuckin' vest  
If I get a seeker I'm a knock yo badge of yo chest  
Fuck the task, the F.B.I. and yes I'ma do yo sheriff  
I'm called the courier that's the one to blow ya  
Time to get a nickel for the shit that I did  
Motherfucker drop it, Ya see Ivan think you can fuck  
with me

Chorus

{Ms. Tee}

Now why the fuck the police is on my block  
Try'na sit me down, sayin' ya fuckin' sellin' rock's  
But I know the pussy ass bitches put it one me  
Cuz they couldn't find my stash cuz nobody knows  
I keep my rock's in my pussy hole  
Cuz I'm a bitch so ya can't touch uh I miss and never  
muffer  
Touch in the wrong way and I stab ya in yo gut  
Like stuckin' to fuckin' I take my nine and I pluck 'em  
Snipin' ass nigga, like to get over  
One will and have my weight over my shoulder  
Stupid ass bitches always puttin' a nigga down  
That's why I never let them motherfuckers around  
So check it, when we need 'em  
They take so long to come uhh and  
The damage is done uhh, so when we need 'em they  
Take so long to come, cuz they diggy doggy dumb  
man fuck the police

{Black Jack}

Project life, with the rat and the roaches  
Tell me if ya ready when the danger approaches  
Crack fiend's triple beam, like it's on the scale  
Close yo eyes, forever may you rest in hell  
Gettin' out the ghetto is only a dream in most cases  
Never had nothin' but momma always gave us love  
Lost queen, from pain from a youngster  
Shot six times in the back by the dumpster  
Be cautious when ya step, but don't step to light  
Cuz the Tec is in the ghetto in the projects at night  
Some gangsta ass nigga's slangin' crack on the corner  
All blacked up with the gangsta ptonma  
Try'na make a livin', try'na have him lil' some some  
Them white folk's as cop don't want to see me as  
nothin'  
But a nigga got soul, with a mouth full of gold and  
I don't give a fuck bout none of you hoes  
Brangin' terror with no error to the mother fuckin' Po-  
Pos  
You know that nigga the jiggy jiggy Jack-o  
That's comin' to the top with no motherfuckin' peace  
Nigga peep game mother fuck tha police

{Lil' Slim}

Zero, zero, nine one one  
Bitch ass trick ass, cop's have yet to come  
Cuz uhh, deuce revolvers is my problem solvers  
Shit shake yo ass now ya up like yo father  
I got's to get away, I got's to get an disguise  
The rat's his on my ass time to get the fuck out of  
dodge  
Cuz I'm to known for sellin' stone's on my fuckin' block  
These nigga's got these ki's I get these fuckin' flipper  
rock's  
Duckin' and dodgin' and steady mobbin' but the law  
keep's callin'  
Cuz they hear a nigga ballin' nigga I roll's quicker out  
the cut  
The quicker to break 'em up, cuz a nigga straight  
money struck  
Bailin' from the North cuz that's my thang  
The motherfuckin' corn meal is the shit I slang  
Been did it and done it fuck that nigga done stunt'ed  
I'm runnin' and gunnin' show them nigga's ain't nothin'  
funny

Chorus

