

Cpo

"Jus So Ya No"

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Oahoahohhh.. talk to them CPO..

[Verse One]

Permit me to kick some licks, a bodacious flow
Occupation - looney motherfucker; set I claim - the Row
So the first motherfucker that's caught up in the twist
will be found - in the depths of the Westbound
Take your place while we here to lay raws
Drizzaws, full of caper for some paper to fold
Sort of a jack episode if you will
I was a do-low nigga from birth, and I'm that do-low
nigga still
See that, be what, the fuck a nigga mean
when I say - you can't envision me, cause I can't be
seen
like Casper the Ghost I creeps the most
cause I'm just so motherfuckin sly, invisible through the
eye
So motherfuckers can duck and dodge and slide
but there's, really no escape from the nigga from this
side
Which side? Westside, layin in the cut to gank your
load
when we's in "don't give a fuck" mode
See if it's grip we want, it's grip we get
So run motherfuckers 'fore youse caught up in the
sunsets
Bitch-made niggaz best to keep that ass at home
cause that Boss Hog nigga's on the late night roam

[Chorus x2: CPO-Boss Hog]

This is just so ya know - (??) niggaz to hoes
If an ass gets gone - well it's good as on (it's on)
If you're trickin off your luck - you're dead as a duck
and til the day we gives a fuck, cuz, you're wrong

[Verse Two]

The late night, creeper nigga gets his stroll
for seekin out that bitch, to open the guts and bust on
my nuts

Off to the spizznot - with chronic and fat knots
and them murderizin hoes droppin drawers to expose
cock
Now I'm (?) - emotions of a G
Girl you know this Death Row, so you can not see a
nigga
that's fin' to get paid on they block - think I ain't?
Cause I've been known to bank and serve up glock fool
Now on the move, to much higher and bigger thangs
Must be in it to win it, cause I does them nigga thangs
My nuts is where they wanna swang, and dangle off
and on they roam
And no romance between us so gets the fuck on
Bitch-made, nut and break his nose, and meaner for
tricks
I gots love for nothin but my niggaz and grip
So now you know.. and I be's off into the moonlight
puffin the I-N-do

[Chorus 1/2]

[Verse Three]

(???) we, get into the grillin of a, fool
Ain't no nigga breathin can fuck up my rule
I'm that same nigga police done sought
but no a nigga never ever been caught, cause I'm just
sneaky doe
I'm (??) and stinky, for those who see me
I rolls discretely, does my lows discretely
Completely, a true blue G to my name
CPO the shit, and Death Row's to blame
So if a nigga wanna breathe in long
then the nigga best to eat his own
That's how me and nina does, we gives a fuck who
nigga what
If he's steppin to me wrong, nigga gone
Bitch so late (?? ??) it ain't shit
Kinda like that 'llac bendin corners, I ain't easy to hit
The hoe as in G'dee don't wanna see, right
Peeps through the sight, them freaks as they peeps the
late night
Freeze up, raise up, cause Jack it's on for your (??)
If you're (?? ??) motherfucker break yo' self
cause yo' fo' is kinda sweet
I think I'ma have transfer them Dana's to my Grand
Cherokee
Be slippin niggaz up out of they shit like surgery
cause a motherfucker gots to get stacked on track with
urgency
Ya know, so next time slang motherfuckin thangs
Your shit'll be gone - fuck if you see me if I see you it's

on

[Chorus 1/2]

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