

M.O.P. f/ Wyclef Jean

"Hip Hop Cops"

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[27 second concert skit to open]

[Billy Danze] MOTHERFUCKER!

[Wyclef Jean] Watch out for de hip-hop cops,
AYYYYYYYYYY!

[Wyclef Jean] Watch out for de hip-hop cops,
AYYYYYYYYYY!

[Wyclef Jean] Watch out for de hip-hop cops, AYY

[Wyclef Jean] I was walkin down Flatbush AVVVVVE

[Chorus: all together]

Police in helicopters, dem a searchin for de gangsters
Policeman in the streets, dem a search for dem toolies
Stick up kids in the 'Ville, dem a run around with blue
steel

[Lil' Fame] + (Wyclef)

But if you continue to fuck with my hood
We gon' burn down the precinct (burn down the
precinct)
If you continue to fuck with my hood

[Lil' Fame]

We gon'... we gon' (burn down the precinct)
Tear this whole... motherfuckin city apart
From the suburbs to the gritties blocks
Stop that ol' Bloomberg, bullshit
Impeach the President, this is our residence
So; people people, Mo. People
Bring yo' niggaz bring yo' hammers bring yo' ammo
Guard yo' family my nigga! Uh uh, this shit is crazy
Fuck Private Ryan, yo' hood don't shame me
Uhh, burn them motherfuckers 'til then
Ashes to ashes, you bastards
(Look at these assholes) Up in the wrong hood again
(They just don't learn) Stuck in the wrong hood again
(Yo' ass gon' burn) You lil' young-ass copper!
You ain't heard? Niggaz walk around here with
choppers
Take yo' ass on back to St. Elsewhere
They got, all the narcotics that you want, over there

[Chorus]

[Billy Danze]

Excuse me Mr. Officer; let me see yo' hands
Yo' license, yo' insurance, yo' registrations
It seems we havin miscommunications
Like it ain't enough bullshit I'm facin
Besides you a rookie, it'll be more than a pleasure to
book me
A killer on the block with a glock never shook me
And you won't search me unless I tell you you could
This ain't One Police Plaza you lil' faggot, this the hood
Now don't act up, cause if you act up
I'ma act up, and you gon' need a lil' backup
You make me wanna roll up, to Dunkin' Donuts
With a AR-15 and take it to the extreme
And steam through the motherfuckin glass
And put a DA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DENT IN YOUR
BADGE
You fuckin fag! Keep snoozin as you walkin the beat
It's like dancin with the devil
In the ghetto we got metal police

[Chorus] - first line only

[Wyclef Jean]

For the hip-hop cops
They said I changed, ever since I got the wealth
I ain't changed, it's just hard battlin myself
UHH, gyeah, I'm with them kids from Brownsville
If your chain is heavy deep, man they so f'real
Trust me - AYYYYY - I was raised in the ghetto
It gets spooky at night, I saw fiends talkin to they
shadows
Things done changed now I live in the meadows
Cribs so big when I speak you can hear a echo
But vanity is vanity (AY!) life in the Hamptons
My F-1 McLaren can't fit in my {?}
Smoke so much I can't get high no more
I drink so much I can't get drunk no more
What'chu know about my stress Mr. Officer, officer?
What'chu know about my stress Mr. {*WOOP WOOP*}
He told me he'd let me go if I'd play some
Jimi Hendrix electric guitar, AYYYYYYYYYY!

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