

# Tru

## "Sweated By The Po' Po's"

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[Chorus]

Sweated by the po po's they made me go pshco

[C-Murder]

Coppers, choppers

Fucking show stoppers

Trying to catch C cause im slanging these rockers

Leave me alone, I wanna go home

Back to the place were the gangsta's rome

Gotta whatch my back when I leave my house

Cause they trying to get a rep, when they taking niggaz  
out

But I never hesitate to blast a cop

But when it all boils down either me or him drops

Dis goes out to you punk ass hoes

When you see me pass, let me go

Or ima get my gat and peel some caps

Cause when im driving I keep my shi in my lap

So don't search my car, check my wheels

Unless you ready to shoot I pay the funeral bills

That's what I say it's too late to play

And if you think im playing just make my date

From the pork police to the punk ass rights

Stop doing what your doing it could value your life

Cause niggaz in the hood getting tired of that shit

Its about that time, we all raise up bitch

So don't stop me pig when yousee my vogues

Cause im simply sweated by the po po's

[Master P]

Me kill a cop, kill a cop, me put the pig in the box with  
me glock

Me kill a cop, kill a cop, me put the pig in the box with  
me glock

[Chorus x3]

[King George]

In my rearview mirror it's the po po's again

Yeah im tripping cause I just got out the pen

The sucker motherfucker with a blue suit foo

Trying to lock a nigga down on the que

Riding my dick like a hoe from the stroe  
A jealous bitch cause a nigga try and roe  
That coward motherfucker with a badge on his chest  
Fuck with King, get a whole through your vest  
Like rat-tat-tat on your asshole  
That's what I think about the motherfuckin the po po

[Silkk]

Rolled on his set in his benz  
Everything cool, gotta make a dropoff  
Around 2, I got the dope went to the house  
Got my gat, rolling on the street were they at  
Servin fiends, servin fiends, letting em go  
Hmmm, sweated by the po po's

[Chorus]

[Master P]

Get the gat here come the rat  
Rat-tat-tat put the pig on his back  
And that will make pig feet  
Qnd with my gat shoot the ankles off the punk ass  
police  
It cause they like to put me cop in the ziplock  
And they go as the fuck everylad cop  
Cause bitches with a badge keeping attitude  
But they never catch a bad dude  
And just like traffic I merge, and work on your ass  
Like a search, take me down to me station  
And I be killing motherfuckers like Jason  
So buckle up your seatbelt coppers and motherfuckin  
Bitches gon need help  
Call up the army it take a million motherfuckers sisters  
They still couldn't dis-arm me, cause I never ride solo  
I pack a god damn A-K for the po po's

[Chorus x2]

Me kill a cop, kill a cop, me put the pig in the box with  
me glock  
Me kill a cop, kill a cop, me put the pig in the box with  
me glock

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