

TRU (Master P) "Sweated by the Po' Po's"

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[Chorus]

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

[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 dont search my car, check my wheels
unless you ready to shoot I pay the funeral bills
thats what I say its 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 dont 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 its 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
thats 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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