

Deep Cover

DJ Clart

Hit this motherfucker G, no, naw man, I can't fuck with that
Aww man, I been dealin' witchu for three motherfuckin' months
You ain't hit the pipe in front of me yet
So what you sayin'? I think you five-oh
Five-oh? Man, I ain't no motherfuckin' cop
Well, hit dis motherfucker den
I can feel it
Tonight's the night, I get in some shit
'Deep Cover' on the incognito tip
Killin' motherfuckers if I have to, peelin' caps too
'Cause you niggaz know, I'm comin' at you
I guess that's part of the game, but I feel for the nigga
Who think he just gon' come and change thangs
With the swiftness, so get it right with the quickness
And let me handle my business, yo
I'm on a mission and my mission won't stop
Until I get the nigga maxin' at the top
(I hope you get his ass 'fore he drop)
Kingpin kickin' back while his workers slang his rocks
Coming up like a fat rat
Big money, big cars, big bodyguards on his back
So it's difficult to get him
(But I got the hook up with somebody
Who knows how to get in contact with him)
Hit him like this and like that
Let 'em know that I'm lookin' for a big fat dope sack
With ends to spend, so let's rush it
If you want to handle it tonight, we'll discuss it
On a nigga's time and a nigga's place
Take my strap just in case one
Of his boys recognize my face
'Cause he's a sheisty motherfucker
But I gives a fuck, 'cause I'm going 'Deep Cover'
Yeah, and you don't stop
('Cause it's 1-8-7 on a undercover cop)
Yeah, and you don't stop
('Cause it's 1-8-7 on a undercover cop)
Creep with me, as I crawl through the hood
Maniac, lunatic, call me Snoop Eastwood

Kickin' dust as I bust, fuck peace
And, the motherfuckin' punk police
You already know, I gives a fuck about a cop
So why in the fuck would you think that it would stop?
Plot, yeah, that's what we's about to do
Take yo' ass on a mission with the boys in blue
Dre, yo, I got the feelin'
(Whattup Snoop?)
Tonight's the night like Betty Wright, and I'm chillin'
Killin', feelin', no remorse, yeah
So let's go straight to the motherfuckin' source

And see what we can find
Crooked-ass cops that be gettin' niggaz a gang of time
And now they wanna make a deal with me
Scoop me up and put me on they team and chill with me
And make my pockets bigger
They want to meet with me tonight at seven o'clock
(So whassup nigga?)
What you wanna do?
(What you wanna do?)
I got the gauge, a Uzi, and my motherfuckin' twenty-two
So if you wanna blast, nigga we can buck 'em
If we stick 'em then we struck 'em, so fuck 'em
(I can feel it)
Yeah, and you don't stop
(Cause it's 1-8-7 on a undercover cop)
Yeah, and you don't stop
(Cause it's 1-8-7 on a undercover cop)
Six-fo'-five was the time on the clock
When me and my homey belled in the parkin' lot
The scene looked strange and it felt like a set up
(Better not be, 'cause if it is they gettin' lit up)
Oh, here they come from the back in they 'llacs
I'm checkin' for the gats they strap, so whassup black?
(Chill, let's hear the deal)
(If it ain't up to what you feel then grab your steel)
Right, so, what you motherfuckers gon' come at me with?
Hope you ain't wantin' none of my grip
'Cause you can save that shit
(Guess what they told me?)
"We give you 20 G's if you snitch on your homey
We'll put you in a home, and make your life plush
Oh yeah, but you got to sell dope for us"
Hmm, let me think about it

Turned my back and grabbed my gat
And guess what I told him before I shot it
"If you don't quit, yeah, if you don't stop, yeah
I'm lettin' my gat pop, 'cause it's 1-8-7 on a undercover cop"
Yeah, and you don't stop
(Cause it's 1-8-7 on a undercover cop)
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