

Anybody seen the popo's (OST XXX 2 - Next level)

Ice Cube

Anybody seen the popo's?
Anybody seen the popo's? Let 'em know
When I'm rollin' in the low low
You can't **** with the smoke bowl
Anybody seen the popo's? Let 'em know
When I'm rollin' in the low low
I serve it to 'em slowmo
Comin' from the west side, ****' alright
Do this **** all night, leave your **** hog-tied
****, this is raw hide, mixed with the dark side
Never will I walk by, punk, I'm the fall guy****, you a small fry, looking at the hawk I
Make you buck, I don't give a ****, I
Make you have to duck my ****' buckshot
Bloody ****, BB's pulled out your buttocks
These **** want to know my name
They want to know my game, I got plenty of aim
They said, don't **** with me
'Cuz if he pull them thangs, there goes your brains, now
His girlfriend's Lois Lane and if you **** with her
You must smoke Cocaine, brother
Why would you **** with his?
Blow up your kids and smoke your own mother
Anybody seen the popo's?
Anybody seen the popo's?
Anybody seen the popo's? Where they go?
Anybody seen the popo's?
Anybody seen the popo's? Let me know
When I'm rollin' in my low low
I serve it to you slowmo
I'ma keep it real, man, **** how they feel, man
If your feelin' ill, man, go, take a pill
I'ma keep this steel, man, straight at your grill, man
You can tell op'ra, ****, you can tell Bill
But Mr. Cosby, this ain't a hobby
****, this the ghetto, just like sowheto
Where **** want to hurt you, there's no rehearsal
There's no commercial when you're turning purple
These **** want to know my name
They want to know my game, I got plenty of aim
They said, don't **** with me
'Cuz if he pull them thangs, there goes your brains, now
His girlfriend's Lois Lane and if you **** with her
You must smoke Cocaine, brother
Why would you **** with his?
Blow up your kids and smoke your own mother
Anybody seen the popo's?
Anybody seen the popo's? Let me know
Anybody seen the popo's?

Anybody seen the popo's? Where they go?Anybody seen the popo's?
Anybody seen the popo's? Let me know
When I'm rollin' in my low low
I serve it to you slowmo, here they comeThat's the sound of the police, police
That's the sound of the police, police
Ain't nuthin' more important to me then payback
I'm holding court in the streets
Ain't nuthin' more important to me then payback
I'm holding court in the streetsAnybody seen the popo's?
Anybody seen the popo's? Let me know
Anybody seen the popo's?
Anybody seen the popo's? Where they go?Anybody seen the popo's?
Anybody seen the popo's? Let me know
When I'm rollin' in my low low
I serve it to you slowmoThese ***** want to know my name
They want to know my game, I got plenty of aim
They said, don't ***** with me
'Cuz if he pull them thangs, there goes your brains, nowHis girlfriend's Lois Lane and if you ***** with her
You must smoke Cocaine, brother
Why would you ***** with his?
Blow up your kids and smoke your own motherI gotta keep it gangsta, gangsta
Keep it gangsta, gangsta
Keep it gangsta, gangstaI gotta keep it gangsta, gangsta
Keep it gangsta, gangsta
Keep it gangsta, gangstaI gotta keep it gangsta, gangsta
Keep it gangsta, gangsta
Keep it gangsta, gangstaI gotta keep it gangsta, gangsta
Keep it gangsta, gangsta
Keep it gangsta, gangsta

Songwriters

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