

Po Po (feat. Paul Cain & Nate Dogg)

Fabulous

Alright there ah buddy license and registration
Uh, officer is there a problem man whats going on?
Yeah I had a report of a UFO
What's that?
An unidentified Ferrari looking object
Flying by me on the highway
You know how fast you were going?
Nah not at all man
You must have been going pretty damn fast
Because my radar is over there smoking buddy
Keep your hands where I can fucking see 'em too
I heard about you in the paper
I know you got the toaster strudel
In the trash bar or red box
Or whatever they call that shit, alright?
Yeah I need some backup over here I've got two rap singers I wonder briefly, could it be there's no roof above
me
Or the 22's underneath me
That's keepin' them sirens flashin' on my ass
Should I get to pumpin' the brakes or mashin' on the gas?
I'm naturally harassed, and I feel like I'm getting punked
But I don't see Ashton in the grass, nor is there a camera
Stashed into the dash, it's a guy in a uniform
And a passion that he has, for flashin' with his badge And shinin' light in my face, plus he keeps his right hand
right
By his waist, the wrong move will get a gun right in my face
And they fightin' for my life I'm fightin' the case
And I ain't trying to be the story they twist in the press
Like the young man resisted arrest
Then he started reachin' for somethin'
That looks like a pistol I guess, so I pulled on a nigga
I mean I pulled on the trigger figures I go around the corner what do I see?
Po Po's followin' me
Askin' for my ID who's car I'm driving
Po Po's botherin' me
Got me in a lineup, got my hands in cuffs
They don't wanna set me free
Tryin' to bring me down, when they come around
Po Po's fuckin' with me Aw, shit the jakes are fucking with me again

They hate to see me rich
They'd rather see me stuck in the pen
Every time they walk or pull up beside me
Flash lights in my face
Askin' for my registration and ID
I don't know the reason for the harassment
And the questions they askin', or the ice grills they get
When I'm passin' or may be its my fault
'Cause I be out all times at night
Doin' shit I know I shouldn't
Plus I don't be ridin' right
Smokin' lye no stash box for me to put the skit
Two warrants, no license and
I ain't got insurance yet
I keep a hammer close
Because foes wanna stick me up
But keep my movement swift
Because Po's wanna frisk me up
Since '94 I've been told on by fifty descriptions
And in ten years not once did they get a conviction
These pigs shouldn't provoke a rider
I'm so tired they got one more time
To fuck with me before I open fire
Ones for the money and twos for the show
Three must be for the motherfuckin' Po Po's
I've seen ghetto kings fall to the floor
'Cause they can't see ask
Still some of y'all creepin' with the Po Po's
Sleepin' wit the Po Po's
Some of y'all walking wit the Po Po's
I ain't fuckin with the Po Po's
Bitch they gone' have to put my back on the cement
Before I'm in the back with my knee bent
On my way back to the precinct, I'm back in the G Bent
Black wit the pre tint, Vanilla aroma to cover the back
With the tree scent, the way I ride I know I'm in for a case
But the coupe do two hundred so they in for a chase
When it comes to lawyers I got the man Puff uses
Thats why you never seen my wrists with handcuff bruises
I got them hollow tips to stick up in the AR's
Detectors in the dash to pick up on the radar
Stash box in it when I purchased the vehicle
So I don't have a problem with you searching the vehicle
They probably want to scoop an arrest
I try to throw shots but its cool, I got a Coupe like a vest
And 'em troopers will just feel stupid I guess
The slugs will bounce off like they hittin' Superman's chest, nigga
I go around the corner what do I see?
Po Po's followin me
Askin' for my ID who's car I'm drivin'
Po Po's botherin' me

Got me in a lineup, got my hands in cuffs
They don't wanna set me free
Tryin' to bring me down, when they come around
Po Po's fuckin' with me {Shit man a nigga ain't even do shit aw
Shit here comes this dude right now
Alright buddy unfortunately you came back straight
You and your buddy, Scain scholar get the fuck outta here
I don't wanna see you guys around here again alright
Look take it from Larry Lock the rapper man get the fuck outta here
I don't wanna see you around here again and by the way
I need an autograph for my kids they love you eh? }

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