

Outsmart the Po Po's

E-40

It's 9 a.m, fuck time for a poisima, life at incent, sit on the toilet sump
The Rossi got me smellin' like I'm dead inside, sniff, I'm stankin' up
The bathroom wit nuttin' to hide, I gotta go, flush the comode, K
Threw on the same damn clothes I wore yesterday Me got some niggaz come down from outta town see
They want to meet me half way at the nut tree
But I'm starvin' so I'm chargin', 15-5 for the Margarine
A-1, yola tightly packed, 17-5 for the coochierack Strike to the spot ride witta, my nine milimeterbereta
The broad that be holdin' my D she love me
Long as I keep dickin' her down properly
Sittin' low in my cut not like a failure in front of baby's house Straight talkin' on a cellular, bring me out a unit,
a birdie, a cake
With the gypsiness before it's too late, penitentiary time drastic
Here she come with a kilo in a baby basket, gotta play your cards right
Game tight, can't be slippin' in the 90's, damn right Outsmart the Po Po, known to the marks
As the don't knows, you gotta I wear street clothes, pants be saggin', I'm not bootsee
And I don't drive a dope wagon, got a grip and I don't be braggin',
Can't be laggin', gotta keep stackin', yeah, I keeps me a strap in case
I gots to shoot a simp in his face, it's better to be got with then without Jealous muthafuckas would love it if they
heard that
I was tweakin' out, seniors in the summertime, ralleys in the winter
Yeah, ridin' with a light skinned big booty tender, harass them
Muthafuckas on gold shoes, tryin' to put a stop on my revenues The Po Po, I dislike 'em, hate 'em, crooked ass
cops
Will make you vital but you know that I know the Po Po
Would love for a nigga to even attempt to act black
That's why you gotta Outsmart the Po Po, known to the marks
As the don't knows, you gotta It's Saturday night and to the night club, I got the Tanqueray, juice
And the Green Bud, tacked on the freeway doin' fifty y'all
A brand new thang lookin' nifty y'all, I open the juice
And then I take some, swallows, yeah and the muthafuckin' Gin
To the same bottle, that's right Roll me a splift and put the ounce in the back, then what?
I keep it the trunk right next to the gat, what they do doe?
Po Po jacked but can't fuck with me, what you got?
an open juice bottle and a little ol' doobie, what they got to kiss?
Cops better kiss my ass for a nigga like legitament to blast Outsmart the Po Po, known to the marks
As the don't knows, you gotta

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