

# PO PO

Pablo HasÃ©l

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?  
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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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