

Deep Cover

Dr. Dre

Tonight's the night I get in some shit, (Yeah)
Deep cover on the incognito tip.
Killin' motherfuckers if I have to,
Peelin' caps too, cause you niggas know I'm comin' at you.
I guess thats part of the game,
But I feel for the nigger who thinks he just gonna come and chance things
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 nigger maxin at the top.
I hope you get his ass before he drops.
Kingpin kickin back while his workers sling his rocks.
Coming up like a fat rat.
Big money, big cars, big body guards 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'll make it for a big fat dope sack
What is this pen? so let's rush it.
If you want to handle it tonight we'll discuss it
On the nigga's time, in the nigga's place,
Take a strap just in case one of his boys recognise 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 an undercover cop)
Yeah, and you don't stop (cause it's 1-8-7 on an undercover cop)

Creep with me as I crawl through the hood,
Maniac, lunatic, call 'em Snoop Eastwood
Kickin dust as I bust fuck peace
And, the mothafuckin drug 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 your ass on a mission with the boys in blue
Dre, (whatup, Snoop) yo I got the feelin
Tonight's the night like Betty Wright, and I'm chillin
Killin, feelin, no remorse, yeah
So lets go straight to the motherfuckin' source
And see what we can find
Crooked ass cops that be gettin niggaz a gang of times
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 7:00, so whassup nigger?
What you wanna do? (What you wanna do?)
I got the gauge, a uzi and the mothafuckin 22
so if you wanna blast, nigga we can buck 'em
If we stick 'em then we stuck 'em so fuck 'em!"

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Six fo' five was the time on the clock,
When me and my homey bailed in the parking lot.

The scene looked strange and it felt like a set up
Better not be, cause if it is, they're getting lit up.
Oh here they come from the back and they laxed.
I'm checkin for the gats they strap, so whats up black?
Chill, lets hit a deal,
if it aint up to what you feel then grab your steel.
Right, so, what you motherfuckers gonna 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."
Hmmm, 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 an undercover cop

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