

## Outsmart the Po Po's

E-40

It's 9 AM (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 cumode, k ,  
Threw on the same damn clothes I wore yesterday  
Me got some niggas 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 Margerine, A-1 Yola tightly packed,  
17-5 for the coochie-rack  
Strike to the spot ride witta, my nine millimeter Beretta  
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  
Huh, Got a grip and I don't be braggin',  
Can't be laggin', gotta keep stackin' (yeah)  
I keeps me a strap in case ah, I gots to shoot a simp in his face ah,  
It's better to be got with then without,  
Jealous motherfuckers would love it if they heard that I was tweakin' out  
Seniors in the summertime, rally's in the winter (yeah)  
Ridin' with a light skinned big booty tender  
Harass them motherfuckers 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

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 motherfuckin' 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

[Chorus]