

Don't Talk To Police

Haystak

We don't talk to police
You heard what the big homie face told ya, yeah
We rely on the street
You fuckin with a thoroughbred real face soldier, yeah

I don't fuck with the POPO
It's middle finger to the sky
When I see a black and white drive by
I mean, mug em
Look em dead in the eye
Tell em I never loved em
And hope that the day they die
It's a slow painful death
Hope that your casket
Blown up on the day
You forget to wear your vest
God bless any cop that test me
The local police will have to bring
Their SWAT to get me because
I'm a boss and it ain't that easy
I got me a 3 oh 8
And my aim is greasy
One shot, one kill, one day believe me
I'll be a thousand yards away
Ain't no way you'll see me
The ghetto all up in north
The game needs me
The heavy artillery arms dealer
I'll save you a snub nosed
With a Colt named Sneezzy
To run up in the motherfuckin precinct

Fuck the POPO
Fuck the ATF
Don't even scream freeze
You better save your breath
Cause I'm a take off
Faster than a G4 jet
Smash through the back door
And leave the screen door wrecked
Oink, oink, pig, come on
Catch me if you can
I'll be on the next flight
Directly to Japan
I'm a street soldier
Green Beret
Fuck the FBI
And the DEA
These streets
I ain't nothin nice
Out on the block on the grind
Tryna duck the Vice
It's a drought right now
So I'm a up the price
I'm the only one on
So now I'm lovin life
I'm blinded

Why you wanna hate on me?
Start snitchin
Run off and tell the HPD
That I hustle
And here we get your aide on me
I don't squeal to the pigs
I'm a HOG

You a cop, homie
You just didn't get a badge
And a squad car
In exchange for your ass
You took the stand
And told on your folks
The money they had made
The dope they had sold
Either you was fuckin a gay DA
Or you was just workin for the DEA
But I don't give a fuck
What you gotta say
You don't get hit with six bricks
And never do a day
Come on, homie
We know what it is
Confidential, my ass
We know what you did
You a motherfuckin bitch
A motherfuckin snitch
When I pass you in traffic
I'm a holler 'Suck a dick'
It's fucked up, when you see a hustler
To turn into a undercover officer
Now he sold us out
Fuckin with the Vices
And when he come around
He got on recording devices
I know what it is
It's like rollin the dice
Either you get paid
Or you get Life
But keep it movin
When you see me
Cause I don't want anybody thinkin
I talk to police