

Go Cop Whatever

The Jacka

Verse one first there's not a safety on my gun
For the safety of my daughter and my son
Who gotta father on the run
Still hustlin
Gotta leave em with something
Still young and thuggin
Bustin hammers after a function
Get that shit on camera
Na dudes we gon be stuntin
The boys come and roll da window up
Act like nutin
We from the bay A R E A nigga
We got straps smokin fat so don't roll with us
If you scared of the high speed
Or the ice streets
So cold you need minks
Racin niggas for pinks
Watching tv seein AP gettin tatted on ink
Who told me never sleep
Matter fact never blink
I'm always in to my neck but I never sink
At the burl like young furl rest in peace
That's the nigga get yo scull
Cause you are the streets
Ya feel?

Got weed coke hop whateva
It's the game where crooks come together
Get rich and go cop whateva
It's the shit but don't cross me neva
I don't think you like hanging round me
I smoke too much
Ain't scared to buss
I jus poured the four in my cup
All the hoes just trying to get fucked
Seven trey cuts sittin way up
I buss the scale then weigh it up
Park in the cuts wait on jugs
Wait for cause then wait on hus
After that my day is up
All day I'm with da shit
Cranberry drippin off my whip
Hit the liquor store for a fifth
99 cent bag of chips
P black drippin off that six
Black g5 26 inch
Rims under that bitch
Sometimes I wonder why we rich
And I pop bottles on the strip
Smoking purp no matter what
40 cal that knock out chunks
Let my young niggas knock out chumps
Ya them yung niggas knock out fronts
And I'm standing there smokin blunts
Could've stopped but fuck you punks