

Paris, Coffee, Donuts, And Death

12:15, layin real low at night
Creep in a jeep hit the corner tight
Bout to go clip they wigs
But gotta keep a niggy clean
One-time (blam) this is so they momma cry
Y'all shoulda eased up when I told you last time
But now I gotta do it the hard way
P-A-Y-back day
Then we see em, the black and white on sixth street
Cut a left in the lot of Mickey D's
And pulled up to the window
Ssshhh! Big Mel creeped on him real slow
He could see when he looked at me
That a brother wasn't thinkin bout shit but the payback
Rollin with a panther, trained well
No need for the holler, and FUCK jail
Packin two gats in the ride
But the black still had, the element of surprise
Now I'm aimin straight for the dome
Cause I'm thinkin about my homey's mom alone
Cryin cause her baby's dead man
This pig's gonna kiss the lead man
As an example so all the blue coats know
You get poached when you fuck with black folk
Said it til my voice was hoarse
I ain't down with excessive force
But of course I wasn't heard so I'm silent now
Black folk can't be non-violent now
I'd rather just lay you down, spray you down
Til justice come around
Cause without it there'll be no peace
The only motherfuckin pig that I eat is police
Do it like Jay said, throw in work
Stand feet, retreat in guerilla spurts
And see that the caps are peeled like potatoes
Cause this is a war and pigs hate us
If ya don't think so ask Nina G
Cause she was raped two times by OPD
By a motherfucking pig named Riley
So when I pitch I don't flinch or smile, see
I just lay low for the night to come
Rounded up the click, I straight dropped the bomb
And got with K-Cloud for the blowaway
Ran far, rented a car, took off the plates
And come back through to the place where
everybody knew that they was gonna show they face at
Stepped up, crept up, as I held my breath
And then I squeezed, coffee, donuts, and...
(blam blam blam, blam, blam)
(Officer down, we need backup, there's an office down here
oh shit!)
...death