

# Unlv, Local 580

Chorus: {ms. tee}

F\*\*k tha police, they took so long to come  
So nigga's grab yo gun, f\*\*k the police  
So where they at where they at  
So nigga's bring yo gat  
{2x}

{b.g.}

I'm runnin' from the police they after me  
I ain't goin' down try'na fix me with a case  
Try'na strap me in that underground  
Runnin' and shakin' it I'm movin' like the runnin' man  
Tec's in my chest and amide in my f\*\*kin' hand  
B.g. on a run peepin' out a f\*\*kin' alias  
Busters got me covered there's some gangsters out that tenth  
I caught two-o seven two fourteen and two await  
I'm gettin' blunted out with them niggas in the f\*\*kin' gate  
I got on my all black steady walkin' up inferred  
Under my black there's a f\*\*kin' tec  
Bitches talkin' shit runnin' off at the mouth  
Some hoe just snitched on my honeycoon hideout  
Now I got to travel long police still rollin' free  
Criminal at fourteen I'm thinkin' what the f\*\*k to do  
Boo-koo on the ramps I don't care if I die  
When I was setup say good-bye to the good guys  
I think it's time for war they increased violence f\*\*k the peace  
Comin' out the alley with my gear bustin' at the police  
I'm try'na hit 'em I'm try'na leave they brains on the floor  
They try'na play me like a hoe from the local 5-8-0  
But ain't no days like that where I'm from  
If they want some bests believe them bitches got's to come get some  
A nigga gettin' busy in the computer my name is lifted  
F\*\*k them blue terr wears and the f\*\*kin' second mission  
On my dick try'na take me down underground  
Try'na blame me, try'na frame me they try'na get me  
They won't quit they just won't quick  
They try'na stick me with some shit that I didn't commit  
F\*\*k tha police

{mr. ivan}

Ain't this a bitch they try'na make a nigga jump up  
Shoulder slug blast and kill a f\*\*kin' cop up  
Bout to hop in some hot shit that ticker ticker!  
Catch me, catch my black ass, but they wanna try to strap my ass  
The surveillance, from the he say she say shit  
F\*\*k what'cha said 'cause ya wind up a dead bitch  
He pulled out the luger 'cause he crooked and wanna do me  
But let's see a real player, keep up on what they doin' to me  
Pushin' the chronic, that shit to make yo pocket's fat and  
If you right plan to use yo gat, then we plan to run mud on them  
Lil' piggy's, that mean I'm comin' out dead or alive comin' get me  
Bitch don't tell me shit, ya need to wear yo f\*\*kin' vest  
If I get a seeker I'm a knock yo badge of yo chest  
F\*\*k the task, the f.b.i. and yes i'ma do yo sheriff  
I'm called the courier that's the one to blow ya  
Time to get a nickel for the shit that I did  
Motherf\*\*ker drop it, ya see ivan think you can f\*\*k with me

Chorus

{ms. tee}

Now why the f\*\*k the police is on my block

Try'na sit me down, sayin' ya f\*\*kin' sellin' rock's  
But I know the pussy ass bitches put it one me  
'cause they couldn't find my stash 'cause nobody knows  
I keep my rock's in my pussy hole  
'cause I'm a bitch so ya can't touch uh I miss and never muffer  
Touch in the wrong way and I stab ya in yo gut  
Like stuckin' to f\*\*kin' I take my nine and I pluck 'em  
Snipin' ass nigga, like to get over  
One will and have my weight over my shoulder  
Stupid ass bitches always puttin' a nigga down  
That's why I never let them motherf\*\*kers around  
So check it, when we need 'em  
They take so long to come uhh and  
The damage is done uhh, so when we need 'em they  
Take so long to come, 'cause they diggy doggy dumb man f\*\*k the police

{black□jack}

Project life, with the rat and the roaches  
Tell me if ya ready when the danger approaches  
Crack fiend's triple beam, like it's on the scale  
Close yo eyes, forever may you rest in hell  
Gettin' out the ghetto is only a dream in most cases  
Never had nothin' but momma always gave us love  
Lost queen, from pain from a youngster  
Shot six times in the back by the dumpster  
Be cautious when ya step, but don't step to light  
'cause the tec is in the ghetto in the projects at night  
Some gangsta ass nigga's slangin' crack on the corner  
All blacked up with the gangsta ptonma  
Try'na make a livin', try'na have him lil' some some  
Them white folk's as cop don't want to see me as nothin'  
But a nigga got soul, with a mouth full of gold and  
I don't give a f\*\*k bout none of you hoes  
Brangin' terror with no error to the mother f\*\*kin' po-pos  
You know that nigga the jiggy jiggy jack-o  
That's comin' to the top with no motherf\*\*kin' peace  
Nigga peep game mother f\*\*k tha police

{lil' slim}

Zero, zero, nine one one  
Bitch ass trick ass, cop's have yet to come  
'cause uhh, deuce revolvers is my problem solvers  
Shit shake yo ass now ya up like yo father  
I got's to get away, I got's to get an disguise  
The rat's his on my ass time to get the f\*\*k out of dodge  
'cause I'm to known for sellin' stone's on my f\*\*kin' block  
These nigga's got these ki's I get these f\*\*kin' flipper rock's  
Duckin' and dodgin' and steady mobbin' but the law keep's callin'  
'cause they hear a nigga ballin' nigga I roll's quicker out the cut  
The quicker to break 'em up, 'cause a nigga straight money struck  
Bailin' from the north 'cause that's my thang  
The motherf\*\*kin' corn meal is the shit I slang  
Been did it and done it f\*\*k that nigga done stunt'ed  
I'm runnin' and gunnin' show them nigga's ain't nothin' funny

Chorus