

Please Don't

2 Chainz

Young nigga thuggin' for a reason, pro'ly cause it's all that they teach him
I come through killin' every season, pray they don't call the policeman
Please don't call the policeman, please don't call the policeman
Please don't call the policeman, please don't call the policeman
All I ever wanted was respect, young nigga thuggin' in the streets
Please don't call the detective, please don't call the police!
Please don't call the policeman, please don't call the policeman
Please don't call the police, please don't call the police

Wait, verse time, killin' these niggas, it's murk time
Puttin' these niggas in a hearse time
To my enemies, I done had worse times
Nigga, it's work time, put a pussy nigga in the dirt time
Really don't wanna see me work, son - pull back the curtain, woo
Why you do 'em like that? Boy you need to muhfuckin' stop that
Hangin' wit' the killers and I'm feelin' presidential
Big brother went and got the fuckin' drop head
Now I make a old bitch drop head, I'll make yo' bitch drop head
Put the pedal to the floor, now her panties on the floor
Nigga, I'll make yo' bitch drop that!
I smoke the most of the reefer, hangin' wit' Dos Cadenas
Made it rain, hurricane, give out that money like FEMA
Turn that lil bitch to Katrina, fuck up the money from features
Watch how a thug get a Beamer all from rappin' and singin'

We need 8 in these streets like a straight out
Coupe wit' the roof you could take off, crew finna take off
Killin' these hoes if I pull up wit' tech
Cause the [?] will save y'all
[?], wanted to play ball
Got addicted to watchin' that lean drip
Now I step in the mall wit' a stack of new hundreds
Run through that blue cheese like it's wing dip
Most of my Locs be like "Fre\$h, you too clean, Crip"
Don't work out that much but my jeans ripped
Class by myself like detention
Cause most of the niggas wife hoes I done seen strip
So I had to give these hoes
I had to give these hoes someone to pay
She pull up on me when she wantin' that pipe
Nigga, yo' crib is just somewhere to stay
All I had in the trap was a blunt and a K
(And) a bundle of yay
Most the fiends don't believe that I made a transition
They still call my number today
Extended the clips for them niggas who say they will rob me
It ain't hard to find me
If the proof's in the pudding then call me Bill Cosby
Or just ask my mama, it ain't no mistake that a