

# Cops and Robbers

Mac

Yeah, spinning been on these niggas.  
It's World War.  
Yeah, I send this out to my nigga.  
Wherever you are.  
We still ain't nothin but some niggas in trouble, ya heard me?  
Feel it, uh, yeah.  
It's World War nigga.  
It's like a deadly game.  
And me and my niggas in it to win it, ya heard me?  
World War nigga.  
Check it.

Feel the wrath of a soulja, the Crescent City Jesus  
I pack a tre deuce, got a army bout the size of Babe Ruth  
To hit em, rugged even if it's unplugged for thug lifers  
We be the niggas leavin' slugs in ya crime cipher  
We got the town locked  
with underground stock around clock workers to serve us  
Responsible for many murders  
We left your town with all the gold pieces  
Shoot the Sheriff to assure my family's convict releases  
Pay the witnesses to hold they breath,  
Non cooperation is only death, and no this ain't a phony Tec  
I'm in a limo full of blow niggas  
But I'm never high cause a leader gotta be up on his toes nigga  
A trail of cops is followin' we start to swallowin' the evidentials  
Keep supplier's name confidential  
The crooked cops started buckin' at us  
I made a turn to a dead end, but froze cuz the cops had us  
I grab the Tec and started buckin' back  
Cuz I'd rather take half the force out before they pump a slug in Mac  
The head shot took me under  
I fell on my back, the last scene is his pale face and badge number

It's like a deadly game of cops and robbers  
The niggas who unload first be the survivors  
The rest is dead on arrival, keep your heaters off safety  
I never let you crook cops erase me, cops and robbers  
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T-Shirts and white caprices, my Daddy used to call him Johnny  
I never thought them snake muthafuckas would be behind me  
They took a shot nearly blind me  
My eyes rolled like a zombie, my life started seemin' timely  
I can't believe it, Officer Friendly, he put a slug in lil' McKinley  
I'll be a memory, shit I ain't havin' it  
Fightin' for my life, the reapers grabbin' it  
Just enough strength to pull the trigga once more  
I hit his cabbage and he dropped like the Value Jet  
I heard a nigga say he wasn't dead yet, they should have never said that  
My life came back, like some supernatural shit  
I stood up, and took the bullets they was hittin' me with  
Grab the dead cocked glock out the holster  
Pointed at the rest of them and said muthafuckers I'm a soulja

You can't kill me, they said we'll see  
I said nigga feel me, and hit em with the nine milli, ya heard me  
I took my vest off, and threw it on the pavement  
You never see the Mac's assassination

You motherfuckers.  
And that's how it is in 99.  
It's just World War against these motherfucking cops.  
Feel it.

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It's the year twenty hundred, the devil's still running  
Money is done with, we only sold get your gun shit  
You either ballin or you starvin, tombstones in the mystic coffin  
On top of that we living in New Orleans  
Yet I'm trying to make something shake  
The only thing between me and my cake is Fake Jake  
But it get trifer  
If I escape then its cool but if not,  
looking at a lifer, that's hard to cipher  
Cause I ain't trying to hear put no chip in my wrist  
I'd rather drink shit and eat piss, it's that serious  
So get the phone, call my nigga Joe  
Pray for me fore I go, running up in the store  
Should I die following my big collection of dough  
Tell my niggas that I didn't die poor you know  
Old sucka John ass copper, trailing me in the helicopter  
I cocked back, went to busting at the chopper  
It must have been my niggas blessing, cause I got away without requesting  
But thugs never learn their lesson  
I'm strictly into banks, fuck blacks, they ain't got shit  
I'm running with an ex cop and an ex locksmith nigga

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Y'all know