

Hello, everybody! Listen to my story  
I look strange and I'm not a usual tourist  
I enjoy my vacations, there's no need to worry  
But sometimes relaxing makes me fell boring  
That's because of my profession - I'm a cop in Russia  
My job is getting money in the name of the law  
I'm not interested in goa-trance and eating mushrooms  
I don't wanna dance tripping all night more  
So, I lied on the beach for so many times  
Dreaming about coming back and keeping taking bribes  
And now I'm dreaming again, you know, it makes me sing:  
Bring me your money, just bring-bring-bring!  
C'mon!

Bring me your money in the name of the law!  
Bring me your money, more-more-more!  
It's time to make your pockets empty and clean  
Bring me your money, bring-bring-bring

Attention! It's a public service announcement!  
My favorite number on a paper is one thousand!  
Five hundred is OK, one hundred is worse  
But don't get upset, I accept 'em too, of course!  
Fifties, twenties, tens and even fives  
Notes of any value, coins of any size!  
If you have no rupees, I don't mind on bucks and rubles  
And even fucking euros is not a fucking big trouble!  
I'm fighting the criminals every second I exist  
All violators will be punished like this:  
Hands Up! Hands up, mothefuckers, freeze!  
And give all your money to the russian police!  
C'mon!

Bring me your money in the name of the law!  
Bring me your money, more-more-more!  
It's time to make your pockets empty and clean  
Bring me your money, bring-bring-bring