

# Go Cop Whatever

The Jacka

Verse one first there's not a safety on my gun  
For the safety of my daughter and my son  
Who gotta father on the run  
Still hustlin  
Gotta leave em with something  
Still young and thuggin  
Bustin hammers after a function  
Get that shit on camera  
Na dudes we gon be stuntin  
The boys come and roll da window up  
Act like nutin  
We from the bay A R E A nigga  
We got straps smokin fat so don't roll with us  
If you scared of the high speed  
Or the ice streets  
So cold you need minks  
Racin niggas for pinks  
Watching tv seein AP gettin tatted on ink  
Who told me never sleep  
Matter fact never blink  
I'm always in to my neck but I never sink  
At the burl like young furl rest in peace  
That's the nigga get yo scrill  
Cause you are the streets  
Ya feel?

Got weed coke hop whateva  
It's the game where crooks come together  
Get rich and go cop whateva  
It's the shit but don't cross me neva  
I don't think you like hanging round me  
I smoke too much  
Ain't scared to buss  
I jus poured the four in my cup  
All the hoes just trying to get fucked  
Seven trey cuts sittin way up  
I buss the scale then weigh it up  
Park in the cuts wait on jugs  
Wait for cause then wait on hus  
After that my day is up  
All day I'm with da shit  
Cranberry drippin off my whip  
Hit the liquor store for a fifth  
99 cent bag of chips  
P black drippin off that six  
Black g5 26 inch  
Rims under that bitch  
Sometimes I wonder why we rich  
And I pop bottles on the strip  
Smoking purp no matter what  
40 cal's that knock out chunks  
Let my young niggas knock out chumps  
Ya them yung niggas knock out fronts  
And I'm standing there smokin blunts  
Could've stopped but fuck you punks