

Pharao, Pharoahe Monch- Got You

Get yo' hands;
Up against the wall and spread them
Opposition, I can't stand them
Fuck you (Fuck you)
Fuck you (Fuck you)
Un-da-stand;
I'm not fuckin around with you
Try to resist I'll dimiss you
Fuck you (Fuck you)
Fuck you (Fuck you)

(Verse 1)

Basically I'm the worst nightmare you ever had
Huh, figure but trigger happy nigga with a badge
Parading around Los Angeles
High off coke with a banana clip
Feasting off the weak street avangelists
With a manuscript, and a proffesional ass-whippin
Task force, brass knuckles, a master in ass-kickin
If ya ask for it, I blast for it, your back flippin
No one saw it, I won't stop the clock's tickin
Got a rookie for a partner that's ready to fight niggas
The world's a merry-go-round of stereotype niggas
He's a spit in the face for pitbull or bite niggas
Matter-a fact, kinda like this cat for a white nigga

(Hook)

(Verse 2)

I got the projects on lock; they trust my logic
Cuz the star cops got it from guns to narcotics
My object is to deprogram, blind your optics
You cannot stop this mission, this topic
Cuz you could write tickets my nigga or get paid
Learn this game of the streets or get slayed
Collect this cheese at the end of this maze
Or hit the desk and fill out forms for days
Need I remind you - how easy it would be,
To take the city by storm, with a whole force behind you
Shottie in the trunk and on my ankle there's a nine too
Cuz psychologically the guns you use, will define you

(Hook)

(Verse 3)

These evil streets don't sleep, be careful of whom you mingle
In a city where it pays to be bilingual
Yo soy grifo, no me importa tu culo, si via a diablo
Or five-oh, leavin enemies dead on arrival
For a couple of mil', and your fuckin the deal up
Try to play hero cop and you still suck
Put you to bed, or runnin your head, you won't feel much