

Punk Police

Mac Dre

Punk police
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Punk police Stop - I can't take no mo'
Why is the police steady knockin' at my do'?
24-7 them devils be trippin'
They say some banks was robbed and I fit the description
But that's drama, so save it for your mama
I'm not criminal minded, punk police, I'm a
Dope rhyme dealer, not a money stealer
Was real in '91, but now I'm much realer
On the streets you roam, tryna follow me home
Steady runnin' checks on me and my Brougham
You see my mother is worried, you got her vision all blurried
You throwin' darts at my partner's poster - and he's buried?
Restin' in peace, but you won't give him no peace
Man, you punk police, I'm not the savage beast
You labeled us a ruthless g-a-n-g
But the biggest gangsters are on the VPD
They hate to see me drivin a car I bought
They hate how I talk, I can't spit on the sidewalk
They roughin' and coughin' me, in jail they be stuffin' me
Every damn day, man, they can't get enough of me
I could maybe understand if I was breakin' the law
And I'ma dedicate this to Detective McGraw
You be steady accusin', but these cases you losin'
You be steady abusin', mane, do you find it amusin'?
Well haha, I'ma laugh in your face
While you kick on back and feel the bass
Punk police with a one-track mind
Man, you can't even find who's been robbin' you blind
It got deep, so you had to blame somebody
What's next - you gon' frame somebody?
You gon' frame somebody?
(You gon' frame somebody?)
Is you gon' frame somebody?
(Is you gon' frame somebody?)
Punk police For the dumb punk one-time I've got one rhyme
You can't stop sweatin' me, no, not even sometime
You fuss and cuss at, would love to fuss at

A brother like me, always searchin' my nutsack
 'Punk Police' I named this cut
 And punk police, I'll tell you what
You need to stop trippin' and cold do yo job
 Stop tryna be ruthless and stop tryna mob
 Punk police are nothin' clean
 Look how they did Rodney King
In every neighborhood, state, city and town
 A crooked policeman can be found
 Off-duty he never would squab hard
But give him that gat, badge and that squat car
 Then it's jack time, fuck-with-a-black time
I'm talkin' real, man, listen to a Mac rhyme
 Listen to a Mac rhyme
 Punk police
 Punk police
Punk police And it don't stop, and it don't quit
 Punk police can't tell me shit
 I'm just a Romp star goin' to the top far
You can't stop me strikin' in my Cadillac car
 Straight doin' it, straight doin' it
Romper Room crewin' it, Romper Room crewin' it
 I can't stop doin it, can't stop doin it
Straight Romp crewin it, straight Romp crewin' it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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