

# Officer

## Prophet Z

Yo fat lip man  
Yo man they tryin' to run a 5-0 move on us man  
Yo man  
You got to tell the suckers what's up boy  
Yeah ha-ha

I got a letter from the DMV  
The other day  
I opened and read it  
It said they were suckers  
They tried to tell me that my license was suspended  
I got offended  
For a minute then pretended  
That I never even got the damn letter  
It's nine o'clock  
On the dot  
So I think I'd better  
Scoot off to school  
'cause in class there's a test  
I gotta dress fast  
Grab my glasses and my vest  
Oh damn  
As hardheaded as I am  
Hopped in my hootie ride  
Pumped up the jam  
Put it in reverse  
Into first  
And disperse and  
From that very moment on my day got worse

As I was standing in the street  
I suddenly seen the smoke  
I know that Derek's on his way  
I ran to get my coat  
And a bag from the room  
It took a minute, boom  
Hopped into the car  
We drove away in a zoom  
I assume doom

As we were drivin' on the gravel  
At any given minute we could have a shortened travel  
So I ramble  
About my life (is that's a) shambles  
Should of took the bus  
A bus without the (silence horses)  
Oh nice  
I wish we had good bikes  
We need to exercise  
Maybe we could take a hike  
An' you could give Sheri back those car keys  
Because everywhere I walk I would not have to say please

[Repeat: x4]

Please  
Don't pull me over Mr. officer  
Don't pull me over Mr. officer please

Away  
To our destination  
No license no insurance  
Not even registration  
Tags on the plate say December '82  
Car's so dirty it looks gray  
But it's really blue  
Who would  
Think we're up to good  
Four black niggas ridin' through the neighborhood  
In hats and glasses  
Makin' funny passes  
Like drivin' slowly  
Playin' low-key for asses  
Knowin' damn well one shine will harass us  
And all the while  
We see girls jog  
Sheri's little car is pourin' out smog  
Then we made a right and I spotted one in tights (ooh)  
(yo baby what's up, pull over)

(you live with your homeboys? Yeah I live with my  
Homeboys, that's where you're takin' me to your house  
Where your homeboys are? I mean but they're not  
Home, you ain't got your own crib? naw I ain't got)  
(5-0 man, 5-0)

Lights, action  
Without the camera  
Side-greens and high beams  
Two to a tee  
The blue coat billy goats are crowding up my rear view  
Hot on the trail of an innocent being  
My heartbeat is racin' at a pace so fast  
I'm wishin' that the coppers would get off my ass  
My tail, can't go to jail 'cause it's wack  
What would happen to my girl and my record contract  
Yo fellas (what)  
Take off the baseball caps  
Word up I heard that the nerves get tapped  
And throw on the glasses and give up the (tees)  
Oh please don't pull me over officer please  
I'm discombobulated (what)  
Discombobulated (what)  
Discombobulated malfunctionated faded  
F-a-d-e-d  
I can't believe it's me  
Oh please  
Oh please  
Oh please  
Oh please  
Oh

[Repeat: x4]

Please  
Don't pull me over Mr. officer  
Don't pull me over Mr. officer please

(you don't have a license, you have a warrant, you have  
Ninety parking tickets we have to take you in uh...give me  
A break, shit man I didn't do nothin' man, OK so, so  
Nobody has a license? OK uh, how're you gonna accuse  
Me of doin' something dude, yeah you guys are definitely  
Goin' to jail here, OK let's get that impound truck uh right  
Over here um, we're getting pulled over we're going to jail)

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written by Stewart, Derrick Lemel / Robinson, Romye / Wilcox, Emandu Imani Rashaan / Hardson, Trevant  
Jermaine / Martinez, John / Ridenhour, Carlton Douglas / Sadler, Eric / Shocklee, Hank / Drayton, William  
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