

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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