Crooked Officer

Z-Ro

I'm sick of you hoes tryin' to run mine
I'm comin' with a good line, runnin' after one time
I'm sick of you hoes tryin' to run mine
I'm comin' with a good line, runnin' after one time
I'm sick of you hoes tryin' to run mine
I'm comin' with a good line, runnin' after one time
I got a grudge against you blue suits
Black suits, white suits an' the state troops
That's the way you made us
Send a nigga to the penitentiary is how you play us
That's the way you made us
Send a nigga to the penitentiary is how you
That's the way you made us
Send a nigga to the penitentiary is how you play us
Lock us up for the summer
Took the nigga's name away an' passed us as a number
Just because you legally pack a gack, man
Doesn't necessarily mean you have to point it at the black man
Especially you black cops, you let your gacks pop
Because them honkies got you brainwashed
Now we come to new dealings
Fuck all the dumb shit, the line of work is cap peelings
I'm cuttin' shit short, ain't no fillin' out reports
'Cause you ain't makin' it to court
I'm lettin' freedom ring
From the hole in my glock, for fuckin' off Rodney King
It ain't nothin' that you can ask us
An' since justice is blind, I'ma buy the bitch some glasses
Wake the fuck up, chumps, I'm comin' after your ass
Crooked officer
Mr. Officer, crooked officer
I wanna put your ass in the coffin, sir
You shouldn't have fuck with niggas like myself for too long
It's time to grab my motherfuckin' shit an' get it on
Oh, Mr. Officer, crooked officer, what's happenin'?
You beat another black man's ass an' now you high tappin'
Friend, do I have to move to River Oaks
An' bleach my fuckin' skin so I can look like these white folks?
Just to get some assistance

Because the brutality in my neighborhood is gettin' persistent
'Cause you wanna harass me, yeah?
An' if I talk back you wanna bust my black ass G
Just like Rodney King
But if you try that shit with me, it's gonna be a different scene
Try to pull me over on a dark road
But I'll be damned if I don't grab my nine an' unload
Until every blue shirt turns red, you heard what I said?
I want all you crooked motherfuckers dead
So you better start pickin' out your coffin, sir
'Cause I'm comin' after your ass
Mr. Officer, crooked officer
I wanna put your ass in the coffin, sir
You shouldn't have fuck with niggas like myself for too long
It's time to grab my motherfuckin' shit an' get it on
Momma called me up the other day, I got a warrant
Punk ass laws wanna know where the gun went
Say I shot a nigga the other day at a party
Lyin' out they ass, I was at home drinkin' forties
Coolin' with my niggas, playin' dominoes in the kitchen
A big black nigga did the killin' an' I fit the description
Yeah an' you know, they think all black niggas look alike
So now they got the flashlight, lookin' for Big Mike
Now they got the flashlight, lookin' for Big Mike
Now they got the flashlight, lookin' for Big
Jackin' niggas up, tryin' to capture
Coppers wanna gaffle, tryin' to put bullets into the back
Time an' time again I told them I didn't do it
An' they knew it but they still pursued it
So them motherfuckers blew it
So now I'm about to grab my shit
An' put them son of a bitches six feet under
'Cause I'm sick of runnin' from the motherfuckers
Turnin' tables 'cause I'm able, I ain't fallin' victim
Time to play a game, see the police watch me stick
'Cause I ain't runnin' from the P O L I C E, nay
Any motherfuckin' T I M E of day
They'll have to G U T a me off the S E T
An' my H double O D, fuckin' around with the B I G
They'll be in a G R A V E
Mr. Officer, crooked officer
I wanna put your ass in the coffin, sir
You shouldn't have fuck with niggas like myself for too long
It's time to grab my motherfuckin' shit an' get it on
Mr. Officer, crooked officer

I wanna put your ass in the coffin, sir

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