

# Flagrant Cops (explicit)

Noreaga

[Skit]

[Noreaga]

Hey yo the same old G

Yo that's my shit

Switch cd's threw on Nas shit

Yo in the whip yo the windows clogged up

Shorty givin me head mouth clogged up

Flusher Meadow we call it "Lovers Lane"

Every nigga probably here probably doin the same

>From the front seat back seat

Stashed in the glove compartment

Where we keep the heat

Shorty try to kiss me

I'm like "I don't kiss

don't take it personal yo some ass this

but it's all good you could still suck my shit"

She star-struck bitch just wantin to fuck

Askin me repeatedly to say "What what"

She sucked my dick till I can't even bust

She sucked my shit I had no more nuts

Heyyo it's time to break before it get too late

Had my wife out while I think I'm on a date

But I rolled the philly and I counted my bread

She said "One more time" and she grabbed my head

I'm like "Wow she spittin on it gettin on it"

Actin like she never had it like she really wanted

I heard a knock on the window said "Don't move"

Yo I'm nearly stuck shorty jumped right up

Heard a nigga say "Don't move and give it up"

At this point I'm shook turn around and I look

BANG BANG Yeah nigga just shot his ass

Broken window plus I got blood on my glass

Get the car door open gat in my hand

Still soapin lookin for who was approachin

Blue suit damn I couldn't see through the tints

Ah fuck it I'll say that it was self defense

But the bitch started yellin raisin hell-in

I probably gotta body or two to see tellin

But then yo a nigga just shot a cop

Pig's blood on my clothes pig's blood on my glock  
But they just shot a black man  
forty one times  
He had no gat I got murder rhymes  
Whatchoo think they would've did if they see mine  
The chick out of control wildin screamin and yellin  
I told her to chill before we get a felon  
My hand over her mouth I told her cut it out  
Gat to the stomach I took the highway hit a hundred  
Scared to death wishin I left  
The heat in the crib but I didn't it was all red  
The bitch sayin she sick stop bullshittin  
I gotta cat crib in Jamaica  
My little cousin he ain't gon say nuttin  
"Son it's hectic right just hold me down aight?"  
I'm on Wanted Most America  
All of my phones is tapped now God  
Yo even my cellular  
Me and Martymore shout for sure  
Now we gang bangin yo arc the sore  
I gotta letter from the government the other day  
Yo I opened it up and yo I peep what it say  
It said "You can't get away ya hear? -The KKK"  
My niggas is sayin I'm hot makin em hot  
I'm all over the news for hittin the cop  
But I'm still poppin partyin with John Chalkin  
He said "Before we talk we need a meal"  
I need to get myself up and he can make a deal  
I said "Fuck no I don't give a fuck though  
yo the cop asked for it plus a nigga got dough"  
The same bitch that I was with I'm still wit  
Heyyo I felt her neck and I felt her tits  
Heyyo the bitch wired then I heard a gat fired  
Remembered real quick feeling real sick  
I fell to the floor handcuffed the bitch got me  
"I was tangled in this all along Popy"  
Police got one and my Moms got the other copy  
I got bagged up for a bad suck  
I guess it's over now nigga got bad luckYo to the mutha fuckin police uptown that shot that man  
I hope one of ya'll got to fuckin Attica  
The other one go to Constalk  
The other one go to Clinton  
And the other one go to Sing-Sing  
And ya'll all wear wigs and lipstick and get fucked in ya'll fuckin assholes

Fuck the fuckin NYPD

Songwriters

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