Constables

O.C.

[Chorus](8X)
"Police be clocking me" -> KRS-One - Hip Hop vs Rap

[Verse 1]
I make wax, I pay tax, I don't show cracks
Something to kick back, you callin' on dispatch
The deal you'd did with a dealer you the distel
Took Gladys from his box now he's burried in the system
You see me comin' out of my building
All types of days and nights, wondering if I got a nine to five
Those I always do, so you cry I spy
A flashin' goes smile, you in the corner of my eye
Walkin' I feel the hawk over right the side
It's over from the act, lyricist start to walk live
Shop lift or what, then I start to jog
Hearin' speed accelerated from the J-8's car
The sirens sound violent they expect more not ready
I'm on the stoop my man named Little Eddy we started laughing
He's nextdoor from me, is a house that has traffic like drugs are free
But I'm a new face in a new place of a melon race
Gets black in 'em makes a good fellon case
And that's not so and I get mad cause everywhere I go
Long as I'm dark walkin clarks in my village tho

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[Verse 2]
They clocking, shocking and knocking me
Wantin' a reason for whocking me
But I ain't committin' no crime
Soon as they stoppin me O.C. roll if a dolo went solo
Cop car come screechin in my presence in a second yellin "Freeze!"
I'm scared how can I stop hopped over a fence
Runnin' frantic sendin' O.C. into a panic
I 'fused to be rock me hardly you won't scar me beatin' me down
Yellin' smellin old and coffee sender
Fuckin' hard, but soft to a stick
Some cops are cool and some are just downright dicks
You won't in 68 me in a choke hole, death mockin' me

So for that even my dousin keep clockin me
Check my abdominal check how I'm fashion
Nice sticks if you don't had the same type of fashion
Two blocks behind me two jakes who want blue and white
Pair glocks equals 32 shots I think not

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[Verse 3]
What for!? Is it my be-Boy presence mixed with mature
Is it the way Stone and me comb the city in a Benz
Legitimate plus without ends
Paperwork was right, we sat aside a red light
Givin' dirty looks, I guess assumin' we were crooks
Scopin' the car, tags of the par, rims shinin' in ya face
With the tires all along and I dig it
All young is my complection been through gettin' stress
So I know you understand what I manifest
A friend of me, uncool, that squares a black cop Jones
All crooked with fat rides and homes
Watch your own BB with the APP on your side
And corrupt cats corriscatin on the margin
Next time read me my rights check out the snipes
Look behind ya on the wall sucker I rocks mics

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