Pig Latin

Gym Class Heroes

Why do people fear what they don't know?
and my hats rocked to the left, all these dirty looks be gettin me stressed.
Constantly lookin' at me funny cause my pants swung low
It's time to dead that.
Testify and get your head wrapped like Arabian cats,
terrorist act's will have you pigs squealin at last.
Wayne County Jail full of noxious gas
got three quarters of your senses massed,
you're left with only the sense of Touch like Tony.
they out for delph, only tryin to help them self.
The majority of these boys in blue are phony,
crooked like Saint Ides, instead of tryin to save lives
They pull me over talkin about a seatbelt, we all know thats bullshit,
the fact is I look suspicious, THATS IT!!
Type of kid to expose corruption,
like crop circles and alien abductions.
Park patrolling toy cop reproductions,
Hunger for power equals negative reprocussions.
Get rushed as if I was rushin with no discussion,
try and cuff me and catch a mild concussion.
I've taken all the stress I can,
peace America I'm movin off to foreign lands
where cops don't place narcotics in innocent hands.
Framin cats just to meet a quota,
searchin' everyone with baggy pants and Moterola's.
Thats why I'm wild with a camcorder
to catch 'em slippin when they pull me over,
flip 'em the bird then I'm ghost in my Toyota.
Won't stop writin til this shit cease.
Until someone's there to police the police.
I'm sick of all this everyday harassment
Sick of havin visions of black caskets (just because we rock our pants low)
(Sick of hopelessly watchin my man gettin his ass kicked, sick of being followed shit is drastic)
And our hats backwards (These cops is like cancer)
A tumor on our ass (We want answers)
For bad manners (And the use of police scanners)
So we jottin down their numbers (In our pocket planners)
for the day we meet up (With Jim Shapiro) THE HAMMER!
They got this little game that they play, tellin you that you that you done somethin wrong.

Then they flash the badge in your face, and you don't even know whats goin' on.
They don't even give you a reasons, orno clue as to what it is you've done.
(And tell the chief you reached for heat)
Cops be poppin' confiscated glocks with a sack of rocks right under it,

You go for your registration, and then they put your ass to sleep
the funny thing is, this murders funded by the government.
Yo they'll kill you and put the crack in your pocket to make it legal,
Illegally plant the confiscated gat right by you in your Regal
and say you shot first, delete you from digital files its lethal.
Most of these cops is see through,
that's why we do what we do.
That's why we tell the truth about what police do,
son they'll issue you a ticket right before they beat you.
I'm glad the truth scares you, hit me mr.officer I dare you,
check the rearview, you'll see the camcorder, extended lens too.
You better call for back-up, chew the rest of that crack up,
Yeah you shook now, and if you swing on me I'm about to fight back.
cause we got you on tape with that girl you raped and handcuffed.
The man ain't nothin but the klan, but not in white they rockin blue and black.
It's a proven fact cops is just white collared criminals,
they ride in Crown V's injectin neighborhoods with chemicals.
I'm tellin you, it all makes sense they killed the president,
sniped him out with one shot then lurked out with all the evidence.
I'm speakin relevance, ignorant heads won't try to hear me
If you want kids off the streets give us somethin to do,
cause the truth will make the masses bug out, like Tim Leary.
instead of constant harassment and curfew's (COME ON).
Since when did dreadlocks become probable cause,
totin' around a backpack become breakin the law.
Son I'm fed up, so get up, stand up like Bob told you
and learn some Tai Bo in case they try to choke hold you.
I'm sick of all this everyday harassment
(Sick of hopelessly watchin my man gettin his ass kicked, sick of being called a black bastard)
Sick of havin visions of black caskets (Just because we rock our pants low)
and our hats backwards (These cops is like cancer)
a tumor on our ass, (we want answers)
So we jottin' down their numbers (in our pocket planners)
For the day we meet up (with Jim Shapiro) THE HAMMER!
for bad manners (and the use of police scanners)
(Sick of havin visions of black caskets) Just because we rock our pants low
(I'm sick of all this everyday harassment)
Sick of hopelessly watchin my man gettin his ass kicked, sick of being followed shit is drastic
(And our hats backwards) These cops is like cancer
(A tumor on our ass) We want answers

(for the day we meet up) With Jim Shapiro THE HAMMER!(For bad manners) And the use of police scanners
(So we jottin down their numbers) In our pocket planners

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