

# Crooked Cops (feat. Tish Hyman)

## Rejjie Snow

Officer, my hands is up  
Please don't shoot, but I might run  
Run nigga, run nigga, run nigga  
I've been black since '91  
Piggy piggy, hold your tongue  
Run nigga, run nigga, run nigga  
What, you want some open graves?  
I'll make you catch this fucking fade  
My tendencies be "fuck the law"  
But mama said, "just look away"  
Hands up, keep my weapon on me  
[?] what's up, homie?  
Friday night [?] slow day  
Pull me over, I record it  
Bar my head and kiss this ass  
And this bacon did smell off  
Black and white, you [?] my rights  
These crooked cops they hate by sight  
Blackest skin, the blackest name  
From Africa my father came  
From mother eath he saw the dirt  
From broken souls to heal the curse  
Public enemy? My felony was being black as fuck  
Eenie meenie miney moe and hang him up and take his lunch  
Call the homies, call my mama  
Take his badge and fuck him up  
Then fuck him up and make him cry  
And remember where we lived and died  
No, no, no, no, no, no  
No, no-ooh-aah, no, no  
Crooked cop, crooked cop  
Crook-crook-crooked cop  
Crooked cop, crooked cop  
Crooked, crooked cop  
Crooked, crook-crook-crooked cops  
Crooked cops, crooked  
Crooked cops, crook-crook-crooked cops  
I'm tellin' you now  
Police in their feelings, they scared and they killin'  
They shootin' us down  
My hands up, they shootin', they shootin', they shootin'

They shootin' us down  
Why? Please tell me where  
Public enemy number 1, I was the black man  
They be usin' their badges  
As a weapon to [?] shoot at us and back up  
Tell me why? I, I think I know why  
Why they wanna shoot me down  
I think I know 'cause they crooked cops  
Crooked cops, crook-crook-crooked cops  
No, no, no, no, noo  
No, no-ooh-aah, no, no Crooked cop, crooked cop  
Crook-crook-crooked cop  
Crooked cop, crooked cop  
Crooked, crooked cop  
Crooked, crook-crook-crooked cops  
Crooked cops, crooked  
Crooked cops, crook-crook-crooked cops Call me back, no text emoji  
Pants be saggin', I've been taggin'  
Officer, my record flawless  
Rappin' since like '96 when ODB was runnin' shit  
Grammy nominated, hope there's trophies in my cabinet  
Hide your kids and hide your wife  
The reaper creepin' through the night  
Crawl in, Mr. Officer, my fingerprints gon' testify  
Tats up on my neck and face  
From GTA to [?]  
Fuck is up? I know my rights  
The sirens [?] flashing light Crooked cops, crooked cops  
Crook-crook-crooked cops  
I don't wanna hear this shit no more  
(I don't wanna hear it no motherfuckin' more  
You talkin' about motherfuckin' all lives matter)  
I don't wanna hear this shit no more  
(I don't wanna hear this  
Nobody is killin' your brothers, your sisters, your father, your mother - nobody is killin' y'all motherfuckers in  
the street  
They killin' us!)  
I don't wanna hear this shit no more  
(The fuck is wrong with you?) No, no, no, no, noo  
No, no-ooh-aah, no, no

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.