

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, 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 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, noCrooked 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 copsCall 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 lightCrooked 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.