I Got Pulled Over

Kid Frost

There they go over there
Aw man, shit
I gotta get up off my ass
And go chase these cholo muthafuckas
I hate those fuckin' MexicansI'm always gettin' caca from the blaca
The B.G. hooter always pull me over
Take me out the rafla, sit me on the curb
And then they look me overThey ask about my beeper, I'm not a dope dealer
This is the Cherokee 4 wheeler if I was sellin' drugs
To all of the street thugs yo, I don't mean to brag
But I'd be drivin' in a JagI wouldn't be hittin' the East side lowridin'
I'd be in Hollywood or Venice Beach high profilin'
And all that shit and I happen to play along
With your stupid little skip but I'll just kick itYo, go ahead and write your ticket
But hey yo, Mr. Officer, you know where you can stick it
I say this to myself, I let him do his thing
Or he might beat me down just like he beat down Rodney King
I got pulled overHey, don't that truck look familiar?
Yeah, that Cherokee over there?
I think that belongs to that fat fuck ah
That La Raza muthafucka
Let's go fuck with himHey buddy, hey
Alright, you fuckin'
Get your fuckin' fat ass out the carIt's 12 o'clock, late at night, I grab my keys
Kid Frost put me up with a skeez so I roll a blunt to go
On that late night hype, who gives a fuck about five-o?
I'm knowin' that they're schemin' but fuck it'Cause they cop car's a goddamn bucket
Geah, I ain't sweatin' shit, check the Eight
So they run a make on my goddamn plates
So I hit the next corner real slow
Low, here it goThe same old routine because of my car, black
Mistaken identity for slingin' that dope sack
And just because Compton's my playground
They want a nigga like E to stay way down
But I done had enough with harrassin'Like I said, one time still gafflin'
I know they up to no damn good
Jackin' a nigga, cause I'm seen in the hood
But I best switch from a Benz to a Nova
To prevent them from pullin' me overPull your ass over and get on the sidewalk

Lock hands and feet you know the routine, nigga
Yeah, nigga, you rollin' down Alondra like you own this muthafucka
Where the sack at, muthafucka, where the sack?The sack?
Nigga, ain't no sack the only sack is my nut sac
You got the MC Eight mixed up with these other clockers
Get off the dick, muthafuckaALT, that's me, I'ma flex again
The hooter, they were dyin' to shoot another Mexican
So I learn, if I don't wanna burn
Then I pass up my exit, 'cause I'm afraid to turnAnd if I don't, then that pig will be vicious
'Cause every Hispanic at night is suspicious
I'm thinkin' to my mind that I can hardly bare it
I heard, "Fuck the Police", but they forgot about the sheriffsAnd if I said it, then I might get beat down
And I ain't goin' out by a clown in a brown gown
They ain't passin', no time for dashin'
Looked in my mirror, I seen red lights flashin'He had his hand on his gun on his hip
And when he walked up, yo, that dumb fuck tripped
He was pissed, he said that I gave him some lip
So he busted me, now I'm in custodyHe called my mother and he said he'd knock me silly
But then I felt the crack of his muthafuckin' billy club
Another night with a nurse looking over my shoulder
Just because I got pulled overHey, Honcho
Get your taco eatin' ass out of the car
What's your fuckin' name?
I'm ALT but what the fuck did I do?Get your fuckin' ass over there on the curb
What's the bitch's name?
Hey man, don't call my old lady a bitchAll units code 461
24 Hollywood Boulevard
Suspects in custody

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/