

Remove Ya

Ratking

Cop: "You Annotate wanna go to jail?"

Kid: "Well, for what, for what?"

Cop: "Shut your fuckin' mouth kid!"

Kid: "What am I getting arrested for?"

Cop: "For being a fucking mutt" I'm a mutt, you a mutt, yeah we some mutts

Weeded up, but nah, we don't got no weed on us

DTS tried to scheme on us

We see the bluff, we see through it, we see you pigs, we see the cuffs

Porky pine, prickly but couldn't stick me this time

With a fine, that I'd fine, four months after that shit was signed

For a crime, committed, did it, bullshit quit it

It's a dime, I didn't hurt nobody, I didn't cross no line

Often times, minding my own, on my why home, train waiting, patient

With the weight of the world on my dome

Thinking about how I could change up the city and take up my throne

They break up my zone, chain up my arm, they take me, I'm gone
To the boys in blue, never really liked 'em,
rubbed me rude

While I was cruising the nue, vibin' the view

Hear the whoop whoop whoop, "stop don't move"

Hands on the hood, you gave me that look, wearing ya hood

Like a crook, mutt no good

To the boys in blue, rabid rats rip pork to stew

Nork the new, yorks my yard, my lady too

Ya want ya two, fifty all numbers, whats new

Keep the heat off yourself, up ya rank, quota thats due

Bling for ya boo, suckin' kelly and bloom

Off in a room, for summons that loom, to the boys in blue
My city view's subdued by duded in uniforms of blue

Conforming to their or you will get turn in two

Remove ya'

I ain't no wise guy, but you're always looking at me crazy

Stop question and frisk me, frisk me cause I'm looking shady

Remove ya'

Songwriters

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