Interlude

Cypress Hill

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I wake up every morning, kiss my wife goodbye
Hug my kids, tell em I love em, my mouth, hit the fried
I'm out on patrol, in my squad car, do I lay
Where you never know, if you'll be makin it home today
So many different attitudes, that I come across
I'm hard to console tonight, feeling nobody's lost
Hookers hustlers killers and thieves, out on the streets
Got my mind warped, just found another corpse on the beat
Bound gagged raped, I'm frustrated, I hate it
Found a woman in the dumpster, body was mutilated
Bad dreams all up in my head, no lie
Sometimes I gotta take a sniff so I can get by, why
Don't I get hurt, cause there go my nerves, I got the urge
To merge this bullet in my brain, relieve my pain
What a fuckin shame, I don't wanna live, I paint the wall
With the bloodstains, eye of the pig, I see it allThe eye of the pigDJ Muggs cuts and scratches'This pig' from PigsI've been on the force, over twenty years, I can say
That I'm worse, than some of these motherfuckers I put away
I'm in the biggest gang you ever saw, above the law
Lookin through the eye of the pig, I see it all
Drug abusers, drug dealers and the gang-bangin
Pieces of shit who should be on the fuckin news hangin
These days you can't tell who's-who in the world
Is that a whore, or is that, an innocent young girl?
Fuck, I need a drink, and I'm almost off
At the precinct, it's like an AA meeting all gone wrong
I.A. got an eye, on my close friend guy
For takin a supply from evidence from a bust on a buy
That doesn't concern me, we never rat on each other
We went through the academy, just like frat brothers
Midnight, I only have an hour left on my shift
Think I'll get my dick SUCKED by this basshead bitch

My marriage is all FUCKED, my wife is with the neighbors
Subpeonaed, now I gotta sign these fuckin divorce papers
I recall, happier times, before the fall
Look into the eye of the pig, I see it allNow I'm on my way, back to the station to check out
So I can go home, relax, take a drink and think about
My abrupt change, out of the clean, to the corrupt
Look into the eye of the pig, I'm all fucked
No longer can I determine, who's the criminal
From the innocent man down, to the pedophile
No one gives a fuck about me, I'm slippin
Into darkness, I'm comin to grips and feelin heartless
Watch this, a dark green truck, tinted windows
Duly modified, probably a dope dealer inside
"Pull it over to the curb, take your keys out "
And raise your hands out the window and get em in high position
Don't move, or I'm gonna blast your fuckin head off
Just tell me where the guns and dope are and you'll get off
Don't give me that bullshit, I've heard about your raps
All you talkin about is slangin and shootin off the scraps
OK, Mr. Freeload, get the FUCK out of the truck
I love it how all you fuckin rappers think it's so funny
Hit the FUCKIN floor, I need no probable cause
You got a big sack of coke in your truck (what?) so take a pause
You find it funny? Get that smile off your face
Motherfucker take this

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