

Geto Boys, Crooked Officer

[Scarface:]

I'm sick of you hoes tryin to run mine
i'm comin with a good line
Runnin after one time
I got a grudge against you blue suits
Black suits, white suits and state troops
That's the way you made us
Sent a brother to the penenitentiary is how you play us
Lock us up for the summer
took the brother's name away and passed us as a number
Just because you legally pack a gack man
Doesn't necessarily mean you have to point it at the black man
Especially you black cops
you let your gacks pop
Because them honkies got you brainwashed
Now we come to new dealings
Fuck all the dumb shit, the line of work is cap peeling
I'm cuttin shit short
Ain't no fillin out reports
Cause you ain't makin it to court
I'm lettin freedom ring
From the hole in my glock, for fuckin off Rodney King
It ain't shit that you can ask us
And since justice is blind, I'm gone buy the bitch some glasses
Wake the fuck up chumps
I'm comin after your ass
Crooked officer

[Chorus:]

Mr. Officer, crooked officer
I wanna put your ass in a coffin sir
Cause you done fucked with niggas like myself for too long
It's time to grab my motherfuckin shit and get it on

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[Bushwick:]

Oh Mr. Officer, crooked officer what's happening
You beat another black man's ass and now you high tapping friend
Do I have to move to River Oaks
And bleach my fuckin skin so I can look like these white folks
Just to get some assistance
Because the brutality in my neighborhood is gettin persistent
cause you wanna harass me yeah
And if I talk back you wanna bust my black ass G
Just like Rodney King
But if you try that shit with me, its gonna be a different scene
Try to pull me over on a dark road
But I'll be damned if I don't grab my nine and unload
Until every blue shirt turns red
You heard what I said
I want all you crooked motherfuckers dead
So you better start pickin out your coffin sir
Cause I'm comin after your ass

[Chorus:]

[Big Mike:]

Momma called me up the pther day i got a warrant
Punk ass laws wanna know where the gun went
Say I shot a nigga the other night at a party
Lieing out they ass I was at home drinkin 40s

Coolin with my niggas playin dominoes in the kitchen
A big black nigga did the killin and I'm fittin the description
And you know they think all black niggas look alike
so now they got the flashlight lookin for Big Mike
Jackin niggas up tryin to capture me
Coppers wanna gaffle me
Tryin to put bullets into the back of me
Time and time again i told them I didn't do it
And they knew it
But they still pursued it
So them motherfuckers blew
So now I'm about to grab my shit
And put them son of a bitches six feet under
Cause I'm sick of runnin from you motherfuckers
turnin tables cause i'm able I ain't fallin victim
Time to play a game, see the police watch me stick them
Cause I ain't runnin from the p-o-l-i-c-e never
Motherfuckin t-i-m-e of day
they'll have to g-u-t a me
Off the s-e-t
And my h double o d
Fuckin around with the B-I-G
You'll be in a g-r-a-v-e