

# 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