Dead Kennedys, Police Truck

Tonight's the night that we got the truck
We're goin' downtown, gonna beat up drunks
Your turn to drive, I'll bring the beer
It's the late, late shift, no one to fear
And ride, ride, how we ride
We ride, lowride

It's roundup time where the good whores meet
Gonna drag one screaming off the street
And ride, ride, how we ride

Got a black uniform and a silver badge
Playin' cops for real, playin' cops for pay
Let's ride, lowride

Pull down your dress, here's a kick in the ass
Let's beat you blue 'til you shit in your pants
Don't move, child, got a big black stick
There's six of us, babe, so suck on my dick
And ride, ride, how we ride
Let's ride, lowride

The left newspapers might whine a bit
But the guys at the station, they don't give a shit
Dispatch calls "Are you doin' something wicked?"
"No siree, Jack, we're just givin' tickets"

As we ride, ride, how we ride
Let's ride, lowride