

Dirty, Get Cha Hands Off Me

Get ya hands off me, get ya hands off me
Get ya hands off me, (errry) get ya hands off me
Get ya hands off me, get ya hands off me
You better tell 'em, you better tell 'em
Get ya hands off me
You better tell 'em

[Verse 1: Big Pimp]

I'm comin' down the street in my candy painted Chevrolet
Twenty-four inch chrome spinners got that Chevy skatin'
Down the boulevard, it's kinda odd the way it's levitatin'
Six 15's in the trunk got that Chevy shakin'
I ain't e'en have my music crunk, now they tryin' to play me
Every time they stop me they don't get nothin'
so I know they hatin' (not to day)
I'm slippin' ridin' dirty with a ounce of hay
I'ma show 'em today the way this 350 can run like Walter Payton
I done already ate the weed, so it ain't no need for the cops chasin'
I pull to the side of the street, give him my ID and registration
"I'm headed to the daycare center officer, to get my babies
If I keep bein' late pick 'em up, then DHR a' take 'em"
He told me he don't give a FUCK
He don't care nothin' bout my situation
Well I ain't give a (fuck)
The way the front do' knocked down on the pavement
That goes to show you how they
act around holidays and Christmas season
Just to get that bonus
they get to stoppin' niggaz for no damn reason (no damn reason)

[Chorus]

Police get ya hands off me, nigga stop touchin' us
If we ain't did nothin', why the fuck you cuffin' us
I know you probably smell that killer dank
but that don't mean nothin'
I don't give a damn what you think
you ain't seen nothin'

Police get ya hands off me, nigga get ya hands off me
Police get ya hands off me, ni-nigga get ya hands off me
Police get ya hands off me, nigga get ya hands off me
Police get ya hands off me, get yo' motherfuckin' hands off me

[Verse 2: Mr. G-stracka]

Why the pigs out to get me, why they always fuckin' wit' me
Seem like them bitches pickin', and that shit be fuckin' wit' me
All the time they mean-muggin', lookin' hard at me for nothin'
Why the hell you mean-muggin', tell me what you see cousin
Gangsta gonna stay thuggin', always pistol huggin'
But my shit legit, and my permit allows the shit in public
Long as it's concealed, I know my rights so I think nothing of it
All up in my grill, gon make you feel the way the steele be bustin'
Never knew a pig I trusted, cause they never let ya free
Have a nigga on TV, runnin' from the MPD
Catch me or you gon' get beat, arrest me if I'm sellin' ki's
But you can't, cause you ain't... seen a nigga sellin' ki's
Take off all that uniform, put away that badge and gun
Step off in this grass and lawn, one-on-one we can taunt
Scared of that, ain't you son?
You don't want my hands to touch ya
So when you pull me over busta, don't be tryin' to handcuff us

[Chorus x2]