

# TLC, Gee, Officer Krupkee

Salt-n-pepa, left eye, etc.  
(appears on the songs of west side story)

Excuse me mr. officer  
You think we're bad, huh?  
You wanna clean up the streets, huh?  
Well you better put society in handcuffs  
Ha ha, you got a hard job

Music by bernstein  
Lyrics by sondheim  
I'm talkin' 'bout west side story  
It's before my time  
Police sweat me like the sharks & the jets  
Because I do what I does  
So they wanna hit me  
If you let me  
I'll explain the game  
Clear my name  
And show you ain't a damn thing changed  
So don't criticize the way that I ball hey  
This ain't broadway  
We learned it the hard way

Dear kindly sergeant krupke  
You gotta understand  
It's just our bringin' upke  
That gets us out of hand  
Our mothers all are junkies  
Our fathers all are drunks  
Golly moses, naturally we're punks

Gee, officer krupke  
We're very upset  
We never had the love  
That every child oughta get  
We ain't no delinquents  
We're misunderstood  
Deep down inside us there is good

There is good!

There is good, there is good  
There is untapped good  
Like inside, the worst of us is good

You see, officer krupkee  
You gotta have some compassion  
You know, you always harrassin' me  
But what you don't understand is  
I come from a broken home  
My momma don't care about me  
My daddy don't care about me  
And you always gettin' on my case  
It ain't me homeboy  
It's society

Dear kindly judge, your honour  
My parents treat me rough  
With all their marijuana  
They won't give me a puff  
They didn't wanna have me  
But somehow I was had  
Leapin' lizards, that's why I'm so bad

Right! officer krupke  
You're really a square  
This boy don't need a judge  
He needs an analyst's care  
It's just his neurosis  
That oughta be curbed  
He's psychologically disturbed

He's disturbed!

We're disturbed, we're disturbed

We're the most disturbed  
Like we're psychologically disturbed

We out of our minds you know what I'm sayin'  
Yeah, because we got problems  
Deep down inside  
I ain't got no analytic junk heap  
And sit down on the couch  
Then find out why I'm disturbed  
I know why I'm disturbed  
And you know what  
I don't care  
'cause it's just like that  
And that's just how it is  
You know what I'm sayin'  
That's the way it is  
Crazy

Father is a bastard  
My mom's an s-o-b  
My grandpa's always plastered  
My grandma pushes tea  
My sister wears a moustache  
My brother wears a dress  
Goodness gracious, that's why I'm a mess

Officer krupkee you're really a slob  
This boy don't need a doctor  
Just a good honest job  
Society played him a terrible trick  
And sociologically he's sick

We are sick!

We are sick, we are sick  
We are sick sick sick  
Like we're sociologically sick

In other words  
This is what happens when cousins marry  
We are pendejo heads, inbred  
Hey we're like chicano forrest gump's

Dear kindly social worker  
They say go earn a buck  
Like be a soda jerker  
Which means like be a schmuck  
It's not I'm antisocial  
I'm only antiwork  
Glory osky, now that's why I'm a jerk  
Officer krupkee ya done it again

This boy don't need a doc  
He needs a year in the pen  
It ain't just a question of misunderstood  
Deep down inside, he ain't no damn good

I'm no good!

We're no good, we're no good  
We're no earthly good  
Like the best of us is no damn good

The trouble is he's crazy  
The trouble is he drinks  
The problem is he's lazy  
The trouble is he stinks  
The trouble is he's growin'  
The trouble is he's grown  
Krupkee we've got troubles of our own

Gee, officer krupkee  
We're down on our knees  
'cause no one wants a fella  
With a social disease  
Gee, officer krupkee  
What are we to do  
Gee, officer krupkee  
Krup you!