

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!