

Z-RO, Crooked Officer

[Z-Ro]

Too many times I done been hated on, by 5-0
Fuck your badge, I wish all of you bitches would die slow
I'm just trying to survive hoe, and feed my family
And I ain't killed nobody, but still rough is how they handle me
I ride one deep, suspended license and all
My middle finger out the window, screaming fuck the law
I know what you protect and serve, not a god damn thang
But give a nigga five years, for lessing the crowd mayn
They got me feeling Devin, tell me why they do us that way
The got me searching for the doja, in a doobie ashtray
So I can cope with it, not trying to travel up and smoke with it
My kinfolk in the maximum security, for no bidness
Sick of I'm missing you, so here's what I'm fin to do
Bounty hunting for badges, fuck a ditch I'ma dig a few
The odds are against us, because we black
So keep your heat in a stash spot, and always be strapped

[Hook]

Mr. officer, crooked officer
Make a nigga wanna blow the badge, off of ya
We been living hard, so it won't be soft for ya
Fiending to see your blood, until you cough it up
Mr. officer, crooked officer
We just trying to feed, our sons and daughters sir
We been struggling to make it, in America too long
All we wanna do is live our life, and be left alone

[Z-Ro]

Illegal search 45 minutes, what the fuck you looking for
I roll on 24's, so the Dopeman is what they get me for
And that's a shame, a nigga can't ride nice
Without getting harassed, and facing 25 to life
I wish I could make a citizen's arrest
Knock the busters in the hole, and blow the badges up off of they chest
Controlled substance on the ground, and it just had to be mine
Fucking with me about weed, and they look blacker than mine
Six months for getting caught up, with a soldier strap
They'll put the felonies on me, but keep your doja sack
That's why they proud to be, an American
What about my Negro people, look how they stare at them
With evil eyes, they hang a brother daily G
The Judicial system, is our modern day slavery
We ain't picking cotton no' mo' bitch, we picking off cops
Negro life in association, we issuing out glocks

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

I put my hands up too slow, and I got shot in the back
Thrown in the back of the paddy wagon, left to ride in the pack
What about my medical condition, it's some bullshit
We don't give a damn if you die, one less nigger to deal with
Ask me why, I don't give a fuck about the police
Cause all they offer is the penitentiary, with no peace
They planting dope on niggaz, just to get a commission
And if we don't cooperate, it'll be a longer stay in prison
Everytime I had a flat, they'd just pass me by
And if I was laying on the ground, they'd never ask me why
But when I'm looking great, and rolling in something they can't pronounce
They looking for any reason, not to let a nigga bounce
Whether expired registration, or inspection stickers
The only thing be on they mind, is we gon get them niggaz
And it don't matter if we working, on a 9-to-5

We rerouted by the system, facing 99

[Hook]