

## In the Line of Duty

8Ball & MJG

Listen officer, I know I got a traffic warrant  
But your wife got three, so where the fuck is she?  
You don't know, so you bring your personal  
Problems back to your job  
And every damn day you make it hard  
You can't understand  
When you see a black man  
Rollin in a new ride  
Gotta pull him over and  
Gotta check the inside  
Hell, who in the fuck do you claim to be?  
My help or my hurt, 'cause you ain't did shit for me  
See, every time I rolls  
Every time I walks  
Every time I breathes and every time I talks  
I'm always being heard, or either being watched  
By scary ass white folks or crooked ass cops  
They coming, they searching  
They pat me on my abs  
The sons of a slave on a from the path  
I laughs, knowing that these fellas must be jealous  
They want our autographs but they don't know how to tell us  
It's crazy the way you treat my kind  
You call this your job?  
The system must've brainwashed your mind  
I really resent the rues a cop would use within a day  
So if you talking that shit, it's in my duty to blow you away

Punk ass, rookie ass  
Sissy ass mu'fuckin' police  
Always in a mu'fucka's shit  
Just got out the mufuckin' academy

I'm supposed to love America  
But America don't love me  
A son of a slave of the father of this country  
Freedom wasn't meant to be a luxury for you and I  
Freedom came after many influential people died  
In vein, it seems  
Ain't a whole lot changed  
They still cracking whips and shackling up niggas mayne  
Projects ain't nothing but modern day plantations  
And the masters reside at the police stations  
Replacing whips with berettas and clips on they hips  
Quick to gang up on young brothas who make that grip  
I used to think that stacking papers would eliminate  
Lack of pussy to fucking police that player hate  
I found out that a bitch is gonna be a bitch  
And the police could give a fuck that a nigga's rich  
Ol' white men from the days of the cotton pickers  
Who used to ride around on pickup trucks lynching niggas  
They them same peckerwoods acting like a hoe  
When they see a nigga moving in next door  
In front of my own home rough me up and harass me  
And say you did it all in the line of duty

Coward ass police

Busters hiding behind a badge  
All in a nigga's face  
'Cause you can be strapped  
I can be strapped too, hoe  
Running with your gang  
I'm running with my gang, bitch  
You know what I'm saying?  
You better step off this pimp shit, hoe

Here come the motherfucking plain clothes  
Riding low-pro  
In a fo' do', 95 Caprice  
Trademark of the police  
Each and every damn nigga  
Wetback and Need to recognize before your mu'fuckin' ship sank  
I don't think these laws got no love for minorities  
This is how I know it be so fuck the majority  
Pick em' out, one by one  
Shoot em' down with my gun  
Take em' to the woods, no mistake  
Concrete shoes in the lake  
I hate player hating perpetrating cops  
The nerds of the school wanna run my fucking block  
You wanna know my name, well trick it's MJG  
So miss me with that shit, you's a BC  
What in the fuck do you expect to gain  
Constantly pulling me over  
Constantly throwing your salt into my game  
You lame, weak busters, can't do me  
Especially when you're out or even in the line of duty

I ain't taking it  
Police hating the shit I represent  
Street sense, Glock totin'  
Ripping pigs chests open  
Hating them like they hating me, soon as they see  
Another colored brotha flapping in some luxury  
All in my ass with some gloves looking for some drugs  
Dogs sniff my balls, hell naw it ain't no love  
Catch you slipping on your off day and spray your ass  
Into the past as fire up one and hit the gas  
I never did it but them busters make me wanna do it  
Pull out the tech in a sec and leave em in the street wet  
But that won't solve nothing  
All that'll do is get me time  
So I choose to write this rhyme and diss them hoes in every line  
Sometimes, my mind wonders would the world be shocked  
If we all did like Pac and bust at cops when we got stopped  
Bet you shit would straiten up and start flying right  
Bitch, it's judgement night  
In the line of duty

What the fuck y'all punk motherfuckers looking for?  
What the fuck do you see?  
Shit  
A goddamn thing  
Talkin' bout what the fuck you smell  
It ain't here  
Bitch, you can't prove shit  
Leave me the fuck alone, goddamn it  
Is my tags out of date, hoe?  
Hell naw, goddamn it  
Do I got a motherfucking traffic warrant?

Fuck naw  
Am I on your motherfucking warrant list?  
Naw, bitch  
So why the fuck you all up in my motherfucking shit, goddamn it?  
I can't help it because your motherfucking wife's pussy ain't hitting right,  
goddamn it  
I can't help it because your son made straight F's, goddamn it  
I ain't got shit to do with that shit, goddamn it  
I can't help it because you ain't paid the mortgage yet, bitch  
You ain't got to put that shit out on me, hoe  
I ain't got no record goddamn it  
I ain't been to jail, you giving me motherfucking hell, hoe  
Get out my shit, stay out my shit