

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