

## Black And Blue

Brand Nubian

Cool-ass Al, he got a badge from the neighborhood yo  
Fly police car, the ninety-two model, now check it out  
Now Al used to rob, used to smoke, used to steal  
And he rolled a mean game of dice  
A factor boostin' he was nice as he proved on the daily tip  
At Macy's, he and this kid up in Lacy's  
Throw his head to blow when he turned into a Fed  
I seen him, one day, I tried to get inside his head  
There's two fit ill, glock cops, with passion  
Black shoes fit, like they was made, from ashes  
Another brother, a sister or somebody's pops  
And when I see Al, he never stops  
Unless it's to make an arrest  
He can't kick it, unless he writes a ticket  
He got a nasty way, attitude everyday  
It makes me kinda mad cause I really can't hit him  
But brothers schemin' to get him

(Shoot 'I'm inna de busta bumba claat)

At any level the worst devil is a black one  
And if you see one you gots to attack 'um  
One day, I had the cell lit, up on Lewis Park  
Cool Al appears, backs up, fresh Clarks  
It's a hot day black, and the sun's beamin' down  
But I gotta get on the ground?  
You're, sworn to whitey, do you think that you're mighty?  
You take the honor of bein' the black Bull Carter  
It's a shame cause use done out your righteous name  
For a little rank and more fame  
You're whole style is chump, you forgot to use the pump  
So instead of warnin' brothers, better hide and take the picture  
You know the brothers want to hit ya

("Gimme a gat I'm bout to smoke this motherfucker!")

So carry your gun, especially off duty  
Don't forget that there's a price on the booty  
Hidin' upstate won't make you safe  
By the way, are you of Christian faith?  
Then prepare to meet your Mystery, become a place in history  
Force come shot down with some brothers from Uptown  
And if we're not totally through  
Then you'll be left black and blue  
Man these black ones is just as bad as the motherfuckin' white ones  
They get a bullshit badge, and think that they God  
But yo I ain't havin' that shit, I put a hole in they fuckin' ass  
Then they see who's God  
Comin' in our midst causin' this motherfuckin' confusion?  
I send that ass back to the essence quick fast

I knew a cop named Roy, a good nigga boy  
To pull the trigger on another brother was a joy boy  
Didn't give a fuck if your face was black  
He'll blow out your back, and say you sold crack  
He'll see you in your car and don't like your look  
He got beef with gold teeth so now you're a crook

Flash the lights, pull to the right  
Put up a fight, well say night night, cause Roy boy might  
pull out the heater, for him there's nuttin' sweeter  
Eight to your head, from his nine millimeter  
Roy had a thing about young black males  
He want to see em dead or either locked in jail  
Down with every drug bust, for him it was a lust  
Kickin' down doors is like dickin' down whores  
I remember when he was a rookie, a tough cookie  
Beatin' down kids for playin' hookie  
You see Roy is the type of ne-gro  
With a alter-ego that's illegal  
He like shakin' down niggaz on the block  
Take you face down, let you hear the sound of the hammer cock!  
No need to fill out a report  
'Cause everybody know Roy doesn't get caught  
Now he's feeling like Superman  
To the trooper stand, with an Uzi in his hand  
Now Roy's gotta answer  
The pig's gonna get smoked like cancer, sticks  
For all the tricks that Roy's ever played

Toy with the wrong nigga, boy you get, sprayed  
For all the fucked up shit, that you put a brother through  
Black man, learn to love you  
'Cause even if you're dead, me and my crew  
Will beat you in your head, and leave your ass full of lead  
Black and blue