

Act Like A Cop Did It

Flipsyde

And every time another kid shot down, face down, laid out, bleedin' out on the school grounds;
And every time a little girl get sent, by a grown man pimp, selling everything waist down;
And every time another wife gets snatched, car-jacked, get slapped, straight raped in the worst way;
And every time a little boy's paralyzed with a bullet in the spine cause a thug had a bad day;
We should act like a cop did it.

Go crazy, mosh-pit it.
Just roll, just rock with it.
Life is life and death is death so baby why should it matter if I did it?
I'ma ride to the finish.
All the grown men and women been tryin' to make the killin' stop.
We need justice, and it don't matter the color, a trigger happy thug or a trigger happy cop.
But let's act like a cop did it.

YOU GET YOURS, YEAH, AND I'LL GET MINE.
NO ONE HERE'S GONNA GET OUTTA LINE.
WE ARE LIVING IN TROUBLED TIMES.
WE'RE COMIN' UP, YEAH WE'RE GONNA SURVIVE.

I have a reverence for life, I hate it when we lose it in the night.
Ass whipped shootin' cause you losin' in a fight. 15, cruisin' in a quick feelin' right.
Drunk and high 'til you lose it and you lose your whole life.
And then we light a candle and we put you on a shirt.
And then we bow our heads and we cry cause it hurts.
And the preacher man tells us God had a plan so you had to go to heaven, only God understands.
A lot of real people that was raised in the hood and they rep for the hood and they sweat for the hood.
Wage war on killers messin' the hood and they protest the system stressing the hood.
Feelin' like I might be next in the hood face down with a bullet in my back on the track.
Just make sure if I get clapped in the back it don't matter if the murderer is BLUE or he's BLACK.

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Just lift every voice and scream.
For the women and the children that live in pain.
And the 18 and ups that vote for change and look down and see they're still shackled up in chains.
I'ma start with home. Label it a no wrong zone get some other grown f

olks we can guard our own.

Draw a line in the concrete, set the tone.

Come up in here wrong and we snappin' bones.

Little kids can't even walk across the street, without you ridin' by
doin' 93.

And you kickin' in the doors of these families, stealin' everything t
hey worked for and leave with ease.

It don't matter if you cops or you thugs or you dope fiend pimps on t
he block.

LISTEN! God don't discriminate.

He gone bring the sword anyway but I'ma act like a cop did it.