

Drugz

Ghostface Killah

Them drugs is not mine, them drugs is not mine
It wouldn't be a problem, if I did the crime
I would be a man about it, and just serve my time, but
(Them drugs is not mine, them drugs is not mine)
I hear all these muthafuckas out here on the grind
The cops picked me for the hurt, and chose me out of the line, I said
(Them drugs is not mine, them drugs is not mine)

Officer of the law, why you touching me for?
Checking the crack of my ass, and looking under my balls
Strip searching, touching my person, dropping my drawers
And to top it all off, I ain't got nothing at all
I'm a hard working tax payer, for that nature
Do forty hours a week, slaving for that paper
I'm try'nna make an honest living, it's not much
And you hide behind ya gun and badge, thinking you tough
Look at him starting, the boys in the blue, peep the sergeant
Saying "Let's take him anyway, run his name for warrants"
I'm a U.S. citizen, stop treating me like a foreign
My whip's legit, get off my dick, insurance plus registration
We under surveillance, feds investigating
Assuming I'm wrong doing with false accusations
They discriminating cuz off my races
Central bookings, they was scared to look me dead in my face
Now you telling me, I'm being charged with a felony
Possesion with intent to sale, three days I spent jail
Them drugs ain't mine, your honor, and I ain't copping out of shit
Not even one bag of marijuana

Now I'm sitting up in court, contemplating my thoughts
In a cell, with thirty inmates blowing Newports
And I'm awaiting to be arraigned, these niggaz doing the same
Nodded off in a corner, the bailiff calling my name
In front of judge, looking filthy
Asking my lawyer how I plead, I plead not guilty
He set bail, momma love on the edge of her seat, biting her nails
Stressed out, the look on her face was mighty pale
Her son's going to jail, a black innocent male
No justice, but these kids say justice prevails
Stuck between a rock and a hard place, the God's face
Truly explains the pain and the heartaches
It's too much to partake, but I'm still fighting
Still got my hand up, even though it seem frightening
It's a fucked up system, niggaz, please listen
The old tradition plants in this country, it needs fixing

Mr. Officer, please understand
Them drugs ain't mine, you got the wrong man
So quick to put those cuffs on my hands
Take my freedom, disrupting my plans