

## Pig Latin

## Gym Class Heroes

Why do people fear what they don't know?  
Constantly lookin' at me funny cause my pants swung low  
And my hats rocked to the left  
All these dirty looks be gettin me stressed  
It's time to dead that  
Testify and get your head wrapped like Arabian cats  
terrorist act's will have you pigs squealin at last  
Wayne County Jail full of noxious gas  
got three quarters of your senses massed  
you're left with only the sense of Touch like Tony  
The majority of these boys in blue are phony  
crooked like Saint Ides, instead of tryin to save lives  
they out for delph, only tryin to help them self  
They pull me over talkin about a seatbelt, we all know thats bullshit  
the fact is I look suspicious, THATS IT!!  
Type of kid to expose corruption, like crop circles and alien abductions  
Park patrolling toy cop reproductions  
Hunger for power equals negative reprocuissions  
Get rushed as if I was rushin with no discussion  
try and cuff me and catch a mild concussion  
I've taken all the stress I can  
peace America I'm movin off to foreign lands  
where cops don't place narcotics in innocent hands  
Framin cats just to meet a quota  
searchin' everyone with baggy pants and Moterola's  
Thats why I'm wild with a camcorder  
to catch 'em slippin when they pull me over  
flip 'em the bird then I'm ghost in my Toyota  
Won't stop writin til this shit cease  
Until someone's there to police the police

I'm sick of all this everyday harassment  
(Sick of hopelessly watchin my man gettin his ass kicked, sick of being  
followed shit is drastic)  
Sick of havin visions of black caskets (just because we rock our pants low)  
And our hats backwards (These cops is like cancer)  
A tumor on our ass (We want answers)  
For bad manners (And the use of police scanners)  
So we jottin down their numbers (In our pocket planners)  
for the day we meet up (With Jim Shapiro) THE HAMMER!

They got this little game that they play  
tellin you that you that you done somethin wrong  
Then they flash the badge in your face  
and you don't even know what's goin' on  
They don't even give you a reasons, orno clue as to what it is you've done  
You go for your registration, and then they put your ass to sleep  
(And tell the chief you reached for heat)

Cops be poppin' confiscated glocks with a sack of rocks right under it  
the funny thing is, this murders funded by the government  
Yo they'll kill you and put the crack in your pocket to make it legal  
Illegally plant the confiscated gat right by you in your Regal  
and say you shot first, delete you from digital files its lethal  
Most of these cops is see through, that's why we do what we do  
That's why we tell the truth about what police do  
Son they'll issue you a ticket right before they beat you

I'm glad the truth scares you, hit me mr.officer I dare you  
Check the rearview, you'll see the camcorder, extended lens too  
You better call for back-up, chew the rest of that crack up  
cause we got you on tape with that girl you raped and handcuffed  
Yeah you shook now, and if you swing on me I'm about to fight back  
The man ain't nothin but the klan, but not in white they rockin blue and bla  
ck

It's a proven fact cops is just white collared criminals  
they ride in Crown V's injectin neighborhoods with chemicals  
I'm tellin you, it all makes sense they killed the president  
sniped him out with one shot then lurked out with all the evidence  
I'm speakin relevance, ignorant heads won't try to hear me  
cause the truth will make the masses bug out, like Tim Leary  
If you want kids off the streets give us somethin to do  
instead of constant harassment and curfew's (COME ON)  
Since when did dreadlocks become probable cause  
totin' around a backpack become breakin the law  
Son I'm fed up, so get up, stand up like Bob told you  
and learn some Tai Bo in case they try to choke hold you

I'm sick of all this everyday harassment  
(Sick of hopelessly watchin my man gettin his ass kicked, sick of being  
called a black bastard)  
Sick of havin visions of black caskets (Just because we rock our pants low)  
and our hats backwards (These cops is like cancer)  
a tumor on our ass, (we want answers)  
for bad manners (and the use of police scanners)  
So we jottin' down their numbers (in our pocket planners)  
For the day we meet up (with Jim Shapiro) THE HAMMER!  
(I'm sick of all this everyday harassment)  
Sick of hopelessly watchin my man gettin his ass kicked, sick of being  
followed shit is drastic  
(Sick of havin visions of black caskets) Just because we rock our pants low  
(And our hats backwards) These cops is like cancer  
(A tumor on our ass) We want answers  
(For bad manners) And the use of police scanners  
(So we jottin down their numbers) In our pocket planners  
(for the day we meet up) With Jim Shapiro THE HAMMER!